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Current History

THE EUROPEAN WAR

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Illustrations, Maps and Diagrams

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suddenly suspended. Although they were reopened in February, the great "downward thrust" was not made.

Early in January the French took possession of the Greek Island of Corfu. And there—where the German Emperor had been wont to spend holidays in the white palace that Elizabeth of Austria had built—the remnants of the Serbian Army were sent to recuperate, and the Serbian Parliament later met.

And back on the firing lines in the Balkans the Austrians conquered Montenegro. The "Gibraltar of the Adriatic," Monte Lovcen, fell on the 11th of January, and the enemy was able thereby not only to dominate, and easily to take, Cetinje, the capital, but to look upon the Montenegrin fight as won. On the 16th, Montenegro, as a nation, declared itself beaten and surrendered to Austria-Hungary. But when the latter proposed peace terms they were not satisfactory even to a nation in defeat. Montenegro began to fight again. Early in February a part of her army succeeded in joining the Serbs who were still in Albania. But Montenegro, like Serbia, was a conquered country.

Albania, meanwhile, was for a time a battleground. Into Albania, before the Bulgars followed the Serbs across the border, Italian soldiers had already gone, and fortified lines at Durazzo. In January, Essed Pasha arrived at Scutari with Albanian forces to defend the city against the oncoming Austrians. But Scutari fell, and, although the claimant to the Presidency of Albania succeeded in effecting a junction with the Italians, the latter had already decided to abandon Durazzo, and the brief flare of battle came to an end. Through Albania no lasting help came to the beleaguered little States, that were fighting against Austria.

Here the story of military events in Serbia and Montenegro comes to an end. Yet it is necessary to go back and inquire into causes a bit, in order to understand the real nature and importance of the Teutonic victory. And there is the question of Saloniki—why, with Serbia beaten and the complications of Greek

neutrality on their hands, the Allies decide to hold that front?

The conquest of Serbia was not undertaken as a mere military victory over a valiant and upstanding enemy, nor yet chiefly to frighten Rumania and Greece away from the thought of Entente alliances. Its object was to open communications between the Central Empires and Turkey, and to spread the Pan German dominion in its path "from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf." Only by conquest of Serbia—or at least a good part of it—could Germany open and hold free the railroad through to Constantinople and get munitions to her Turkish allies. And by cutting a path straight across Europe to the Black Sea and the Aegean, Germany hoped to be able to undertake vast new offensives against outposts of the British Empire in Asia and Africa. Across a conquered Serbia, a friendly and subservient Bulgaria, Turkey, Austria-Hungary, the Pan German dream might well build its great highway of "Weltmacht" straight across the continent from the North Sea and the Baltic to Constantinople, and then on through Asiatic Turkey to bright hopes in great Asia itself. Germany was able to say now, triumphantly, what was said so often in the months that followed: "Middle Europe exists." And, whatever might happen later, she could at the moment get her supply trains through. She already had expresses running from French and Belgian, across German, into Russian territory. She could run them now to Constantinople.

As for Montenegro, by holding that outlying territory to the west, the Central Powers greatly strengthened their grip on Serbia by being able to outflank any relief movement from the forces of the Entente. The conquest of the two little countries was an immense strategic victory.

In the face of it, the council of the Allies decided to continue the Balkan battle front for several reasons, which fall into two classes as positive and negative—to accomplish something and to prevent other things. The positive reason was the determination to keep fixed in the mind of the world at large

the Allies' determination to restore Serbia. The things which were to be prevented by the continuation of the Saloniki campaign were: in the first place the occupation of that port by the Germans themselves for use as a submarine base; its seizure by the Austrians, from whom the Allies wished to hold it not only as from the Germans, but because the Austrians were especially anxious—had been for years—for an Aegean port; the possible entry of Constantine of Greece into the war as an ally of the Central Powers.

To these ends the Entente forces extended their Saloniki base. By the middle of February they had about 200,000 troops in well-fortified positions about Saloniki, and their great curved line swept north almost to the Bulgarian frontier.

The withdrawal from Gallipoli was an immense confession of failure—albeit it was failure of those comparatively small forces to do an impossible thing. Yet there was much that was creditable about the evacuation of the Franco-British positions on the peninsula. The British withdrew from Anzac Cove and Suvla Bay with a loss of less than half a dozen men—no more, it has been pointed out, than the loss of a normal night in the trenches. Their departure was announced by the British War Office on the 21st of December. On the 9th of January the Allies abandoned their last positions on Gallipoli, escaping from the Turks without loss. The inaction of the Turks at the time of the withdrawal was a mystery to their enemies. John Masefield summed up the campaign in a book, as follows:

"Only two explanations are possible. Either the Turks knew that we were going and wanted to be rid of us, or they did not know that we were going and were entirely deceived by our ruses.

"Had they known that we were going from Anzac and Suvla, it is at least likely that they would have hastened our going, partly that they might win some booty, which they much needed, or take a large number of prisoners, whose appearance would have greatly cheered

the citizens of Constantinople. But nearly all those of our army who were there felt, both from observation and intelligence, that the Turks did not know we were going. As far as men on one side in a war can judge of their enemies, they felt that the Turks were deceived, completely deceived, by the ruses employed by us, and that they believed we were being strongly reinforced for a new attack. Our soldiers took great pains to make them believe this. Looking down upon us from their heights, the Turks saw boats leaving the shore apparently empty, and returning apparently full of soldiers. Looking up at them from our position, our men saw how the sight affected them. For the twelve days during which the evacuation was in progress at Anzac and Suvla, the Turks were plainly to be seen, digging everywhere to secure themselves from the feared attack. They dug new lines, they brought up new guns, they made ready for us in every way. On the night of the 19th-20th of December, in hazy weather, at full moon, our men left Suvla and Anzac unmolested. * * *

"The men filed off from the trenches down to the beaches and passed away from Gallipoli, from the unhelped attempt which they had given their bodies and their blood to make. They had lost no honor. They were not to blame that they were creeping off in the dark like thieves in the night. Had others, (not of their profession,) many hundreds of miles away, but been as they, as generous, as wise, as foreseeing, as full of sacrifice, those thinned companies with the looks of pain in their faces, and the mud of the hills thick upon their bodies would have given thanks in Santa Sofia three months before. They had failed to take Gallipoli, and the mine field still barred the Hellespont, but they fought a battle such as has never been seen upon this earth. What they had done will become a glory forever, wherever the deeds of heroic, unhelped men are honored and pitied and understood."

Nor did the Turks attack as the Allies were leaving Cape Helles.

The Gallipoli campaign failed. Yet it

did achieve something. It put out of action more Turks than British and French—and the importance of “annihilation” per se was one of the terrible accompaniments of this war. It held large numbers of Turks, very busy, on the peninsula, as the British on the Tigris found to their cost when the campaign was over. Altogether, about 400,000 Turks were either held back for the time or permanently eliminated, during the campaign on Gallipoli, by a much smaller allied force. And the occupation was generally believed to have had, in the beginning, a good political effect, from the Entente point of view upon other European States, notably Italy and Bulgaria.

The ending of the Gallipoli campaign released Turkish forces estimated at from 200,000 to more than 300,000 men and at least 100,000 British for service elsewhere. It was obvious that the Turkish armies in Mesopotamia, fighting to keep the British from Bagdad, would be largely increased and the British position rendered extremely perilous there. When within eighteen miles of Bagdad the British forces under General Townshend had been pushed back, with a loss of 2,000 men, in one disastrous defeat; and, as their retreat down the Tigris continued, it was so constantly threatened by Turkish attacks that they were glad enough, in early January, to reach Kut-el-Amara and intrench themselves there, though the glittering prize of Bagdad was now ninety-five miles away. By the time he got to Kut and prepared to stand siege there General Townshend had only about 10,000 men. A relief expedition under General Aylmer had been sent out, meanwhile, and administered a momentary repulse to the Turks en route. And the Russian contingent in Persia had hope of joining the British on the Tigris. But General Aylmer's approach was only an approach, as the Winter dragged on; the Russians were nowhere near to Kut. And there Townshend's little army was under siege. As one of the objects of the expedition to the Tigris had been to maintain British authority and prestige in the Orient, it was already plainly unsuccessful, and

results were threatened which might spell far-reaching disaster to the British Empire, and through that to the Allies' cause.

Meanwhile, in the Caucasus, the Russians were battling toward Erzerum. It was a tremendously dramatic campaign. It was as dramatic as the Gallipoli struggle had been dramatic, because it was carried on against such serious natural odds. And it was humanly dramatic because to it the Grand Duke Nicholas, exiled from the armies he had led at home, brought skill and experience and indomitable resolution to force a hard-won victory.

Against the terrible storms of those jagged, almost pathless hills, with the temperature sometimes at twenty-five degrees below zero, searching for the mountain passes in the blinding snow, the Grand Duke Nicholas patiently reorganized his army and pushed ahead. Reinforced, the Russian Army began, on the 16th of January, a new offensive on a hundred-mile front. Day by day they advanced. On the 25th of January that grizzled veteran, Field Marshal Baron von der Goltz, was appointed Commander in Chief of the Turkish armies in the Caucasus. But toward Erzerum, a great fortress, an important strategic position, and the rallying ground of thousands of the enemy, with plentiful stores of war material, the Russians pushed on. On the last day of January they beat the Turks back from a forty-mile strip of territory. On the 2d of February they forced the enemy from the region of Lake Tortum, and the next day they drove back a Turkish expedition of military relief. Then they were obliged to wait a few days for ammunition, and especially siege guns. When these came they began, on the 12th of February, the bombardment of Erzerum. The forts began to fall on the 14th, and on the 16th Erzerum itself and its eighteen forts surrendered to Turkish arms. The captors took 235 officers, 12,753 able men, 323 guns, nine standards, and great quantities of ammunition and supplies.

Far away in Russia itself, desultory, and sometimes violent, fighting continued along the line where the German of-

fensive had come to a stop. But there was, as the late Autumn dragged on into Winter, no decisive result of any kind. On Christmas Day, however, the Russians launched a strong offensive to the south, in Bessarabia and on the Dniester, continuing a fierce attack. On the 1st of January the Russians crossed the Styr, over which they had been driven back by the advancing Teutons months before. In the early days of the new year they took Czartorysk and fired on the Austrian trenches before Czernowitz, the capital of Bukowina. On the 9th of January they crossed the Stripa River, in Galicia.

It was evident now that the main Russian Army had plentifully recovered from the tragic exhaustion and disheartenment of its retreat. Not ready to drive the Teuton forces back out of Russia, they had none the less been able to hold off all attacks on Dvinsk and Riga, to the north, and with midwinter to emerge from the marshes of Pinsk and start on the southern offensive. By the middle of January the whole Austro-German line to the south had fallen back, and on the 20th, with increasingly violent battles along the Bessarabian frontier, the Russians captured positions near Czernowitz, which they continued to threaten. On the 9th of February Russian troops took Uscieczko, an important bridgehead on the Dniester, fifty miles from Czernowitz, and crossed the river. On the 11th it was reported that the Germans had been driven back to second-line positions at several points in Galicia, and that to the north, where the Russians had been forced to retire so rapidly a short time before, they were making advances in the Rovno-Dubno-Lutsk triangle of forts. Meanwhile, very far to the northward, the Germans were pounding away, as persistently and as vainly in February as in September, in the effort to take Dvinsk, control the Dvina River, and menace Riga.

Some important changes were made in the personnel of the western front in December. On the 2d, General Joffre was made Commander in Chief of the French armies, and General Castelnau was placed in immediate command of

the French troops in France. On the 15th, Sir Douglas Haig succeeded Sir John French as Commander of the British forces in France and Flanders, while Sir Charles Monro was promoted to the place formerly held by Sir Douglas—Commander of the First British Army in France. In that month, too, the Indian corps that had been active as a part of the British Army on the western front was sent to Mesopotamia, to be replaced in France by 320,000 new British troops, members of the new volunteer armies. In London, Sir William Robertson was made Imperial Chief of Staff. At the opening of the new year it was estimated that 2,500,000 Germans were stationed on the western front, and about 3,500,000 soldiers of the Allies.

As the late Autumn passed and the Winter came, there were sharp outbreaks of what seemed like pointless fighting at many points along that western front. And in early January the Germans launched what was really a violent offensive in Champagne. They did not meet with marked success, and in a very short time they had lost no less than 20,000 effectives from their firing line. But they continued to engage the French in hard fighting at many places. Artillery engagements took place in the middle of January in Artois, Champagne, the Argonne, and the Woevre. On the 23d the Germans pierced the French defenses and took 200 yards of salient near Neuville-St. Vaast. At the end of the month there was fierce fighting on the Somme, and early in February the combat about Neuville and Vimy, which had continued, became more violent still. On the 25th of January the Germans destroyed the Cathedral at Nieuport. At the time these engagements, which accomplished nothing of military importance, were a riddle.

On the Italian fronts there was a good deal of heavy fighting, but practically no accomplishment. Especially was this true of the Italian attack on Gorizia. The Italians hammered away, and hammered hard. On the 17th of December the Gorizia fortifications were said to

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don was making active preparations for defense, expecting a raid there; a warning was issued by the police: "The increase in offensive protection against hostile aircraft recently provided in the metropolitan district makes it more necessary that the public on the occasion of air raids take cover, so as to be sheltered from falling fragments of shell." But the next air raid did not attack London; on the 31st of January Zeppelins visited eastern, northeastern, and midland counties of England, leaving a total of sixty-one dead and eleven injured in the wake of their flight.

Submarines—Including Negotiations and Neutral Action

In fulfillment of the prophecy offered by the events of the late Autumn, the greater part of the submarine warfare as waged against merchant vessels took place in the Mediterranean. It was, of course, the very crux of the "frightfulness" of this kind of "combat" that it cannot be finally delimited as combat at all; it eludes the classifications of warfare; attempting to write about the submarine in the war, one must at once include problems of neutral nations, achievements of diplomacy, the lives of noncombatants. The story of the events of December and January in this "submarine warfare" begins, perforce, with negotiations between the United States and Austria-Hungary over the sinking of the Italian liner *Ancona* on the 7th of November.

The Arabic negotiations had resulted in a clear victory for American diplomacy, and in the midst of the sense of relief and hope thus engendered fell the news of the loss of the *Ancona*, sunk in the Mediterranean by a torpedo from an Austro-Hungarian submarine. The American State Department had at once instructed Ambassador Penfield to ask the Austro-Hungarian Government for a detailed statement of fact. Three weeks passed, and no answer was received. When, on the 6th of December, Secretary Lansing, after waiting in vain for replies to his questions, sent Vienna a demand for disavowal and reparation, it was couched in peremptory terms. The text of

each of the *Ancona* notes is published in this volume. Suffice it to say here that the reply from Austria-Hungary was not satisfactory to the United States Government. A second note repeated our original demands. And the general sense of discouragement in the United States was heightened by the fact that, in the days immediately following the dispatch of the first note to our Government from Vienna, two large passenger liners were sunk without warning in the Mediterranean, the French *Ville de la Ciotat*, with a loss of eighty lives, and the Japanese *Yasaka Mara*, without casualties.

Then Austria granted every demand of the United States.

Austria-Hungary was happy to concur, furthermore—in this second note from Vienna—in the principle that private ships should not be destroyed, unless they resisted or tried to escape, without provision for the safety of those aboard.

The day after this note was received the British liner *Persia* was sunk in the Mediterranean, with a loss later counted at 385 lives, among them the American Robert McNeely, Consul at Aden.

The *Persia* was believed to have been sunk by a submarine, but no submarine had actually been seen. Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey all, in the course of time, denied that there had been any of their submarines in the neighborhood. As in the case of the *Hesperian*, direct evidence was not to be obtained. And in the face of these official denials the United States Government let the matter of the *Persia* drop. But before the denials themselves were received the German Government, under date of Jan. 7, had sent a significant memorandum to the American Department of State.

This contained the assurance that Germany intended no reprisals in the Mediterranean, that passengers and crews were to be taken off merchant ships before they were sunk, that German commanders disobeying these orders would be punished, and that any death or injury to Americans, if such should unhappily occur, would be met by reparation. At the same time Secretary Lansing made public a note received from

Germany on Nov. 29, yielding to American contentions in the case of the Frye.

Both Germany and Austria-Hungary had now met the demands of the United States in every case except the one most conspicuous horror of the war zone—the destruction of the *Lusitania*. During all the first weeks of the present period Ambassador von Bernstorff and Secretary Lansing were carrying on negotiations that may be very briefly summed up: The United States held to its original demands for disavowal and reparation; Germany made offers of compromise. In January Germany offered to pay an indemnity, but did not consent to the admission that the sinking was illegal. The United States had made three demands—disavowal, indemnity, guarantees for the future. Germany was apparently willing to meet the last two points. She refused to acknowledge the illegality of the sinking or to recognize liability for the killing of neutrals, and her promises for the future were not, therefore, satisfactory guarantees. In February it was reported that the question was about to be settled, and Germany was yielding at last, when the “armed liner issue” precipitated a new complexity.

The Entente nations had begun to arm their hitherto defenseless merchant vessels against attack by submarine, and as early as August, 1915, the British Ambassador had assured the United States of the peaceableness of their defense. The situation was of course complicated by the vulnerability of the submarine itself. On Jan. 18 Secretary Lansing addressed informal notes to the allied representatives in Washington, suggesting a kind of “gentlemen’s agreement” in the matter of submarine warfare that would, so to speak, “legalize” it, and settle the armed liner perplexity. He urged, in brief, that the Teutonic submarine commanders, under orders of their Governments, should “adhere strictly to the rules of international law in the matter of stopping and searching merchant vessels, determining their belligerent nationality, and removing the crews and passengers to places of safety before sinking the vessels as prizes of

war,” and that the Allies give up the practice of arming their merchantmen.

He referred to the right to arm as legally “doubtful,” adding that it “might be denied on account of new conditions.” His note further stated that any armament “on a merchant vessel would seem to have the character of an offensive armament,” and concluded:

“I may add that my Government is impressed with the reasonableness of the argument that a merchant vessel carrying an armament of any sort, in view of the character of submarine warfare and the defensive weakness of undersea craft, should be held to be an auxiliary cruiser and so treated by a neutral as well as by a belligerent Government, and is seriously considering instructing its officials accordingly.”

On the 10th of February the German and Austro-Hungarian Governments notified the United States that, beginning March 1, armed merchantmen would be treated as warships and sunk at sight. The German Foreign Office accompanied its statements by photographic reproductions of “confidential” instructions to British armed merchantmen, said to have been found on captured vessels, authorizing attack on submarines. It was already reported that Secretary Lansing’s suggestion for a “gentlemen’s agreement” had not been met with favor by the Entente Allies. The situation involved the United States more directly than ever in the problems of the war. At the close of the present period the question, “What will Washington do?” was glaring and significant, as yet unanswered.

Meanwhile other less conspicuous events occurred in the progress of submarine war. The American oil boat *Petrolite* was damaged by an Austrian submarine. Two neutral relief ships, one Norwegian and one Greek, carrying wheat to the Belgians, were torpedoed off the coast of England, and two other boats for Belgian relief were sunk by mines. Some smaller British vessels and a Japanese freighter were also sunk in the Mediterranean. In the case of the *Petrolite*, negotiations be-

tween this country and Austria-Hungary were begun.

Defense and Financial

The outstanding internal defense measure taken by a belligerent in this period of the war was the passage of the British conscription law. It had been clearly foreshadowed in the Autumn. It had been widely and vigorously discussed. It was adopted, not because the Derby scheme could be said to have failed, but because no manner of recruiting could be successful now that was not absolute. Great Britain must have all her single men. Nothing else would do. About 1,500,000 had come forward under Lord Derby's plan, but when his campaign closed, at the beginning of the new year, it was estimated that there were at least 600,000 unmarried men in Great Britain of military age who had not attested—i. e., registered their willingness to serve their country in the field. Mr. Asquith had promised the nation that the single men and widowers without dependents would be called into "compulsory service" before those who were married. It was generally understood that Ireland would be excluded from the operation of the conscription law. This volume contains the full official text of this first compulsory service law, and its other provisions need not be quoted here. It was introduced in Parliament on the 5th of January, to the accompaniment of the resignation of Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, (who sacrificed a brilliant career to register his devotion to a principle,) the threat of resignation by the Labor members of the Ministry, and the declaration by John Redmond that the Nationalist Party would oppose the bill. After the first reading and vote, the Labor members withdrew their resignations and the Irish members came around to the bill's support. It was passed on its third reading on Jan. 24, by a vote of 383 to 36, and, completing the process of legislation on the 27th, was put into operation Feb. 10. It added about 300,000 men at once to the British armies.

But compulsory service was not the

only extension of Government control in England. Little by little, the grip of military necessity was tightening in the democratic country where individual liberty was so prime a principle of man's life. On Feb. 15, following an address by Mr. Asquith on the necessity for a national "stock-taking" of resources, two Orders in Council were issued which empowered the military and naval authorities to take possession of any articles whatever that might be needed for war purposes. And drastic regulations were announced, to go into effect March 1, which placed strict limits on commerce, and practically placed the whole British merchant marine under Government control. It is worthy of note, too, that new temperance regulations had meanwhile been arranged to limit the hours for the selling of liquor.

At the same time the blockade was tightening on Germany. And on the 23d of December Parliament passed the "Trading with the Enemy" act, by which existing prohibitions on British firms might be extended to "persons to whom, by reason of their enemy nationality or enemy associations, though not resident or carrying on business in enemy territory, it appears to the King to be expedient to extend such restrictions." Like the German conduct of submarine warfare, the British maintenance of blockade passed the limits of merely belligerent notice, and cannot be discussed without reference to neutrals. The "Trading with the Enemy" act contained, of course, vast implications. Secretary Lansing proceeded to inform the British Government that the United States Department of State had "reached the conclusion that this act is pregnant with possibilities of undue interference with American trade, if, in fact, such interference is not now being practiced." On the 16th of February the British Government replied with a courteous and detailed "explanation," which proceeded, not to offer the slightest recession from the rights claimed, but to assure the United States that these rights would be exercised "with every possible care to avoid injury to neutral commerce."

Lord Kitchener's visit to the East was explained by Lord Lansdowne on the 18th of November; its purpose was, he said, to investigate the situation on Gallipoli, from which Sir Charles Monro had advised withdrawal. Kitchener was not, however, concerned with Gallipoli alone. On the 20th of November he had a conference with King Constantine of Greece. He returned to London on the 30th.

Of great importance to the cause of the Entente were the steps taken during this period to achieve real military and strategic co-operation between the Allies. On the 17th of November the first meeting of the Joint War Council of France and Great Britain, foreshadowed by Premier Asquith in a speech earlier in the month, was held in Paris. It was attended by Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour, Sir Edward Grey, M. Briand, General Gallieni, Admiral Lacaze, and General Joffre. In reply to some questioning as to why Italy and Russia were not included, it was explained that the affairs discussed concerned Franco-British operations only. "Russia and Italy," it was added, "will, of course, play a part in the deliberations concerning the movements of the forces of the four powers." And on the 7th of December the first War Council of the Allies was held in Paris under the Presidency of General Joffre; on this day representatives of France, Great Britain, Russia, Italy, Belgium, and Serbia attended; at the second meeting, next day, a Japanese military representative was also present.

Two other evidences of co-operation had been given meanwhile. On the 25th of November it was announced that Russia, Italy, France, and Great Britain had "unanimously decided to set up a permanent organization for the conduct of the munition business of the Allies." The joint committee was composed of Mr. Lloyd George and M. Albert Thomas, British and French Ministers of Munitions; Admiral Roussine, representing Russia, and General Marrafini as the delegate from Italy. An office was opened, and plans of joint action were made.

The other significant announcement was of the creation of the "Allied Board

of Strategy," the plans of which were made public as follows:

"There is to be an Allied Board of Strategy, composed of Generals, tacticians, and other military and naval experts from the four great powers, which will sit permanently in Paris, to discuss only those plans suggested by the individual Governments, through their own War Offices and General Staffs, and approved by the latter bodies.

"Thus the new council will have critical or deliberative rather than initiative force as regards new propositions, but will arrange full plans for the execution of all propositions which it approves. These it will submit, with its plans, to a higher council, which will not be permanent, for final decision.

"The latter council will probably also sit in Paris, and be composed of representatives from each Quadruple Entente Cabinet."

Early in December the Pact of London, forswearing a separate peace, was renewed, with the addition of Italy's signature. On the 14th of February the Allies promised anew not to cease the war until Belgium should be free.

In France the "loan of victory" was opened to subscription on the 25th of November. The 1917 recruits were also called out in November; \$1,634,400,000 was appropriated for the first quarter of 1916.

On Dec. 21 the German Reichstag passed a new war credit of \$2,500,000,000, and it is interesting to note that nineteen Socialists voted against it; with this loan the German war debt reached the figure of \$10,000,000,000. And meanwhile the Reichstag admitted the shortage of food in Germany, and riots broke out in Berlin.

Political

The most conspicuous political event of the present period was the appointment of Boris V. Stürmer as Premier of Russia, succeeding Jean L. Goremykine, resigned. Stürmer has been called a "prince of reactionaries." He was a man practically unknown, of purely mediocre ability. His experience as an office holder in the past had contained nothing more crucial than the Governorship of

the Province of Tver. He represented nothing but the force of reaction. He was supposed, indeed, to be pro-German—and it is not anticipating events too much to state now that his actions as Premier proved the supposition true. He took office on the 1st of February, and he speedily became known as one of the boldest reactionaries that had ever held that position. Following upon the removal of the Grand Duke Nicholas from command of the army, the appointment of Stürmer as Prime Minister was a sad step for the Czar to take, and one that spread a good deal of discouragement among the friends of Russia throughout the world.

Of general political interest also was the expulsion of Karl Liebknecht, in January, from the Socialist Party of Germany.

Neutrals—Also Peace

Attention to the position and the activities of neutrals during the present period finds itself caught first by that complex problem, the neutrality of Greece. As has been pointed out, Serbia possessed certain leasehold rights in Saloniki, under which her allies established themselves, to aid her, there. But there was other ground, too, upon which the Entente nations themselves based practical interference in Greek affairs. This was the historical fact that the Greek State owed its existence to the action of Great Britain, France, and Russia, through whose instrumentality, by the treaty of Adrianople, in 1829, the independent monarchy of Greece came into being; and that by the convention signed in London, May 7, 1832, Greece was guaranteed as a kingdom "under the protection" of these three powers. It was provided in the agreement between the three protecting nations that the armies of no single one of them should enter Greek territory without the consent of the other two guarantors. And it was also agreed that the ruler to be chosen for the new State should be neither British, Russian, nor French. These arrangements were reaffirmed in the treaty of London in 1863. As a result of these agreements, a half-German House came to rule in Greece. And through these

treaties the Entente nations claimed the right, quite independent of Serbia's position, to hold their base at Saloniki.

These were the treaty rights of the Entente behind their continued occupation of Greek territory. But upon these treaty rights and the necessities of their situation in the Near East, Great Britain and France did undoubtedly build a superstructure which assumed the apparent justice of a claim to do whatever they liked in Greece. It goes without saying that this brought about a set of disturbing complications within the kingdom itself. There were the Entente Allies, using Greek territory as if it belonged to them and bringing every possible pressure upon Constantine to induce him to enter the war on their side. There were the Central Powers, by no means idle in argument. There were the British and French and Serbian soldiers on Greek soil and the Bulgarians and Austrians and Germans in pursuit of them. And there was, quite as serious, the inevitable political dissension that all this must cause—the activities of the pro-ally movement and the pro-German movement, and in the midst of it poor Constantine announcing to the world that he was, and would remain, simply pro-Greek. It began to appear that he might yet lose his throne for it!

When the new elections took place, however, on the 19th of December, Constantine and the Government received a majority in the Chamber. Most of the supporters of Venizelos had refused to vote.

It was more than once hazarded at this time that the persistent refusal of King Constantine to go to the aid of Serbia or ally his country with Serbia's allies and its own historic protectors was merely due to his personal—or pro-German—stubbornness. But the fact of the matter was—to judge from statements made by the King in December—that he was afraid the Allies would not give him enough military support to withstand the pressure of the Central Powers. This lack of soldiers from the Entente he believed responsible for the overwhelming of Serbia, and he had no mind to trust his country to a like peril. Of the Balkan

allied expedition he said, on the 4th of December:

"Certainly it is doomed to failure if undertaken with no more men than are now there or on their way. Great Britain does not seem disposed to send an adequate force, and France cannot do the job alone. The minimum army that can hope to accomplish anything in the Balkans is 400,000 men."

And it must be remembered that at this time the Central Powers were very generally victorious. Constantine did not need a German wife or German intrigue to point out the danger of allying Greece with an inadequate army against a strong and at the moment triumphant enemy. Great Britain might promise Cyprus; she could not provide men.

So the visits of Kitchener from England and of Denys Cochin from France were of no avail in persuading Greece to join the Allies. Meanwhile the Entente found cause for activity and no small amount of worry in the protection of the allied soldiers in Greece. On the 24th of November the Ministers of the Entente Governments presented a joint note, demanding freedom for their forces on Greek soil, but promising that they would not hold any of the land used, and would pay for all damages. To this Greece made a satisfactory reply, and certain restrictions which the Allies had placed upon Greek commerce were removed. On the 3d of December the Greek Government placed the railroad lines and the Port of Kavala at the disposal of the French and British, and King Constantine announced that, though he would make no further pledges, he would protect the retreat from Serbia. It was later reported, however, that Teutons had followed the Allies across the border, though Bulgarians had been barred.

With the close of the Serbian campaign and the decision to hold the Saloniki base for further action, the Allies continued still more markedly to take their own way with Greece. On the 11th of January the French seized the Island of Corfu, and, in the face of Government protest against that, blew up next day the railroad bridges over the Struma at Demir-Hissar and Kilindir, which might be of use to the

Teutons if they marched to attack. Constantine, in a public statement a few days later, complained that the Allies had already occupied Lemnos, Imbros, Mytilene, Castellorizia, Corfu, Saloniki, with the Chalcidice Peninsula, and a large part of Greek Macedonia. In the same month allied forces landed at Phaleron, five miles from Athens, and a little later a blockade was laid on Greek ports.

Rumania, all this time, was also remaining neutral. But the Central Powers were already bringing pressure upon her to induce her to declare her position in the war.

For the United States the greatest "war problems" of the period concerned submarine warfare, and have already been outlined. But there were other complexities as well.

On the 3d of December it was announced that the United States requested that Germany recall her Naval and Military Attachés, Captain Karl Boy-Ed and Captain Franz von Papen, whose presence in this country had become "objectionable." No definite charges were made, and—as was quite in accordance with international etiquette—the request of the German Government for a statement of reasons for their undesirability was denied. It was commonly known that the two had been connected with attempted "breaches of neutrality" in this country. And the Kaiser—who had personally sent them here—immediately summoned them home.

Almost at the same time the Federal District Court of New York imposed upon Dr. Karl Bueenz, a prominent German, Director of the Hamburg-American Steamship Line, and two of his brother officials, sentences of eighteen months in the Federal Penitentiary for attempting to defraud the United States Government by filing false manifests of ships. They had been trying to supply German cruisers with various provisions. Their trial and conviction gave, it may be noted, poignant illustration to a situation which many Americans had misunderstood. It was not a crime against "neutrality" or the laws of the United States for private individuals to try to get supplies to Germany; it was a crime to make false mani-

feats to the United States Government. In the same month a letter was made public which, over the signature of Baron von Zwiedinek, Chargé d'Affaires of Austria-Hungary at Washington, suggested a plan of getting Austrian reservists back to their country through procuring, in the United States, neutral passports by fraud.

During the present period, also, the Federal authorities discovered that American territory was being made the base of military operations against Canada, in attempts to destroy the Welland Canal and other works of military importance, to ascertain facts of military interests to Germany, and to blow up the international bridge over the St. Croix River at Vanceboro, Me. Arrests were made in all these cases.

Meanwhile efforts, suspected in the Autumn, were shown to have been made to enlist labor in this country in conspiracies against munition exportations. In the early part of December a Federal Grand Jury in New York began to investigate the activities of a suspiciously Teutonic "peace society," known as "Labor's National Peace Council." As a result, indictments under the Sherman law were found, on Dec. 28, against eight men, of varying degrees of prominence, charged with attempts to restrain the trade of the United States by persuading munition workers to strike. In his message to Congress the President called attention to unneutral activities, and on Jan. 21, in response to a request from the House of Representatives, the Attorney General gave out a list of seventy-one individuals and four corporations indicted in the Federal courts for "alleged complicity in criminal plots."

The President's annual message, with its report on "the state of the nation," its challenge to loyalty and its definite outlining of a program both for domestic policy and national defense, is reprinted in large part in the present volume. On the 27th of January President Wilson made an address in New York in favor of increased armaments and next day began a tour of the Middle West in the interests of defensive programs. Following his return, early in February, a

discussion, which had already been begun with Secretary of War Lindley M. Garrison over the proposed "federalization" of the National Guard, broke out anew. Mr. Garrison advocated the creation of a "continental army," and was opposed to reliance upon the militia—whether increased or not—for defense. As he and the President did not agree, Mr. Garrison, and with him the Assistant Secretary, Henry Breckinridge, resigned on Feb. 10. Meanwhile Congressional committees were investigating and discussing defense plans, in preparation for the presentation of bills. The most arresting internal question before the United States was that of "preparedness."

The narrative of events in this period must close with mention of the discussion of peace. In Germany the Socialists had been asking questions about the possibility of peace and its terms, and in an address before the Reichstag on Dec. 9 Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg took up these questions, ending his address on the note of a "Germany invincible and secure" which would "resolutely carry out the war." His address and the statements of thirty French publicists, all bitterly opposed to the notion of peace, are published in the present volume. Shortly after these events Pope Benedict opened a consistory at Rome with the plea of an exchange of views among the belligerents as a preliminary to peace negotiations.

In the United States, however, the conspicuous "peace movement" was the Ford expedition. In September Henry Ford had announced the establishment of a peace fund of \$10,000,000. But it was with much surprise that the country learned, in late November, that he had chartered a ship and was going to Europe to "stop the war," and "get those boys out of the trenches by Christmas." On the 4th of December he and his party sailed from New York, and on the 15th of January most of them started home again from Rotterdam. They had held peace meetings at various places, but their efforts had not been very sympathetically received. The Ford Peace Party, with its initial announcement of

"stopping the war by Christmas" was widely discussed, and was generally considered as the expression of a curious bit of optimistic, impractical idealism, quixotic, overbearing, not a little pathet-

ic. But this very discussion tended at the time to obscure its one actual achievement—the leaving of thirty members behind to form a "Permanent Peace Board" in Europe.



PERIOD XVI.

Rumania's Part in the War—The Battle Front at Gorizia—Holland's Trade Grievances—Sinking of the Ancona—The Greatest Massacre in History—A Premeditated Crime—The "Chant of the German Sword"—Exchange of Prisoners—The Age of the Shameless—The Serbian Soldier—Liberation of the Lesser Nations—Our Naval Defenses.

WORLD AFFAIRS OF THE MONTH

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG'S PROMOTION

Announcements on Dec. 15 that Sir Douglas Haig, who, in November, 1914, was raised from the rank of Lieutenant General to that of General for distinguished service, should be Commander in Chief of the British forces in France and Belgium, and that Sir John French, who had asked to be relieved from headship of the expeditionary forces on the Continent, had been created Viscount and Commander in Chief of the armies in the United Kingdom, followed hard upon the appointment of General Joffre as Commander in Chief of the French Army. Premier Asquith stated in the House of Commons that the elevation of General Joffre had no bearing on the substitution of Sir Douglas for Field Marshal French. The new British Commander in Chief has won golden opinions. In the retreat from Mons, in the battle of the Marne, at Ypres, and at Neuve Chapelle he has been repeatedly singled out for praise in the reports of Field Marshal French. The "skillful manner in which Sir Douglas Haig extracted his corps from an exceptionally difficult position in the darkness of night" saved General French's "contemptible little army" from annihilation in the German drive past Mons; Sir Douglas was "skillful, bold, and decisive" in his operations that enabled his Field Marshal to maintain his position for more than three weeks on the north bank of the Aisne; he commanded the First Army Corps

during the severest fighting of the war at Ypres, and his work, together with that of his divisional and brigade commanders, furnished "some of the most brilliant chapters which will be found in the military history of our time"; while in commanding the main attack that won for the British the costly victory of Neuve Chappelle his "able and skillful dispositions" "contributed largely to the defeat of the enemy and to the capture of his positions." General Haig began his military career with the Seventh Hussars in 1885, and served in the Sudan, becoming a Brevet Major for his gallantry at Khartum. As Major Haig he was Chief of Staff to Colonel French in a brilliant series of minor operations around Colesberg, in South Africa, which prepared the way for Lord Roberts's advance; when that advance began he was closely associated with General French in the work of the cavalry division. At the War Office he was Director of Military Training, and in India he was Chief of Staff to General Kitchener's successor. During the two years before the great war he commanded the divisions concentrated at Aldershot, known as Lord Haldane's "striking force."

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GENERAL FRENCH'S RECORD

From the middle of August, 1914, until his retirement, Field Marshal Sir John French had been in command of the British forces on the Franco-Belgian

frontier, occupying a line that had expanded from thirty-two miles, when the trench warfare began a year ago, to nearly seventy miles as it is at present, and troops that have grown in numbers from the first two army corps of the original expeditionary force of fewer than 60,000 men to the present six armies of over 1,000,000. He fought a rear-guard action at Mons from Aug. 21 to Aug. 28, 1914, did what was regarded as brilliant work at the battle of the Marne from Sept. 28 to Sept. 30, and in March and September of the present year succeeded after tremendous assaults by artillery in pushing back the German lines at Neuve Chapelle and Loos, respectively. These have been the principal achievements of the British forces on the Continent. The retreat from Mons, in which he resisted, in the teeth of all logical calculations, having his army destroyed by the enormous forces flung at him by von Kluck, and the manner in which he helped General Joffre to counter the ugly thrust at Paris, no less than his pursuit of the Germans from the Marne and his skillful withdrawal from the line of the Aisne and Hazebrouck to the line of Lys, a movement which throughout probably discouraged the Germans from attempting to reach Calais, fired the British imagination and won praise from the French and British press. Fighting mostly against forces from four to six times the strength he could command himself, Sir John French had never allowed himself to be cornered. But Sir John had no experience in manoeuvring large bodies of men and knew nothing about the trench warfare which was to ensue. The battles of Reitfontein and Spionkop in the Boer War had not fitted him for the first, nor had the operations around Colenso in the same war game given him more than a hint of the second. His work in command of the advance guard to relieve Kimberley had taught him what to do at Mons and the Marne; no more. Sir Douglas Haig succeeds him because of his greater skill in the later forms of warfare. It is to be remarked that summary removals of Generals in the British Army have been few as compared with the wholesale work of this

nature in reforming the staffs of the German, French, and Russian armies during the first sixteen months of war.

* * *

HENRY FORD'S ARK OF PEACE

Declaring that if any of the people on the Ark had been making money out of the flood, they would doubtless have ridiculed Noah for sending forth the dove, William J. Bryan, late Secretary of State in Mr. Wilson's Cabinet, sanctioned the departure on Dec. 4 of Henry Ford, millionaire manufacturer, and a company of eighty-three peace missionaries, besides fifty-four newspaper correspondents, voyaging to war-deluged Europe in search of a rainbow. The Oskar II. arrived at Kirkwall, Orkney Islands, on Dec. 15. The trip across had been stormy. The mountainous waves seemed but a reflex of the commotion roused aboard by the wireless message sent by Mr. Ford to Congress disapproving the President's program of preparedness. He will stop first at Christiania, where some of the disgruntled members of the party threaten to leave it; thence proceeding to The Hague, where Mr. Bryan has expressed the hope of joining him. When he left New York Mr. Ford remarked that there is "a certain gang of death peddlers that would like to see us go to smash"—a reference to makers of munitions and others who profit by the war. While he dropped his slogan of "Out of the trenches by Christmas," the modern Noah has high hopes of the unofficial Peace Congress which he will herd together at The Hague. At least, he says, it "will do no harm."

* * *

DR. KARL BUENZ'S CONVICTION

Sentences of eighteen months in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, imposed on Dec. 4 by Judge Harland B. Howe in the Federal District Court of New York on Dr. Karl Buenz, Director of the Hamburg-American Line; Superintending Engineer George Koetter, and Purchasing Agent Adolph Achmeister, formed the response of this Government to the plea that the defendants were only zealously obeying the commands of the Kaiser when they filed false manifests of ships

sent out to supply German cruisers. It was the defrauding of the American Government with false manifests, not the bringing of aid and comfort to Great Britain's enemy on the sea, that constituted their guilt. Dr. Buenz, who is 72, served for several years in the German Foreign Office, was for four or five years German Minister to Haiti, was an attaché in the German Consulate General in New York, served as German Consul in Chicago and Consul General in New York, and in 1908 was German Minister to Mexico. He also served as German Commissioner before The Hague Tribunal in the Venezuela dispute.

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FRANZ VON RINTELEN'S PLOTS

A prisoner in the Tower of London, Franz von Rintelen was on Dec. 12 formally "disavowed" by Ambassador von Bernstorff for the German Government. Charged with purchasing "munition strikes" in the United States, with having befriended Huerta and Diaz, providing the former Mexican leader with 10,000 modern rifles and ammunition to force intervention by this country, with the consequent commandeering of munitions now supplied to the Allies and with having over \$30,000,000 to his credit in the United States to carry out the purposes of the German Government, von Rintelen has been traced under the aliases of Fred Hanse, Miller, Mueller, and Edward V. Gasche. He arrived here when Huerta, late Mexican dictator, came to the United States. It is reported from London that extended reports to the German Government concerning his activities in the United States are in the hands of the British.

* * *

BARON VON ZWIEDINEK'S INDISCRETION

The facsimile of a letter bearing his signature, shown on Dec. 11 to Baron Erich von Zwiedinek, Chargé d'Affaires of Austria-Hungary at Washington, bore the suggestion addressed to the Austro-Hungarian Consulate General in New York that "passports of neutral countries" might be procured "at comparatively slight expense" to assure the return of Austrian reservists to their own country. Baron von Zwiedinek admitted

the genuineness of the signature. His plea in extenuation was that he was not personally responsible for the letter, as he signed it as a matter of routine, not knowing its contents. The President and the Secretary of State were then confronted with the necessity of determining whether Baron von Zwiedinek's disclaimer of responsibility for proposing a violation of American law should justify the granting of immunity from dismissal. The letter was signed while Dr. Constantin Dumba, since recalled, was Austrian Ambassador at Washington.

* * *

BOY-ED AND VON PAPEN

The American request, published Dec. 3, for the recall to Germany of Captain Karl Boy-Ed, German Naval Attaché, and of his military colleague, Captain Franz von Papen, was sent because their presence in this country had become "objectionable." Emperor William personally appointed them; he assented to their recall, and on Dec. 15 it was announced that safe conducts had been granted by the Entente Allies for their passages to Berlin. The American Government denied the request of the German authorities for a statement of reasons why the two attachés were considered undesirable. It is known that James F. J. Archibald secretly carried papers for von Papen; Boy-Ed's connection with the conspiracy case to defraud the Government in making false manifests of vessels sent by Dr. Karl Buenz to supply German warships was strongly suspected; Boy-Ed's private secretary stated to President Wilson that his chief got a copy of a confidential report intended for the President and his naval advisers. Complicity in munitions plots was hinted. An "accumulation of incidents" placing the two officials under suspicion was spoken of to the German Ambassador. But no charges were preferred. That was not necessary in order to be rid of them.

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DR. HELFFERICH AND BELSHAZZAR'S PALACE

The Germans "stand like rocks in the soil of the home country," while on the columns of the British Empire "are written in glowing letters the same words that were written on the wall of Bel-

shazzar's palace." Thus Dr. Karl Helfferich, Secretary of the German Imperial Treasury, speaking in the Reichstag on Dec. 15 in behalf of the bill to provide \$2,500,000,000 as a supplemental war credit. That makes the German war debt \$10,000,000,000—a large price to pay for sixteen months of war. If the modern Belshazzar's palace is in England it is still guarded by the sea and the British Navy. A semi-official statement coming from Washington on Dec. 15 said that at the end of the war the Allies would demand an immense indemnity of the central powers, and "one of the main points in the Allies' peace terms is that on no account will the German mercantile marine flag be permitted to be seen on the high seas until full indemnification has been paid."

* * *

BRITISH DEFEAT IN MESOPOTAMIA

The victorious advance of General Townshend's forces up the valley of the Tigris to Bagdad received a check at the battle of Ctesiphon, with casualties amounting to 6,800, forcing their retreat to Kut-el-Amara, eighty miles to the southeast. This was such a severe defeat to the colonial army from India that the Frankfurter Zeitung said on Dec. 8 that "the Turkish victories in Mesopotamia had a speedy influence upon the attitude of the entire Persian Gulf district." The official Turkish communication of Dec. 2, telling of the battle, was withheld from the public for two days by the British censor. On Dec. 8 J. Austen Chamberlain, Secretary of State for India, announced that reinforcements ordered to Mesopotamia before the advance to Ctesiphon began were already arriving at the front. Apparently General Townshend ordered the disastrous advance without waiting for these reinforcements, already near at hand, to come up.

* * *

SUEZ THREATENED?

Reports from official quarters in Rome published on Dec. 17 were to the effect that allied Turkish and German forces were combining for a drive on the Suez Canal. An advance of the Turks on Aden, Southern Arabia, near the en-

trance to the Red Sea, through which the Suez Canal passes, was announced in a Turkish official statement forwarded by the Central News on Dec. 9. The advices from Rome speak of the rapid double tracking of the railway line from Constantinople to Damascus in an extension to the Egyptian frontier. The cut presented herewith shows the line



of this railway, with dotted lines for alternative courses across the desert. The taking of Suez, which has been strongly fortified, would be a direct blow at the British world empire.

* * *

NO PROSPECTS OF EARLY PEACE

"At present the enemy won't make peace. They are not yet weakened enough. We must therefore keep hammering on," Field Marshal von Hindenburg said in his interview printed by the Neue Freie Presse on Dec. 6. Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg said much the same thing in his speech before the Reichstag, which appears elsewhere in this number, although he shifted the responsibility for the war's continuation in these words:

If our enemies make peace proposals

compatible with Germany's dignity and safety, then we shall always be ready to discuss them. Fully conscious of our unshaken military successes, we decline responsibility for continuation of the misery which now fills Europe and the whole world. No one can say that we continue the war because we still desire to conquer this or that country as a guarantee.

Thus Count Tisza told the Hungarian Parliament that "when peace will come depends exclusively upon our enemies." Prime Minister Asquith and Premier Briand have both discouraged the idea of peace on Germany's terms, while Baron Sonnino has signified Italy's participation in the joint agreement of the powers not to treat for peace separately.

* * *

POPE BENEDICT'S ALLOCUTION

Notwithstanding the ruin accumulating during the last sixteen months, notwithstanding that the desire for peace grows daily in many hearts and that numberless families in their sorrow long for it, notwithstanding that the Pope has tried every means that might hasten peace and allay discord, nevertheless the "fatal war still grows in fury by land and sea and threatens unfortunate Armenia with extreme ruin." These words of Pope Benedict's allocution to the Cardinals at Rome on Dec. 6 betray his reluctant recognition of a long-drawn-out struggle. Yet he repeats with renewed fervor his adjuration to calmer counsels:

Prepare for that peace which the whole of humanity ardently wishes for, that is, a peace that is just and lasting—not advantageous to one alone of the belligerent parties.

The way which can surely lead to this happy result is that which has already been tried and found satisfactory in similar circumstances, and of which we made mention in our last letter. That is, an exchange of ideas, be it direct or indirect, based upon good-will and calm deliberation and set forth with clearness, duly recognizing the aspirations of all, eliminating the unjust and impossible and taking into account with equal measure what is just and possible.

* * *

HUNGRY BERLIN AND VIENNA

While boasting of abundant corn for bread and potatoes, the President of the Reichstag in his opening speech on Nov. 30 said that in other things "there may

be some scarcity, as cannot be disputed." He trusted that the hardships caused to the majority of the poorer population "will be surmounted by the organization of the provision market." Indications of hunger in Vienna are shown by the report in the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* of the Committee for the Feeding of Poor Children. In the first half of 1914 the committee served on an average 1,500 meals a day; in October, 1915, 480,000 meals were distributed, and in November over half a million, making a new average of 17,000 meals a day. Socialist speakers in the Reichstag appealed, on Dec. 2, for the virtual elimination of middlemen in Berlin, complaining of a butter famine and demanding that the Government extend the bread-card system to every form of foodstuffs.

* * *

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

That the President shall report at each session of the Congress upon the state of the nation is provided by the Fathers in the Constitution. It has been remarked that in his address opening the present session no message since President Monroe's famous proclamation of his doctrine for the guardianship of the Americas has been so exclusively devoted to the greater problems of the nation, and especially that of assuring its growth with peace, with safety, and with honor. We publish elsewhere in this number the chief portions of the President's address, together with ex-President Roosevelt's animadversions thereon.

* * *

THE NATION'S EXPENSES

The American people must make up their minds to a greatly increased cost of their National Government. The two great items of prospective increase, of course, are in the military and naval establishments. The naval appropriation for the present fiscal year is \$146,619,000, while the proposed appropriation for the next fiscal year is \$211,518,000. The army appropriation leaps from the present allowance of \$103,000,000 to \$152,354,000. The total recommended increase in the cause of military preparedness is \$114,314,532. Other increases, notably

that for the maintenance of the Panama Canal and the cure of the destructive "slides" that block its passage, will combine to make the budget increase \$195,000,000 above the \$1,090,000,000 voted last year for the conduct of the Government.

* * *

THE NEW CONTINENTALS

In his annual report Secretary of War Garrison asks for 500,000 men, rebukes his critics, and pins his faith in the plan of a Continental Army. The need of compulsion is clearly expressed in this sentence: "If the nation requires certain service and offers the most favorable opportunity for the citizens to furnish such service, and, notwithstanding that it cannot secure such service, it must then resort to some method of compelling the service." He has sanguine hopes, however, that a Continental Army can be upbuilt, its members drawn from private life, put through intensive training for short periods, and be made subject to the country's call to duty in time of national peril. There should be 400,000 Continentals.

It is proposed to supplement the army that is constantly under arms by a force of 400,000 men raised in increments of 133,000 a year, obligated to devote a specified time to training for a period of three years, and then to be on furlough for a period of three years without obligation excepting to return to the colors in the event of war or the imminence thereof. For the purpose of convenience this force has been designated the Continental Army. It is proposed to recruit it territorially according to population; to have it subjected to short periods of intensive training; and in addition to what officers may be developed from its own operations, to obtain officers for it from those who have served in the National Guard, those who have served in the United States Army and are no longer upon its active list, and those who, by training acquired in colleges and schools or in other ways, have become equipped with sufficient military information and experience to make them available, and in the ways above more particularly described.

* * *

DREADNOUGHTS STILL BEST

No more striking proof of the failure of Admiral von Tirpitz to convince the world that the submarine had supplanted

the dreadnought than the communication which Secretary of the Navy Daniels, advised by his experts, sent to the House of Representatives on Dec. 14. Replying to the request of Congress, embodied in the last Naval Appropriation bill, that he furnish suggestions as to type of vessel best suited for war on the sea, he says:

My reply, therefore, to the question as to the single type of warship best suited for war on the sea is that such a vessel must possess in the maximum degree each and all of the four prime requisites mentioned in the Naval Appropriation act in connection with our battleships, which are required to be vessels "carrying as heavy armor and as powerful armament as any vessel of their class, to have the highest practicable speed, and greatest desirable radius of action." To make a vessel possessing each requisite in a maximum degree a practical possibility unlimited cost and size must be assumed, while for practical purposes the size of United States war vessels is limited by the dimensions of the Panama Canal locks. Of present and practical types of vessels the so-called dreadnought most nearly approaches the ideal aimed at in the clause of the last Naval Appropriation act.

* * *

THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE

While modestly disclaiming leadership in the International League to Enforce Peace, although he is head of the American branch of the league, ex-President Taft said in a speech before the Congregational Club in New York on Dec. 13 that, at least, he was the "only ex-President who could have headed that league." He does not believe that war can be abolished so long as men are men, and nations worse than men. But when the war ends he believes faithfully that some "better method of settling international disputes will be brought about." The arbitrations of the Alabama case and of the Newfoundland fisheries claims with Great Britain have already "made a habit of arbitration with the American people as to their differences with England." It is a fact, which England's foes have remarked upon with emphasis, that the body of the American people has no thought of war now when differences arise with Great Britain. But Great Britain has not attacked the lives of American citizens. The League to En-

force Peace will bring its forces to bear toward preventing such a contingency in the case of any foreign nation. Prevent the occasion of war, and war is prevented, peace enforced.

* * *

MR. VANDERLIP ON WAR PROFITS

That the first thing for this prosperous country to do is to make itself independent for war profits was the common-sense message of Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank, in his address on Dec. 1 to the American Association of Woolen and Worsted Manufacturers in New York. The vast foreign trade balance in favor of this country has given it an easy financial situation; a crop worth more than \$5,500,000,000—of unexampled value—has added its stimulus. The industries of the country are so nearly balanced as to be mutually supporting. When the country begins to build according to its needs it will become almost independent of foreign markets, and quite independent of the markets that are war-created. This message from the man who has lately headed a great corporation for the development of normal foreign trade with the United States is inspiring. The chief danger to its commerce, he says, is the undue political insistence of competition at the expense of economical efficiency.

* * *

INFLUENCE OF ITALY'S FLEET

The part taken in the war by Italy has been largely neutralized on land by the fact that she found her enemy intrenched along a magnificent military boundary, with full knowledge of the lessons of defense which the war had already taught. On the sea things were different. Italy has a great battle fleet. Archibald Hurd points out in *The Daily Telegraph* of London that the Mediterranean, the lifeline of the British Empire, the highway which links the British West to the British East, was not only immediately safeguarded from all danger by Italy's entrance into the war, but enabled the British fleet to make an overwhelming demonstration in northern waters in conjunction with the navy of France. If Germany had not ventured to engage

her warships with the British Grand Fleet during the first months of the conflict, by so much the more was the possibility of her challenging her formidable rival on the sea removed by the intervention of the Italian fleet.

* * *

RESERVE STRENGTH OF RUSSIA

Accepting the estimate of a recent German writer that the total permanent Russian loss of men during fifteen months of war, including prisoners, would be 4,000,000 men, Colonel A. M. Murray in *The Daily News* of London finds a balance of 18,000,000 men of fighting age who are either enrolled or available for enrollment when called up by the Russian military authorities. That is after deducting 6,000,000 as unfit for military service. In Russia liability to military service extends from the beginning of the twenty-first year to the end of the forty-third, and, on an average, 1,300,000 men reach the age of 21 every year, after allowing for wastage in deaths and emigration. Russia has now either in the field or in reserve at her military depots from 7,500,000 to 8,000,000 men who have been fully trained. Major Moraht, the military critic of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, lately remarked that the Russians "are drawing lessons from the experience that they have acquired during the war." Of General Ivanoff in the campaign on the River Styr, he says:

He has got together artillery and pontoons, and has known how to throw a screen of fire before his military projects, just as we did on the Dunajec. He has known how to realize that "tambourine fire" (continuous hail of shells on one part of the enemy front) which the French are using on their front; he has known how to use "barrier fire"; and he has been careful, after slight checks, to fall back at once upon a war of positions. We recognize, as we have always done, the vigorous activity of the Russian command and the courage of our enemies.

* * *

WAR LESSONS FOR CHILDREN

Urging the German method of inculcating the lessons of the great war in the minds of children, Lord Sydenham declared in the House of Lords on Nov. 23 that it would not be difficult to

draw up a war curriculum for the elementary schools without encouraging German militarism in Great Britain. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave a practical account, drawn from his observation of what the elementary schools were actually doing. In a typical school to which he paid a surprise visit he found that most of the men teachers had gone to the front, that the others were about to join the army, and that the boys were being taught to draw

maps of the theatres of war and to appreciate the motives behind not only this war but the wars of the past. Lord Meath, the pioneer of the systematic teaching of patriotism in Great Britain, declared that he had received more encouragement from the schools themselves than from the Government. Lord Selborne, replying for the Board of Education, reported that the causes of the war were being universally explained to the school children.

Interpretations of World Events

Yuan, Emperor of China

THE beginning of the new year will witness, for the second time within a few weeks, the coronation of an Oriental Emperor; the two monarchs, supreme lords of the Celestial Kingdom and the Flowery Kingdom, dividing between them one-third of the human race. The reason given by President Yuan Shih-kai for the date fixed for his coming coronation was naïve and humorous to the last degree—he declared that he had promised certain of the great powers that no change should be made in the form of the Chinese Government during the year 1915—therefore he fixed on the opening days of the new year as the time when he would ascend the throne. But that is far from being the only element of comedy in the exaltation of the Great Yuan; comedy has been present in abundance, from the start.

For example, the Council, which "thrice presented him a kingly crown, which he did thrice refuse," had been previously appointed by none other than the Great Yuan himself. Adapting to his needs an expedient as old as history, that able statesman, and perhaps still abler politician, simply nominated the Nomination Committee; nominated and instructed them. For there is, at least, not the smallest element of surprise in the present events in the Middle Kingdom—so called, many a long century before, with precisely the same thought,

one of our American cities was called "the hub of the universe." The exaltation of Yuan Shih-kai has been inevitable for years; ever since, in fact, he survived the sudden and dramatic deaths of that fiery old tyrant, the Empress Dowager Sze Tse An and her pathetic young captive, the too radical Emperor Hwang-Su—the last effective personages of the old Manchu line. For years Yuan Shih-kai had been the right-hand man of the terrific old Dowager—who was well called "the only 'man' in China"; her right-hand man, among other things, in the browbeating and duress exercised upon young Hwang-Su; and at the time of their sudden simultaneous death, Yuan's enemies very openly hinted that, seeing his old protectress had only a few hours to live, and knowing full well that, should Hwang-Su regain real power, if only for a few hours, it would be hard times for Yuan Shih-kai; so, like a prudent man, he saw to it that they should both depart together to the western heaven. So said his enemies.

At any rate they died, and with them passed the last ebbing tide of the once great and conquering Manchus, who, coming down upon Peking from the northeast, from the region about Mukden, had mastered China in the years when the earliest of our colonies were struggling into being. Thereafter Yuan showed himself to be the one effective man in China, the one man who could

hold things together and exercise real authority. He lived through the protectorate of a puppet Prince; he lived through a curiously pathetic parliamentary period; he lived through a Presidency without a Legislature, and now he has his reward.

Nor is there anything in the history of China—in the three or four millenniums of that history which make China by all odds the oldest of living nations, stretching back to the heyday of Egypt and Babylon—to cast reproach on Yuan Shih-kai, because of his promotion. There is not, nor has there ever been, a sacrosanct stock in China, as there is, for example, in Japan; a royal family going back to the traditional gods. In China there has ever been in force "the good old rule, the simple plan, that they should take who have the power; that they should keep who can."

To take a few instances stretching over a couple of thousand years: enough, one would think, to establish a precedent. The Hun dynasty, beginning in the year B. C. 203, was avowedly founded on "the right to rebel." It was driven out, about 23 A. D., by a Prince of Han, by the simple, unanswerable expedient of cutting off the head of the incumbent. In the seventh century the T'ang dynasty came to power—through a poisoning. The Sung dynasty compelled their predecessor to abdicate, and then fell deep into state socialism, which paved the way for foreign conquest. The Mongols from the northern wastes overran China, and gave her one magnificent monarch in Kublai Khan, whom Marco Polo visited and Coleridge sang. The Mongols were conquered by the Mings, and the Mings by the Manchus, in 1644, the last of the Mings hanging himself as the Manchus entered the city. So Yuan Shih-kai treads no unbeaten road. He is true to type. He has conformed to the tradition. He has earned a greeting!

King Constantine and the Entente Powers

IT has been stated, but not, perhaps, made sufficiently clear, that the presence of the armies of England and France on Greek soil is, in the strictest

sense, in no wise a violation of the neutrality of Greece—not solely because of the free consent of Venizelos, while Prime Minister of Greece, but because of far older causes, wrapped up in the very existence of Greece as a modern nation. One should add Russia to England and Greece in this connection, for it was through the co-operation of all three of these powers that there came to be a Greek Nation.

Very early in the last century the then great and powerful Turkish Empire was menaced by two insurrections, which were really the first sparks of a conflagration destined to consume much of that empire—the insurrection among the Serbians in 1806 and the insurrection of the Greeks in 1821. In both these Russia, which had for centuries been warring against the Turks in what was at first a war for her own existence, played a prominent part, so that the interest of Russia in the rebuilding of Serbia goes back for more than a century. Then Great Britain and France joined in the contest, bringing the Greek war of independence to a close by the annihilation of the Moslem fleet at Navarino, at the southwest extremity of Southern Greece, that part of Greece which is called the Morea from its resemblance to a mulberry leaf.

This crushing defeat of the oppressors of Greece was followed by the Treaty of Adrianople, on Sept. 14, 1829, by the terms of which Greece was constituted an independent monarchy, through the instrumentality of England, France, and Russia. And by the Convention of London, signed on May 7, 1832, Greece was declared an independent kingdom *under the protection of* Great Britain, France, and Russia, the three great powers to which she owed the fact that, as a nation, she existed at all. These three powers included in their agreement a clause which, prompted probably by mutual jealousies, has led directly to the present very difficult situation—for them. For they bound themselves that, when a King should be chosen for Greece, members of their own ruling houses should be excluded from choice. This, of course, played directly into the hands

of the German Princes, and Otto of Bavaria came to Athens as King, and brought with him precisely the pro-German atmosphere which Greece today owes not so much to her King as to her Queen.

Otto, however, was soon abolished, and in 1862 the Greek people unanimously elected Prince Alfred of England King and sought to set up a limited monarchy like that of England. But that supremely foolish self-denying ordinance intervened, and the half-Danish, half-German Prince George of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg reigned in his stead. His election as George I. of Greece was sanctioned by the Treaty of London July 13, 1863, and England made Greece a present of the Ionian Islands. But the older treaty remained, in virtue of which Greece became a kingdom under the protection of the three powers, two of whom are now, under the terms of that treaty, fighting on Grecian soil.

Kaiser Wilhelm's Balkan Adventure

IF we were asked what nation has been most grievously damaged by the triumphant progress of Mackensen's armies southward through Serbia, we should not put Serbia herself as the chief sufferer in national life and honor. While the losses of the Serbian Army have, without doubt, been severe, the misery of her noncombatants acute, (though less acute than they would have been but for worldwide indignation concerning Belgium,) yet in neither case has there been an irreparable impairment of national vitality. It is probable that when Mackensen began his drive the total Serbian forces amounted to 300,000; but for the fratricidal flank attack by Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Mackensen's task would have been much harder; yet, even with these attacks on two sides and the Austrian advance on a third side from Bosnia-Herzegovina, it is questionable whether the Serbians lost as many as 100,000 men. There is, therefore, the nucleus of a very considerable national force still in existence among the western mountains of Serbia, in the Albanian hills, southern Montenegro. And these

men have shown a fiery valor, a splendor of patriotism, that promise as much for their future as a nation as did the valor of the Greeks at Marathon. The Serbian Nation, once rid of its invaders and put in possession of kindred territories—the program that will be carried out if the Entente powers win—will soon restore its life, at least as rapidly and effectively as did France when her invaders withdrew after the disasters of 1870.

No, the power that has really suffered a mortal wound in national standing and prestige is Austria-Hungary. It is absolutely true, as the new year opens, that the Austrian Army as an independent military unit has ceased to exist; it is hardly less true that the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy as a separate political unit is definitely ceasing to exist. The very fact that after repeated failures of Austrian armies to hack a way through Serbia that feat should be effectively carried out by a German General commanding German troops, though operating from an Austrian base, marks the death of Austria's military prestige and honor.

Yet it does not follow that the Balkan venture has in any deep and real sense operated to the advantage of Germany. How does the account balance? It is notorious by now that there are two things which Germany increasingly lacks—first-class men for her line regiments and food. Does the advance through Serbia put her at an advantage in either of these respects? No, the exact contrary is the fact. She has lost in this adventure at least as many men as Serbia; the attacking power always does lose very heavily. The supplies of food she can get from Bulgaria—in reality a small country no larger than Ireland—will not go far, while her expectations from her earlier ally, Turkey, may be measured by the fact that in the trenches in Gallipoli the Turkish troops are shivering on half-rations, and both the Turks and the Bulgarians mean a drain on Germany, both in cash and in ammunition, a drain that Germany with her metal and cotton famine is daily less able to stand.

Let us suppose the case most favorable to Germany, that with the opening

months of 1916 her armies should triumphantly reach Constantinople. What would this mean, in a military sense? It is amply evident that they are not going to Constantinople merely to shut themselves in behind the Chataldja lines and stay there—something that the Turkish soldiers would view with disgust, the Turkish Commissariat with despair. They must, if they do extend their advance as far as Stamboul, hold, at the same time, all the intermediate territory, beginning with a base line stretching from Bosnia to Orsova. This will mean the necessity of occupying and fortifying a military front of not less than 1,200 miles, more than the combined Franco-Belgian and Russian fronts which the combined Teuton armies already occupy, with between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 men. The mere arithmetic of this is appalling from the point of view of Germany. But the arithmetical count does not reveal the full danger of their situation there. From the strategical side it is even worse, for, while the Franco-Belgian and Russian fronts can both be defended by Germany on interior lines—there is no longer any question of an offensive on either—the new Balkan line, at least equal in extent, is a long, narrow loop, with the scissors of the Entente Allies perpetually threatening to cut it: France, England, possibly Italy from the south, and Russia from the north, reinforced, very probably, by Rumania. And such a cutting would be irremediable disaster. It is therefore quite plain that any extension of German occupation to the southeast will constitute not an asset, but a very serious liability.

But there is a suggestion that the Balkan adventure is in no sense a finality. Constantinople is to be reached not as a final goal, but merely as the basis for further far more daring and difficult adventures—the conquest, namely, of Egypt and India. And one of the English papers, in one of those curious fits of overcandor which pose as patriotic solicitude, has gone so far as to print a map of the shortest and best road from Constantinople to the Indus. Foolish and ill-advised as this was, it is

certain that the Kaiser could make no more calamitous mistake than to accept the hint there offered. For, to begin with Egypt, the land journey thither from the Bosphorus is some thousand miles, and this means keeping open a tract with twice that frontage, for the greater part of the way assailable by sea, while the expedition to India would mean a military line of some 3,000 miles on each side, which would require an army of 20,000,000 to hold, since it would be vulnerable from the south all along the shore of the Indian Ocean, and from the north, from Russian territory, all the way from the Caspian to the Pamirs. Surely, when we come to talk of adventures of this kind we are no longer in the realm of sanity; we are dealing with delusions such as spring up in the minds, let us say, of castaways at sea, whose senses are shattered by starvation. The Balkan adventure, therefore, is more formidable for Germany, more vulnerable than either the western or the eastern front, on both of which she is losing ground.

Pan-American Preparedness

THE present war has shown that a conflict which begins with the smallest countries may swiftly include three continents. In the east the war began with Serbia, in the west with Belgium; both very small countries, smaller than little Ireland. War involves continents, hemispheres. Very well; let continents and hemispheres be prepared. And, as it happens, the one cause likely to bring war to this continent, this hemisphere, is precisely a cause certain to involve the whole hemisphere—namely, the contention of the United States that no foreign country shall have the right to establish its sovereignty, or to extend sovereignty already existing, in the two Americas.

In Cleveland's Administration, this principle—the Monroe Doctrine—brought the United States to the verge of war with England over Venezuela. That would instantly have involved the whole hemisphere, from Canada and Central America down to the great southern continent. The same thing may happen

tomorrow—is practically certain to happen tomorrow, if the power which has expressed the intention to “test the Monroe Doctrine” feels itself strong enough. Why not, then, take Time by the forelock, and act *today*? We need no military treaties. At the outbreak of the present war no military treaty bound France to England or England to Russia or Turkey to Germany; while a military treaty did bind Italy to Austria. We need only military “understandings,” such as did bind France and England; understandings with the Central and South American powers—and with Canada and the British possessions in this hemisphere, that, in case of an attack on the Monroe Doctrine, which is an attack on free institutions throughout the whole Western Hemisphere—all American nations shall stand together, and furnish a given quota of *thoroughly trained troops*. And perhaps Canada might borrow a fleet, to help. There is a good one handy.

Britain's Army of Freemen

LORD DERBY'S enlistment campaign has ended—in complete success. Advices from London announce that this success has vastly exceeded even the expectations of Lord Derby, high and confident as these were. In part because of the Zeppelin raids over London, in part because of reverses in the Near East and in Mesopotamia—these reverses being due in both cases simply to lack of men—in part through sheer force of time hammering the facts into slow minds, the people of Great Britain have awakened to the truth that they must overcome or be overcome. And, with the dogged resolution which has for so many centuries belonged to England, they have at last adequately taken the matter in hand, with the result that an army of four or five million men—free men, each impelled by his own free will and choice—is now assured.

Meanwhile, the women of England, following, in this, the earlier example of the women of France, are making shells and cartridges for that great army, making them, we may believe, with sedulous care and tireless industry—the

shell made by the wife may save the husband's life.” In view of these remarkable results, two considerations present themselves: The first is that we have here a splendid victory for democracy, for the initiative and the responsibility of the people, for dependence on individual freedom of will, for the ultimate solution of the greatest and gravest problems a nation can be called on to face; the second is that, splendid as this result is, it reveals an element of danger, a danger grave enough for England, and likely to be finally fatal to any nation not protected by seas plowed by the strongest navy in the world.

Briefly, the citizen army of England, raised, as it has been, through a period of nearly eighteen months, and still requiring many months more before it is adequately trained, would have been hopeless and helpless, nay, would have been non-existent, in the face of such an attack as was directed against France, through Belgium, in August and September, 1914. And, it must be remembered, Germany made no complaint against France; Germany had simply come to the determination, as Bernhardt's overcandid book quite clearly showed, three years ago, that France must be crushed because she stood in the way of Germany's ambitions. Therefore, splendid as is the victory for democracy gained by Lord Derby's great success, that victory carries with it the gravest possible warning. But for other quite independent circumstances, it would never have saved England from national annihilation.

So that, if there be a question of applying the lesson there exhibited to our own problem, the great problem of national defense which is now engaging Congress, we must remember two things: First, that complete abstinence from aggression will no more protect us than it protected France—or Belgium; second, that since we do not share England's immunity we dare not count on even a year's breathing space in which to extemporize an army. We must be ready at the outset, or we shall never be ready at all. And here one may bring in a practical point—a soldier may be made,

though not very efficiently made, in six months; but to make an officer who is worth the name will take, under the most favorable circumstances imaginable, four times as long. Would it not be wise for our universities—if we are really going to take the problem of preparedness seriously—to open the new year by framing courses in the more theoretical side of an officer's training, so that we might always have, among our young university men, a sufficiently large supply of officers at least half trained?

International "Law"

THERE has been much discussion, by both sides, as to whether certain acts of the war have been legal or illegal; the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, let us say, or the British blockade of cotton and pork. The German authorities have held that the sinking of the *Lusitania* was "legal," while hotly asserting that the British blockade is "illegal," and the converse, on the other side.

No conclusion has been reached. This is, indeed, not only natural but inevitable, since the whole discussion is up in the air, and rests on a quite false use of the two words, "legal" and "illegal." A law is a perfectly definite matter, invariably distinguished by two elements: First, it is the act of a competent legislative authority, whether King or Congress; second—and this is vital—there is always a duly constituted authority possessed of the power to punish violations of the law, and bound to put that power into action: what Austen and the elder jurists call the "sanction" of a law. And, they rightly insist, if there be no "sanction," there is no law; if the executive power to punish be lacking, then we are in the presence of a proclamation, a declaration, a pious opinion; anything you please—but not a "law." Are these two indispensable elements present in what is called international "law"? If so, who or what competent legislative authority enacted international law, where and when? The question answers itself. International "law" is made up very largely of the very learned opinions of

certain writers, beginning with Hugo Grotius, and supplemented by agreements between nations, whether by treaty or in practice or at such gatherings as that which passed The Hague Conventions. But in none of these cases is there a competent legislative authority, or, indeed, any legislative act at all. Even such agreements as The Hague Conventions belong to the order of arbitrations, not to the order of suits at law. An arbitration has these three fundamental differences from a suit at law: there is no inevitable court; there is no inevitable Judge; there is no compulsion to accept an unpleasant decision; all of which elements are present in every law-case.

But the radical lack of international "law" is that it has no "sanction"; there is no competent authority possessing power to punish violations, and bound to exercise that power. Its decisions have precisely the force of pious opinions—no less, no more.

Oddly enough, the older, and now disused, conception of international law rested on a far more real basis. It was the ancient Roman *jus gentium*: the "law of nations," in the sense of "the law common to all nations": that part of law which every nation fit to be called a nation had incorporated in its own laws, however enacted. Thus, in every nation, murder, theft, arson, are crimes, defined by law and punished by law. The willful and malicious killing of the citizen of one State by the citizen of another State at peace with the first is murder, not, in the strict sense, under international "law," but quite strictly under the "law common to all nations," which was the first and sounder meaning of international law. Therefore, if we speak with exactitude, we may call the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* either a brilliant and heroic act of naval warfare, as the German Government and people call it; or we may call it a brutal and cowardly murder, as English juries called it; but the one thing we cannot correctly call it—in the international sense—is "illegal."

So with the blockade of pork and cotton; it may be arbitrary, it may be

high-handed, it may be exasperating, it may be unconventional. But in no correct sense can it be called "illegal." No competent legislative authority enacted a law in either case. In neither case is there a competent authority with power, and with the duty, to punish breaches of such a law.

Ferdinand and Bulgaria

IT is curious, but it is true, that precisely the Constitution on which the people of Bulgaria depended to safeguard their national liberties has proved their undoing, giving them over, bound hand and foot, to the tender mercies of King Ferdinand, who is using all the resources, and shedding the blood, of his little kingdom, solely to ends of personal aggrandizement. Had the Bulgarians had constitutional usage, the constitutional spirit, but no written Constitution, they might have had a chance; but their Constitution, such as it is—such as, under astute guidance, they made it—has been a snare and a delusion; the means of giving to Ferdinand practically despotic power. We should remember that only since the Young Turk revolution in 1908 has Bulgaria been an independent kingdom; before that she was a vassal State of Turkey. Only since 1911 has her ruler borne the title of King or Tsar, (an abbreviation of Caesar, and therefore identical in origin with Kaiser;) before that he was a Prince, with the Sultan at Stamboul as his suzerain. Stamboul, by the way, is no Turkish name for the City of Great Constantine; it is corrupt modern Greek, the patois form of "Eis ten Polin," meaning simply "To Town." But to come to the Bulgarian Constitution, drawn up in May, 1893, and later amended as already indicated, in the independence and title of its ruler.

The second chapter of that Constitution defines the duties and powers of that ruler; thus, Section 2 declares that the Prince is the Supreme Representative and Chief of the State; Section 8 makes the person of the Prince sacred and inviolable; Section 9 declares that the legislative power belongs to the Prince and to the national rep-

resentatives; Section 10 announces that the Prince sanctions and promulgates the laws voted by the National Assembly; Section 11 makes the Prince the supreme chief of all the military forces of the country, in time of peace, as in time of war. He confers military rank, conformably to the law. Whoever enters military service swears fidelity to him; Section 12 gives the executive power to the Prince; all the organs of this power act in his name and under his high surveillance; Section 17 makes the Prince the representative of Bulgaria in all its relations with foreign States. He has the treaty-making power.

Now it is instantly evident that we have here precisely the powers which the King of England possesses—in name, but not in fact; because, in England, there exists a spirit of constitutionalism so strong and so all-pervading that the King is absolutely guided by it, as are his Ministers; with the result that any violation of that spirit is impossible and unthinkable. But in Bulgaria, a little nation of not very intelligent or well-educated farmers, only very recently emancipated from Turkish rule—only seven years, in strict legal fact—there is no constitutional spirit at all, nor any means or instrument through which it could act or express itself.

The consequence is that the astute half-Bourbon, half-Coburger, trained in the crafty school of Viennese policy, an avowed disciple of Macchiavelli, has been able to take the Bulgarian Constitution in its stark literalness, and has done with it exactly as he pleases. His Ministers have been his puppets—when they have not been the hirelings of foreign powers. The treaty-making power, the supreme command of the army, which the Bulgarian Constitution gives him, he has used despotically, solely with a view to his own personal advantage; and in the Constitution, as they themselves have made it, the unhappy Bulgarians have simply no redress whatever. Like the foolish children—and adults—who are perpetually getting into mischief with firearms, they have been playing with a gun, and "they did not know that it was loaded!"

possession Hungary would stand open to the invader. To the vast majority of thinking Rumanians, statesmen, politicians, military officers, and private men, it is perfectly obvious that the German-Austrian proposals to create a united Rumania, enjoying self-government under the Hapsburg crown, is a delusion and a fraud. They clearly recognize that Hungarian and Rumanian aims and ambitions are irreconcilable, that Rumania's greatness and liberty, that the whole future of their country, depend upon Rumania's independence, that Rumania can become strong, prosperous, and independent only if she goes her own way without regard to the wishes of the schemers in Berlin, Vienna, and Budapest. All nations which are settled along a great river naturally desire to acquire its lower reaches and its mouth. For the same reason for which the Germans wish to acquire the small countries at the mouth of the Rhine, Austria-Hungary, the land of the Danube, wishes to incorporate the small States around the mouth of the Danube. Rumania bears strategically and economically a curious resemblance to Belgium and Holland. That kingdom, like Belgium and Holland, separates two great military States and lies on the mouth of one of the principal European rivers. Like Belgium and Holland, Rumania is extremely fruitful, and, like Belgium, it is highly mineralized. Rumania may, therefore, become the Belgium of the Danube. Constanza, Galatz, and Braila may become the Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Antwerp of Southeastern Europe. Rumania, which will have about 15,000,000 inhabitants when the Rumanian territories in its vicinity have been incorporated with the motherland, will have room for 30,000,000 inhabitants. When the vast Rumanian resources are adequately exploited Rumania may become one of the great nations of Europe.

Rumania sympathizes with the Entente powers and knows that she has everything to hope from their victory and everything to fear from their defeat. Why, then, has she not thrown her sword into the scales before now? The great characteristic of Rumania's foreign

policy, ever since the advent of Prince Charles in 1866, has been caution. Rumanian statesmen naturally desire to join in the war at the right moment, and equally naturally they wish to be on the winning side and to reap for their support the highest rewards which they can reasonably expect. Probably Rumania would have been wisest in joining the Entente simultaneously with Italy. It is not exactly known why she did not do so at the time, but it is believed that diplomatic shortsightedness prevented Rumania's adhesion at the time when the Russian troops overran all Galicia. At that time a little more broad-mindedness and generosity on the part of the diplomats of the Entente might perhaps have had the happiest results. The time when the Russian army seemed triumphant was no doubt the time when Rumania's aid might have been most easily obtained. But, perhaps, the Entente diplomats thought at that propitious moment that Rumania's help was scarcely necessary, that no special effort was needed to gain her support.

At the present moment the Balkan position is involved. Strategically, Rumania is in an unfavorable position. She is hemmed in by Austrian, German, and Bulgarian troops. She can receive ammunition and other war material only from Russia, and that country may have little to spare. Still, before long the Balkan position may undergo a change which will make Rumanian intervention possible. Being almost isolated it is understandable that Rumania cannot afford to strike unless assured of victory. She can probably hold the mountain passes in the north and west against all comers and detach a powerful army for operating toward the south. In such an operation she might be supported by a powerful Russian army. Everything possible should be done to convince the Rumanians by the incontrovertible logic of facts that the Allies will win, and that it will be in their own interests to join in while there is time. It must be clear to all thinking Rumanians that they can win a greater Rumania only by their own exertions.

Variety in Submarines

By Rear Admiral Degouy

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MOST people think of a submarine as a vessel that acts, moves, and fights under water. Yet what was already known to seamen has been brought home by the events of this war to many others; the submarine is a vessel that is usually on the surface and does not always fight while submerged.

One can easily see that the variety of these modes of action—navigation on the surface and while submerged, combats while submerged and while on the surface—must depend on the diversity of circumstances arising in maritime operations. But it soon becomes apparent that the capacity of the existing kinds of submarine to meet these circumstances is not what it should be. Observation of existing conditions and reflection upon them prove that what is needed is the creation of different types of submarine, each especially adapted to some one of the principal objects of submarine warfare.

Of course there are already submarines of different types in all navies, but their designers did not generally think along military lines, or, at least, did not try to have their craft solve definite tactical problems or execute concrete operations. The most done of late years was to draw a distinction between the offensive submarine and the strictly defensive submarine—which distinction appeared especially in the difference between the radius of surface action. But submarines essentially for offensive operations were not conceived yet except as "fleet submarines," since the only method of naval warfare commanding serious attention was the so-called "war of fleets." * * *

When the present war came it was not at all like what had been imagined. There was no pitched naval battle, no fine cannonade during or after which

submarines were sent out, beneath the surface, either to disorganize the enemy or give the finishing blow to the disabled ships of his fleet. On the contrary, we witnessed fleets of dreadnoughts lying motionless in defended roadsteads, defying each other from afar like the heroes of Homer, each declaring that it would "paralyze" the enemy's fleet, each justified, unquestionably, in making such a boast.

In this strange strategic state of affairs the "fleet submersible," and especially the squadrons of submarines, suddenly lost their principal claim to existence. It is impossible to conceive of a flotilla of submarines navigating on the surface of the sea unless accompanied by a fleet of warships, also navigating, operating, moving against the enemy. This not being the case, there was necessarily a return to the original conception of submarine action, viz., individual action. That at once brought up exact tactical problems, concrete operations; it was necessary to admit that the original type of submersible was not always suited to the needs that had arisen. It could, to be sure, navigate a long way from its base and withstand without too much hardship to its crew weather conditions which would have compelled the "pure submarine" to give up the fight. But these important advantages disappeared as soon as it became a question of covering considerable distances beneath the surface. * * *

So there was a revulsion in favor of the "pure" type of submarine among those who aimed only at military ends, to the exclusion of all prejudices in favor of this or that school or type.

The first serious problem that presented itself was the defense of an important port, either a commercial port

or a war base. It at once became evident that this was not a question involving great power or "endurance" in submarines. The submarine for this purpose, it was shown, should be of small displacement and of fairly circumscribed radius of action. Electric motors, even accumulators, despite their grave defects, would be suitable for such a craft, as it could frequently return with the greatest ease to its port, from which it would never go far, in order to recharge its batteries. Such a submarine, moreover, would have the advantage of operating beneath the surface immediately after leaving the port protected by it, which would be blockaded undoubtedly by a vigilant adversary by means of a first line of light vessels. The submarine must pass beneath this first line of surveillance in order to attack the deep-draught vessels stationed further out. Therefore, such a submarine should be built with a view to making trips while submerged—usually at a slow rate of speed—extending from thirty to forty miles, including the return to port, and, even though the maximum radius of action of this type is comparatively limited, the fraction of this radius allowed for operations while submerged—which are much more expensive than surface navigation—should be calculated on a generous scale. * * *

The military equipment of such a little submarine—capable, of course, of floating on the surface only to a limited extent—should consist exclusively of automobile torpedoes. Cannon would not be needed against adversaries who could be effectively attacked only while the submarine is submerged. Such submarines do not need automatic mines as part of their equipment; if certain approaches of the port have been mined by mine-laying vessels especially adapted to that purpose, this must have been done at the very outbreak of hostilities, or, more likely yet, during the period of political tension preceding it.

It is curious to recall that, a short time ago, France possessed little submarines of about sixty tons' displacement, well adapted to the purposes just enumerated. But they were condemned in favor

of larger craft. It may have been better to have retained them for the special uses mentioned above.

Let us go up a step. Some of the craft described, though remaining in the class of defensive submarines, might, it is to be hoped, be intrusted with the general protection of the coast and of essential strategic points, which are not always close to a naval base of operations. Geographic or hydrographic conditions might also make it incumbent on the defenders of a port to extend the zone of protection intrusted to submarines some distance from the port itself. For instance, in order to protect Cuxhaven, a German submarine must first cover the eighteen sea miles lying between that port and the actual mouth of the Elbe. Eighteen miles further out, to be sure, lies Heligoland, the real protection for the "Deutsche Bucht." But what I have just said applies perfectly to Emden.

At all events, the radius of action and displacement of craft like those mentioned must be increased in order to meet the new conditions. As this brings up the question of "endurance" and better conditions for the crew, as well as the necessity of recharging the accumulators, there must be a further increase of displacement, and the motor problem becomes more complicated. The tendency is toward the double apparatus, for submersion and surface navigation, the latter being used for renewing the energy of the former by means of suitable dynamos.

But no change is required for the time being in armament. The automobile torpedo suffices; one might possibly allow exterior tubes if they can be reconciled with the essential characteristics of a "pure" submarine. * * *

Having assured the defense of ports and territorial waters by means of submarines, of which one type must not exceed 100 to 150 tons' displacement when submerged, and the other, of which more is expected, may displace as much as 350 to 400 tons, submerged, one naturally thinks of extending the scope of submarine warfare to hostile waters or in more or less distant theatres of war. One wishes, naturally, to act on the of-

fensive, since this is the only means of gaining a prompt decision.

But the offensive is costly. The craft to be employed in it must be increased in size and transformed. They must differ more in type, since they must meet the exigencies of three different kinds of naval warfare—coastal war, warfare on the high seas, (operations on routes of commerce and on lines of communication and supply of the enemy,) and, finally, warfare between fleets. Let us first take up coastal warfare.

If this expression has any exact significance in so far as applicable to submarines it must certainly be the effort to win the considerable advantage resulting from surprising—by submersion, of course—the harbors where lie the enemy's ships which have returned from the high seas for rest, repairs, supplies, &c. It is a fact worthy of remark and one that will always occasion astonishment in the future that—after it was impossible to question, and after, in fact, nobody questioned—the material and moral results to be obtained from employing submarines in this manner, the proper officials *nowhere*—not even in foresighted and methodical Germany—took adequate measures in time to win such advantages.

The very difficulty of solving this problem should have led by logical deduction to providing the submersible or submarine—let us not specify which yet—with the weapon known as the automatic mine. In cases where it cannot force an important passage, it is at least expedient to make that passage unavailable to the enemy. It is useless to retort that there are mine-layers, especially adapted for this purpose, perfectly equipped and supplied with more mines than can be carried even by a submarine of large tonnage; these mine-layers, being surface craft, cannot operate at all times and beyond the protection of warships. They cannot pass within the zone of fire of land batteries in territorial waters. The submarine has no such limitation and the operation in question is one in which invisibility becomes a particularly valuable asset. * * *

Nor is that all. In addition to the question of exterior arrangements and special armament of the submarine for coastal warfare, there is that of the radius of action and general duration of submersion. * * * In order that a submarine may go, for instance, from the Aegean Sea into the Sea of Marmora, without coming to the surface in view of the coast batteries or guardships for the purpose of recharging the accumulators of the submersion motor by means of the surface motor, these accumulators must be capable of making possible, surely and as a regular thing, twelve or eighteen hours of navigation at a rate of at least 6 knots, allowance being made for adverse currents and maintenance of a speed sufficient for manoeuvring. This does not seem like asking too much, but it is, nevertheless, in the case of many submersibles, in which the duration of submersion has been sacrificed to the desire of obtaining speed and radius of action on the surface, since it is, after all, a question of weight, and we know that the accumulators are very heavy.

"They are too much like torpedo boats, too little like submarines," wrote an especially competent officer recently, in allusion to some well-known submarines, which, in other respects, are excellent engines of warfare. * * *

One may realize from the above how complex is the question of coastal operations and how necessary it is that there should be a sharp distinction between the type of submarine for coast operations and that of submarines for operations on the high seas and for "fleet warfare."

In the latter, evidently, the submersible—the type accused of being more torpedo boat than submarine—again comes into its own. It is like a war vessel and a vessel on which existence, from a hygienic point of view, is relatively easy. It has a radius of surface action and a certain amount of speed, which essential characteristics tend constantly to increase, as does also the displacement. Therefore, these craft can, on the one hand, cruise at a considerable distance from the coast, and, especially, from their base of operations, and, on the

other hand, can follow a fleet without inconveniencing it and be in a position to render decisive aid in battle.

But we must not confuse the two types. A somewhat careful examination of the conditions to be fulfilled will show differences sufficient to require that another distinction be drawn.

First, if we consider speed and radius of action, always closely related, it is apparent that the first is the more important in a fleet submarine or submersible, whereas the second is more essential in a cruising submarine. For the latter, a maximum surface speed of sixteen knots may suffice—this was certainly not reached by the submarine which sank the *Lusitania*. Such a submarine does not have to give chase to a liner, but simply place itself across the liner's route at the opportune moment. And let us remember, by the way, that liners making sixteen knots an hour are rarer than is supposed.

On the other hand, a speed of sixteen knots would be entirely insufficient for a fleet submersible—on that everybody is agreed. It must go twenty knots an hour at the least; even then, it would fall behind if the big ships of the fleet, in a serious emergency, should regulate their speed to that of the submarine. As to the speed when submerged—which now in no case exceeds twelve knots—this, too, must be greatly increased. It is a question whether submarines, even with a speed of fifteen knots, can carry out those opportune movements of concentration at some one point indicated to them by the commander on a vast field of battle, which alone can insure success. I hope that there is no longer the belief held some years ago that speed is essentially a strategic factor; it is also in the highest degree a tactical factor.

Great increases of displacement will be necessary, without a doubt, to obtain such rates of speed on and beneath the surface. Engineers who for special reasons were not always in favor of this rapid increase in size of the submersible now allow of a surface displacement of 1,000 to 1,200 tons. Since the beginning of 1914 England has been calculating on

allowing 950 tons to her ocean-going submarines. In shallow waters, naturally, submersion and even navigation while submerged may become most difficult for vessels eighty or ninety meters long and drawing eight or nine meters. * * *

What radius of action will each of these two types of submarine have? I do not hesitate to say that, for one type, it should be double that of the other. The "fleet submersible," for the very reason that it will always form part of a naval force which can replenish its supplies from a vessel especially equipped for such a purpose, may be allowed a radius of action on the surface of 1,000 miles, which may be doubled if necessary by its taking on at the base extra fuel as ballast. For submersion, which will be relatively the exception for such a craft and should last, at a maximum, only as long as a naval battle on the high seas, thirty miles at the submarine's highest speed should suffice. This is a generous estimate, as it represents two hours' navigation at the maximum rate of speed, whereas only one hour or an hour and a half are calculated for present-day submarines.

The high seas, or cruising, submarine, operating alone and far from all support, needs a much greater radius of action—2,000 miles under normal conditions, and 4,000 when extra fuel is taken on at its base. If information from a reliable source is to be believed, the German submersibles which navigated from Heligoland to the Dardanelles put forth with a supply calculated to last 3,000 miles, which, I admit, seems a good deal for vessels displacing only 675 to 700 tons on the surface and about 850 submerged. Anyhow, it is known that they did not reach their destination entirely empty, having been replenished two or three times en route. But it must be taken into consideration that, after the present war, there will probably be new international agreements which will place difficulties in the way of transactions from which unscrupulous neutrals derive so much profit and certain belligerents such great advantages.

Austria-Hungary Still Lives.

By Count Khuen-Héderváry

Late Prime Minister of Hungary

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IT is an open secret that the Quadruple Entente, when it loosed the present conflagration, counted especially on the decay of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. It had sought for years, by means of agents sent to Hungary and Austria, to foster dissension among the various nationalities of that empire, and, thanks to easily understood auto-suggestion, it became convinced that our monarchy would not resist the formidable shock of a Russian attack.

Events have cruelly contradicted all the politicians who relied upon the collapse of Austria-Hungary because of so-called internal dissensions; for, without an instant's wavering, the inhabitants of the two States of the monarchy faced the common danger as one man, and their intimate union has given them a power of resistance against which the imposing strength of Russia has dashed itself in vain. To the Austro-Hungarian Army fell the difficult task of meeting the first big Russian offensive moves, and the heroic struggles of our soldiers, from October to March, in the Carpathians, not only formed a dike against the Russian avalanche, but at the same time vanquished that crushing numerical superiority which was the boast, not without reason, of Russia and the whole Quadruple Entente.

The fights waged by us in the Carpathians will rank among the most glorious deeds of our armies; only posterity can do full justice to the incomparable tenacity and bravery of our soldiers. But the great importance of this struggle lies in the fact that the check suffered by the Russian Army is the first step toward collapse. The battle started by us in conjunction with our German ally on May 2, when we broke the Russian front at Gorlice-Tarnow, was, so to speak, merely a result of the weakening and demoralization of the Muscovite Colossus,

which had suffered immense and useless losses in its violent endeavors to pierce our Carpathian front. Yes, it is largely to this weakening and demoralization that we owe the tremendous success of our great offensive which dislodged the Russians from Galicia, wrested from them their fortresses along the Vistula, and prepared our victorious thrust forward to a front running from Riga to the Bessarabian frontier. At Gorlice-Tarnow we and our allies simply reaped a harvest which had been sown by the Austro-Hungarian Army on our Carpathian crests, made fertile by the abundant streams of precious blood shed upon them.

Therefore, on the one hand, this war deceived our enemies, who had based their plans on a prompt crumbling of the monarchy of the Hapsburgs and, in addition, put an end to the legend that Russia was "invincible." Austria-Hungary, Germany, and Turkey have absolutely proved the falsity of that legend. Only a blind man would deny that it is the central powers which have proved themselves not only invincible, but capable also of delivering the blow that has felled the Muscovite Colossus, reputed to be invincible.

The intervention of Italy could do nothing to change the decree of fate. Duped by the illusion that the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy was a worm-eaten structure about to crash to the ground, and by that other lie, reiterated by the press of our enemies, that our army was already tired out, our former ally rushed into the fight with a candid optimism whose utter futility has been proved in a manner unprecedented in military history by her sterile five months' campaign. Italy's fatal error originated in the false belief in a disunited Austria-Hungary, and the provocation of Turkey by the Entente was based on an unjustified faith in an

"invincible" Russia. And it may be said that it was for the purpose of making this invincibility even more evident that the allies of Russia undertook the Dardanelles campaign and decided—reluctantly, to be sure—to offer her Constantinople. The forcing of the strait was to crown the monument erected by Pan-Slavic arrogance to the "invincibility" of Russia.

But the military bankruptcy of Russia has been completed by that of her allies; moreover, the failure of the French and English on Gallipoli may have an immeasurable effect on world politics of the future. The first result was to remind the world that Turkey was not a "sick man," but a great power which had again found its vigor in the gigantic struggle brilliantly waged against the united fleets and land forces of France and England. Yes, the enemies of Turkey, who are likewise our enemies, have helped, against their wills, in the grandiose rise of the Ottoman Empire and in the restoration of its ancient splendor.

Impending events in the Balkans likewise prove that the first fifteen months of the war have not elapsed without bringing a radical change in the mentality of little nations. The Balkan States, like everybody else, have seen that Russia is not invincible and that the hour of their true independence has struck. Only Austria-Hungary, faithful to the political traditions of Count Julius Andrassy, took seriously the doctrine of "the Balkans for the Balkan peoples." Russia, while pretending to free the Balkan peoples, sought in reality to subject them to her influence. Liberation to her meant subjection to Russian ambitions. We, on the contrary, sought only to establish relations based on mutual interests, and not prejudicial in any way to the liberty of action of the Balkan States. By our victory over Russia we and our allies have brought real freedom to those who endured the ascendancy of the Muscovite Colossus more from fear of Russia than from devotion to Pan-Slavic ideas.

Freed from the nightmare of fear which oppressed them, Balkan statesmen will no longer feel obliged to rush

continually to St. Petersburg to ask advice as to how they shall shape their policies. In future they may work in complete independence toward the realization of their national ideals, since between these and our legitimate efforts there is no antagonism whatever.

The great offensive against Serbia which we have undertaken in conjunction with Germany and Bulgaria is no more than the putting into practice of the political idea that the desires of an imperialistic Russia must cease to tyrannize over the Balkan nations. Serbia must be crushed not only in expiation of the crimes committed by her against us, but especially because she has opposed the realization of the doctrine that the Balkans must belong to those inhabiting them. Bulgaria, fighting victoriously by our side, is only trying to realize her perfectly legitimate national aspirations, and we and our allies have as our only object the creation of a stable equilibrium that will harmonize with the necessities of free development felt by the Balkan peoples.

The terrorizing pressure exerted just now by the Entente on Greece and Rumania is an edifying example of how they interpret "the liberty of little nations." I should not be surprised if, by their cynical acts, the Allies succeeded in forcing these two nations to armed intervention—on the side of the central powers. Anyhow, Rumania might well remember how Bessarabia was snatched from her, and, by retaking that province, she might think of extending her frontiers instead of committing suicide, as her false friends of today are urging her to do, in their boundless selfishness.

To resume: I think that we are on the eve of attaining our object. We have destroyed the legend of an Austro-Hungarian Monarchy about to break into pieces at the first touch of a hostile power. We and our allies have demonstrated that the belief in an invincible Russia was likewise a fable invented by the Entente. Austria-Hungary has given a proof of her vitality which has disconcerted her enemies, and the victory over Russia merely shows the justice of the cause for which she has entered the war.

Neither we nor Germany have any ambitions of conquest; it was the Allies who forced us to draw our sword in defense of the integrity of our dominions. Our foes, on the other hand, have given themselves up to the easy task of making all sorts of plans for our dismemberment, and, by remodeling the map of Europe, they have, so to speak, betrayed the secret hidden at the bottom of their hearts regarding our future—had they been victorious. This alone would suffice to show the fundamental difference between us, who seek only to defend ourselves, and the Quadruple Entente, which has caused the conflagration in order to satisfy its mad ambition for illegitimate domination.

By foiling the diplomatic intrigues of the Allies and reducing to impotence their efforts on the field of battle we have achieved our goal. The large tracts of hostile territory occupied by us and our allies, almost in spite of ourselves, should serve to protect us against the future possibility of an aggression similar to that of which we have been the victims. We are convinced that the central powers have won the game, that the prolongation of this universal slaughter will be useless. It goes without saying that, if forced, we are ready to keep up the fight, but it will be in vain to "fight to the end"—nothing will efface the failure of the Entente.

To those who maintain that France does not consider herself beaten yet, and that England, renowned as the home of obstinacy and perseverance—and hypocrisy—expects to push the war to the very last, I answer that I know the Germans never had the idea of making con-

quests in France; that only the crazy brains of certain French "patriots" have evolved the conception of an aggressive Germany seeking to attack the "territorial integrity" of France.

As to England, she also, I believe, can only lose by pushing the war to extremes. Even if she is not already completely beaten, she may be. Among the numerous illusions that have vanished at the breath of reality "the invincibility of the British Navy" is neither the first nor the last. This war has demonstrated that the future—and also the present—belongs not to the dreadnought, but to the agile submarines. Even if the construction of gigantic ships is to remain the privilege of the great powers, the smallest nation may create a submarine fleet.

The technical superiority evinced by Germany in submarine warfare has inflicted a mortal blow on that maritime hegemony of which England was so proud. Therefore, if England persists in not acknowledging the freedom of the seas and in prolonging the general struggle, she will merely hasten the crisis which will make her lose Egypt and later shake her grip on India. For it is difficult to be mistaken regarding the fate awaiting Serbia and the consequences arising from the junction of the Austro-Hungarian and German armies with those of Bulgaria and the Ottoman Empire. The formation of an Austro-Hungarian-German-Bulgarian-Turkish union will threaten the Suez Canal and eventually strike even deeper and be fatal to the universal dominion unquestionably exercised by Great Britain for several centuries.



On Catching Up a Lie

By Israel Zangwill

I OWE to the courtesy of CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE the opportunity of scotching further—killed it never can be—the lie circulated by a New York correspondent of The Observer that I had “sold and published” a two-column sneer at the British Army in a great “pro-German” American paper, stabbing my country, so to speak, in the back, and in the dark, and for thirty pieces of silver. When I say that the “pro-German” paper has published an attack from my pen on Prussian militarism, that the article now indicted appeared simultaneously in The Daily Chronicle, (to an unqualified chorus of approval,) and that so far from sneering at the British Army it is to be given in French by the Revue de France to cheer our ally, it will be seen that the libel was tolerably complete.

And yet, as I have said, it bears a charmed life. It has set out around the world, and—with a week’s start—can never be overtaken. In vain The Observer has expressed its regret; its readers are not observers. Some will have seen the lie and not the contradiction, others the contradiction and not the libel. I did not even see it myself, though I glanced through the paper for the more official war lies, and though it was headed in large capitals: “Why Is Mr. Zangwill Allowed?” (The answer to Brudder Bones is, I suppose, “Because he will not be silent.”)

My first intimation of the libel came from a neighbor and of its seriousness from a dismayed friend who wrote: “I hear that the dinner that was given to Beerbohm Tree in London on Nov. 18 was the subject of a good deal of disagreeable talk.” That great British actor having sailed for the States before the falsehood was exposed, we perceive how the seed of error might be indefinitely and innocently scattered. Nothing would surprise me less, if the next time I have a piece at a theatre a gentleman in the

gallery hisses to avenge England—to the great relief of the critics, thus given a cue for their aesthetic principles. It is true The Observer has asked the journals that copied its accusation to copy its correction. But they will do nothing so foolish, and even legal compulsion cannot extend to statements of my demerits, which are not necessarily untrue because I omitted to sneer at the British Army.

If, as one “friendly” journal urges in my defense, “it is only Mr. Zangwill’s ungovernable passion for pose,” the passion may be there, though the opportunity for this particular pose was let slip. Or if, as another press oracle asserts, such assaults on England abroad are to be expected from “a pinchbeck genius,” galled by insufficient recognition at home, pinchbeck does not revert to gold, even if the lie be brazen. Why should these journals withdraw their whips and scorpions merely because there was no crime to chastise? If I know newspaper nature, they will not, and the only journal I have looked into bears out my foresight, for it corrects its account but not its abuse. Nor will the anonymous patriots who obscenely reviled my race on post-cards now write to congratulate me on it.

No; a lie once loosed is a mephitic vapor that, like the Arabian djinn, can never be got back into its bottle.

But how came the journalist to loose the lie?

He was suffering, I take it, from pro-Germania—a malady akin to that diagnosed in my very article as espionage. The unhappy victim scents pro-Germanism in every writer who deviates by a hairsbreadth from the stupidest view of the greatest number. And if to loathe Prussia and all her works; if to watch with patriotic grief the Prussianizing of England; if to dread—as I see Magna Charta, Parliament, the press, all her great historic landmarks disappearing—that our young men who have gone

out to fight for England will find no England to return to; if to hold that the duty of us who are beyond the age for foreign service is to go to the front for the defense of England against her home-born Huns, and to preserve England for her absent sons; if this be pro-Germanism, then I must assuredly be written down a pro-German!

But it is not even necessary to watch over England—the simplest guardianship of reason, of justice, of the sense of humor, is pro-German; as if to the diseased logic of the afflicted patriot, reason, justice, and humor were German! Breathe one syllable suggesting that France, Russia, Belgium, Italy, Serbia, Montenegro, or Japan (with power to add to their number) are not academies of archangels, and you are equally pro-German. There was a moment—with Bulgaria balancing—when Sofia, too, was a holy city, though finally Tsar Ferdinand had a Jewish nose. Who would dare to say today what The Westminster said then—that Bulgaria was the great peasant democracy? That would be pro-German.

Fairness, in short, is the mark of the beast. My libelist confesses it openly. "A judicial frame of mind," he classes under "German propaganda." The Americans do not understand it, this observer tells us. "To be fair to an opponent argues weakness in one's own case." What a standard!

The true British patriot must assert that the German gray is jet-black and the British gray snow-white. I fear color-blindness is not my forte. But I thought if there was one thing John Bull prided himself on it was fairness. Does the ideal hold good then only for sport? Is it unimportant that a thing is "not cricket" the moment the thing is important? A wise woman writes to me: "We have befogged ourselves with talk of our governing class instead of asking ourselves if they could really govern, and

have prattled about the traditions of our public schools instead of asking if the traditions of schoolboys were the last word necessary in conducting modern life." Let us at least not throw away the one jeweled word in their traditions. Fair play, when we have to face adult problems, issues affecting the whole future of humanity!

Where was our public school tradition when our scientists and scholars shamelessly turned and rent German scholarship and science, to which they had all their lives paid homage? It is true the Germans have not "played the game" either, have, indeed, played it freely, opening up still lower circles in the inferno of war. But this is no reason why we should copy their spiritual poisonous gas, however the devil of military necessity drive us to copy their chlorine. What military advantage is there in denying their achievements, caricaturing their motives, and embellishing our own?

Where was "cricket" when we hastened to anticipate with jeers and accusations of theatricality the Kaiser's rumored design to recreate the Kingdom of Poland, though we had made the welkin ring with cheers for the Czar's identical proposal? Why do we make Turkey's German ally responsible for the Armenian massacres which she could have stopped, and hold England blameless for Russia's anti-Jewish pogroms?

This is the true "fog of war"—that we no longer see each other, that we hack blindly in the dark at the monstrous images we have made of each other. The German crimes are largely the outcome of an inhuman logic pushed to extremes by a panic of fear, and the bulk of the Germans are no more responsible for them than you or I for the deaths in the Dardanelles. When we last caught sight of their faces—on Christmas Eve, in the trenches—what was there but the lineaments of our common, our poor, pitiful humanity?



Germany Invincible and Secure

By T. von Bethmann Hollweg

German Imperial Chancellor

In his statement in the Reichstag on Dec. 9, 1915, the German Chancellor made his long-expected speech in answer to the Socialist interpellation on peace, and painted a picture of Germany triumphant on all sides and supplied with everything necessary to continue the war, even though some supplies were not abundant. The cabled report of the speech appears below.

The interpellation, which was presented in a speech by Dr. Scheidemann, the Socialist leader, read as follows:

"Is the Imperial Chancellor ready to give information as to the conditions under which he would be willing to enter into peace negotiations?"

Dr. Kaempf, President of the Chamber, read the interpellation and put the formal question as to whether the Government was prepared to reply. The Socialist leader, read as follows:

GENTLEMEN, this interpellation has attracted great attention in hostile countries, mostly of a joyous nature. The question regarding the German terms of peace is interpreted as a sign of the diminution of German strength or the beginning of the end of the unanimous will of the German people. I hope and believe that the declaration just heard and the explanation of the interpellation will not increase, but rather disappoint, the joyous expectations of our enemies.

The interpellants certainly desire a speedy opening of peace negotiations. From the statements of Dr. Scheidemann, sounded out of anxiety, we might dodge the possibilities of an honorable peace and reject reasonable proposals of peace, made to us only because we wished to retain all the conquered territories, or even add new territories thereto. I must admit that the previous history of war naturally leads to his suggestion to make an end to the war and proclaim openly under what form the German Government conceives peace.

We have gained enormous successes and deprived our enemies of one hope after another. So long as hope in Bulgaria beckoned and Turkey remained without connection with the central

powers, we could not expect our enemies to abandon the hope of a reverse of decisions of arms in one way or another.

After the alliance of Bulgaria had become effective; after the great success in Serbia; after the opening of the road to our Turkish allies, with the involved threat against the most sensitive spot of the British world empire, must not our enemies realize more and more that the game for them is lost?

Must not many a man among us, who sees that the war will not end to our disadvantage, ask himself the question, why further sacrifice? Why does not the German Government offer peace?

In reality none of our enemies has approached us with suggestions of peace. Our enemies have rather considered it to their interest to attribute to us falsely offers of peace. Both facts have the same explanation—self-deception beyond compare, which we would only make worse if we approached them with peace proposals, instead of waiting for them to come to us.

If I am to speak about our own peace conditions I must first examine the peace conditions of our foes. In the first intoxication of hopes which they believed they could proclaim at the beginning of the war, they set up the broadest goals of the war, and proclaimed the destruction of Germany; England was willing, if necessary, to wage war for twenty years. The people there meanwhile have become a bit alarmed at the possibility of a war of that length. Their final goal, despite intermediate events, remains the same.

The speeches in the House of Lords, to which Dr. Scheidemann has referred, have found scarcely an echo in the British press, but, on the contrary, have

evoked only a statement of the wildest aims of the war.

The attitude of the enemy Governments is, however, fully decisive. Mr. Asquith announced in his Guildhall speech that the objects of the war are the same now as at the beginning, namely, the freedom of the smaller States, notably Belgium, and the destruction of Prussian militarism.

I need waste no words over the freedom of the small State. The world has lent credence for a year to this English philanthropy, but will be cured after Greece. So will the smaller nations, probably. Since England fights for them, the small States are having a hard time. We in Germany have known from the first day that the protection of small States concealed a desire to finish, once for all, with the big power whose development has been followed so long with envy and disfavor. That is what is called the destruction of Prussian militarism.

This British "parole" has been adopted by all the allies. Sazonoff, Briand, and Viviani have declared repeatedly that they will not lay down their weapons before Prussian or German militarism is crushed.

Dr. von Bethmann Hollweg took up the alleged press campaign against Germany, which he said had been deliberately employed to deceive the people of the hostile countries. Nevertheless he realized that no victories had been won through such methods, but there was evidence of military and diplomatic defeats on every hand. He continued:

But the Catonian cry, "Germany must be destroyed," must be kept up. Our enemies have so nailed this to the mast that they cannot get rid of it. Therefore, further hundreds of thousands must be driven to the slaughtering block.

The latest weapon for stirring the blind rage for war is the hope of our exhaustion. We are fully united in the knowledge that our food supplies are adequate, and the only question is of dividing them properly. The district reaching from Arras to Mesopotamia cannot be crushed economically.

If not a shortage of food, then one of

raw materials is to crush us—but we are provided with everything necessary for a prolonged war.

It is noteworthy that the same France, which is now mobilizing the class of 1917, and which has already thrown in the class of 1916 to a great extent, ventures to speak of the exhaustion of Germany's supplies of men. We have not gone so far in mobilization as Russia, nor, like France, extended the age service beyond the forty-fifth year. With the number of men liable for military service still at our disposal, we are not thinking of extending this limit. Our losses are not only relatively but also absolutely smaller than the French.

Referring to the bitterness of feeling displayed by the enemies of Germany, the Chancellor said:

To what point of hatred this has led is shown in the horrible case of the Baralong, that shameful deed of a British warship sailing under the American flag, whose crew murdered in the most atrocious fashion the helpless sailors of a German submarine.

This frightful deed of murder has up to the present been completely ignored by the English press. Was it due to shame? We do not know. The Britons have ever been proud of the spirit in their navy. Can they answer for this cold-blooded murder of helpless men? It will remain for all time as an ineffaceable blot upon the history of the British marine.

I will not draw general conclusions from this case, although the British press contains frequent evidences of an extremely brutal view of the work of war. I need to recall only the report in *The Daily Chronicle* (London) from headquarters, in which the sport of British soldiers in slaughtering German soldiers is portrayed and held up to praise in such shocking terms that I hesitate even to utter the words used.

For to no German soldier is the killing of an enemy a joke or sport.

When history finally passes her verdict upon the responsibility for this most frightful of all wars, she will uncover the horrible evil which hatred, ignorance, and falsification have erected.

So long as this mixture of guilt and ignorance dominates the feelings of the hostile nations and their leaders, every tender of peace on our side would be folly, which would not shorten, but lengthen the war. The masks must first be dropped; our enemies are still waging a war of destruction against us.

With theories and declarations regarding peace we make no progress. Whenever our enemies approach us with peace proposals which are in consonance with Germany's dignity and securities we will always be ready to discuss them.

In full consciousness of the success in arms which we have attained, we disclaim responsibility for the continuance of the misery which is filling Europe and the world. No one may say that we wish to prolong the war unnecessarily to conquer this or that country as a guarantee.

In previous speeches I sketched the general aim of the war. I cannot be more definite today, or say what guarantees the Imperial Government demands, for example, in the Belgian question, or what combination of powers seems necessary as a foundation for these guarantees.

Our foes must tell themselves one thing—the longer and bitterer they wage this war against us, the greater will be the necessary guarantees.

If our enemies wish to erect a barrier for all time between us and the rest of the world, I should not be surprised if we arranged our future accordingly that neither in the east nor the west might our foes control the entrance gates through which they might attack or threaten us anew.

It is well known that France granted loans to Russia only under the condition that it develop its Polish fortresses and railroads against us; also that England and France regarded Belgium as their route of advance against us. We must protect ourselves politically and militarily against this, and also insure our economic development. What is necessary, therefore, must be attained; and I think there is no one in the Fatherland who will not work toward this goal. We must preserve full freedom of decision regarding the means to this end.

As I said on Aug. 19, we are not the

ones who are threatening the small nations. We are battling in this struggle, forced upon us, not to subjugate foreign nations, but to protect our life and freedom. This war remains for the German Government what it was in the beginning and what has been maintained in every pronunciamiento—a defensive war of the German Nation for its future. This war can only be ended in a peace which, so far as human foresight reaches, will give us security against a recurrence. We are all united in this aim. That is our strength and shall remain so to the end.

"GERMANY CAN WAIT"

In his speech, opening the session, Dr. von Bethmann Hollweg explained the military situation on all the fronts and declared emphatically that Germany could not be starved out. The country had enough food, if properly distributed. Germany's enemies, he said, were suffering more than the Germans and paying higher prices for food.

Rumors that Germany is on the verge of a collapse, said the Chancellor, and the attribution of a peace mission to every prominent German who goes abroad, Prince von Bülow, Prince Maximilian of Baden, Dr. Solf, Secretary of the Colonies, and Cardinal von Hartmann, (reports in which there is not a word of truth,) are all part of a deliberate campaign to keep up the spirits of the enemy peoples in the face of repeated defeats.

There is not a weak point in the German reckoning. If our enemies do not choose to accept the situation and end the war now they must do so later. Germany can wait.

Turning to the military situation, the Chancellor said:

In order to induce Bulgaria to fight for the Entente, Serbia was asked to make a territorial concession to which she was not inclined. Thus our enemies remained at variance. The justified national demands of Bulgaria in Macedonia after the last Balkan war were considerably restricted in favor of Serbia. Left in the lurch by Russia, Bulgaria, who bore the main burden of the war, had to see the fruits of her victories fall to her Serbian neighbor. Ser-

bia was to be given preference before all others because she was to be advanced as the power against Austria-Hungary.

Now King Ferdinand has redeemed the pledge which he made to his people at the end of the second Balkan war, that the Bulgarian colors which then, after glorious fighting but severe disappointment, were folded up, should be flying free over the country lost at that time.

Serbia, instead of seeking an understanding to save the country from the sacrifices of a fresh campaign, decided not only to oppose the united attack of the allied German and Austro-Hungarian armies, but also to attack her eastern neighbors.

Our troops have fought brilliantly in the Serbian mountains, overcoming all hardships. We tender to them our warm thanks, as well as to our loyal Austro-Hungarian comrades and to our newly won friend the Bulgarian Army, which by our side is winning its due place in the Balkans.

With heroic bravery the Turks have held watch over the Dardanelles, the fall of which Mr. Asquith prophesied in the Summer. Today the Dardanelles stand firmer than ever. Also at Bagdad the Turks have given a perceptible blow to the English.

The opening of the way in the Near East is a landmark in the history of this war. Direct military connection with Turkey is of inestimable value. Economically, the imports from the Balkans complete our supplies in the most welcome manner. Prospects, moreover, for the future are full of promise.

Thanks to the foresighted policy of King Ferdinand, a firm bridge has been constructed between the indissolubly allied Kaiser powers, the Balkans, and the Near East. After the conclusion of peace this bridge will not resound with the tread of marching battalions, but will serve for works of peace and culture.

Vigorous applause followed this remark, and Dr. Liebknecht interjected, "and of the Deutsche Bank," which occasioned a great commotion.

Continuing, the Chancellor said:

In the reciprocal exchange of our goods we shall strengthen the friend-

ship consolidated by the comradeship in arms, not in order to stir up nations against each other, but in order to participate actively in the rise of countries and peoples desirous of vigorous development. What our adversaries have lost politically and militarily in the Balkans, they are now attempting to compensate themselves for by a policy and actions of violence against neutral powers, thereby remaining true to the principles which they have followed from the beginning.

Now it is Greece's turn. The Entente asserts at first that when the Entente's troops were landed at Saloniki, Greece had asked for their assistance. Meanwhile Venizelos (ex-Premier) has himself expressly declared in the Greek Chamber that the landing of the troops at Saloniki had no connection with the earlier inquiry as to whether the Entente could place in readiness 150,000 men for the assistance of Greece against Bulgaria.

Arbitrarily England and France began disembarking troops at Saloniki and proceeded with the landing in spite of the energetic protests of the Greek Government. Now they are behaving there as masters of the country. We are now witnessing the interesting spectacle of how the combatants of Prussian militarism employ the dominating power of the British fleet as a brutal menace to compel the Greek Government to violate its duties as a neutral. At first the promise of benevolent neutrality was extracted. When the principle was admitted they proceeded to interpret it. From Greece was demanded the withdrawal of all Greek troops from Saloniki and its surroundings, free disposal of the port for establishing military defensive measures, the transference of the Greek railways and roads to the frontier for military transports, and freedom for military measures of all kinds of Greek territorial waters. That is what the Entente understands by benevolent neutrality.

The Greek Government, despite the difficult situation, is resolved to continue to preserve the neutrality which corresponds to its desire and which takes into consideration the dignity, independence,

and interest of Greece. The matter is not yet concluded.

With cunning stage management England impressed on the world the idea that in noble unselfishness it took up arms for the sake of a violated Belgium and was called upon to inflict punishment on Germany for this act of violence. England succeeded in making capital out of that, but in time she had to give up Belgium as the motive for war.

It became publicly known, too, that Great Britain's encircling policy, which had been carried out without the previous knowledge of Parliament and the assumption of obligations toward France, which was chained to Russia, had so bound the hands of the British Cabinet that when Russian mobilization unchained the war, Sir Edward Grey resolved to join in it, whether willingly or reluctantly, I offer no opinion. The Times newspaper was the first to admit that Belgium was not England's motive for war. All the more persistently did England continue to denounce us to the neutral world as a treaty-breaking nation, lusting for power and compelling the world to submit to its militarism, which must be destroyed.

Whoever pursues a policy of oppression, such as the Entente is now pursuing toward Greece, can no longer play the hypocrite. This we shall repeat before the world as often as England tries to hide her true features behind a cloud of calumny.

In an article on Nov. 13 The Westminster Gazette openly admitted that England had taken up arms against Germany because that was the only way in which Germany could be mastered. The world knows now at least the reason for which, at England's command, this murder of nations continues.

Returning to the military situation, the Chancellor said:

In the east our troops with the Austro-Hungarians are occupying a far advanced and well consolidated defense. The position of Russia is always ready for a further advance. In the west, it is true, the French and British, with the greatest defiance of death, have squeezed

in our front at some points, but the interruption, which was to be forced at all costs, failed, as all previous attempts had failed.

The Austro-Hungarian defensive positions against Italy are firmly intact. In Austria's heroic defense against continual attacks the Italians have been repulsed with gigantic loss of life. Italy shoots to ruins peaceful towns whose deliverance she made her task. This will hardly compensate her for her military failures.

In Belgium the economical situation is almost normal. Industry and commerce have been reinvigorated; monetary matters have been regulated. The post railways and shipping roads are in operation, the production of coal is increasing, and reached in the last quarter almost three and a half million tons. Unemployment is being checked, but it is impossible to bring the labor market to its normal state because England is strangling Belgian industry by closing its overseas export.

In Poland, Lithuania, and Courland we found terrible destruction caused by the Russians—a state of complete dissolution. We created new police and municipal laws and sanitary organization. Never in history, when so many millions are fighting in a life or death struggle, has so much peaceful work been accomplished behind the front.

Economically we have sufficient provisions, if rightly distributed. This is a fundamental determining factor. The enemy is paying higher prices than we for important foodstuffs.

From our military and economical situation our enemies conclude that we are near an immediate collapse and are begging for peace. To Prince von Bülow in Switzerland, Dr. Solf at The Hague, Prince Maximilian of Baden at Stockholm, and Cardinal von Hartmann at Rome were attributed missions to mediate for peace. They also said after our Serbian successes that the German Emperor was going to Constantinople in order to dictate peace from there. There is not one word of truth in all these legends. This press campaign

began when the Entente policy in the Balkans threatened to collapse and the enemy attempts to break through in the west failed.

I have tried to give a clear description of the situation in the theatres of the war. Against the logic of facts even our enemies can do nothing. Our calculation shows no flaws, and there are no uncertain factors to shatter our firm confidence. If our enemies are not inclined to yield to facts they will have to do so later.

The German people is unshaken in its reliance upon its strength, which is invincible. It would be an insult to try to make us believe that we, strong from victory and standing far out in the enemy's country, should be inferior in endurance, activity, and internal moral power to our enemies, who are still-dreaming of victory.

No, we shall not yield to words. We shall resolutely carry out the war which the enemy wanted, in order to complete what Germany's future demands from us.

Crosses

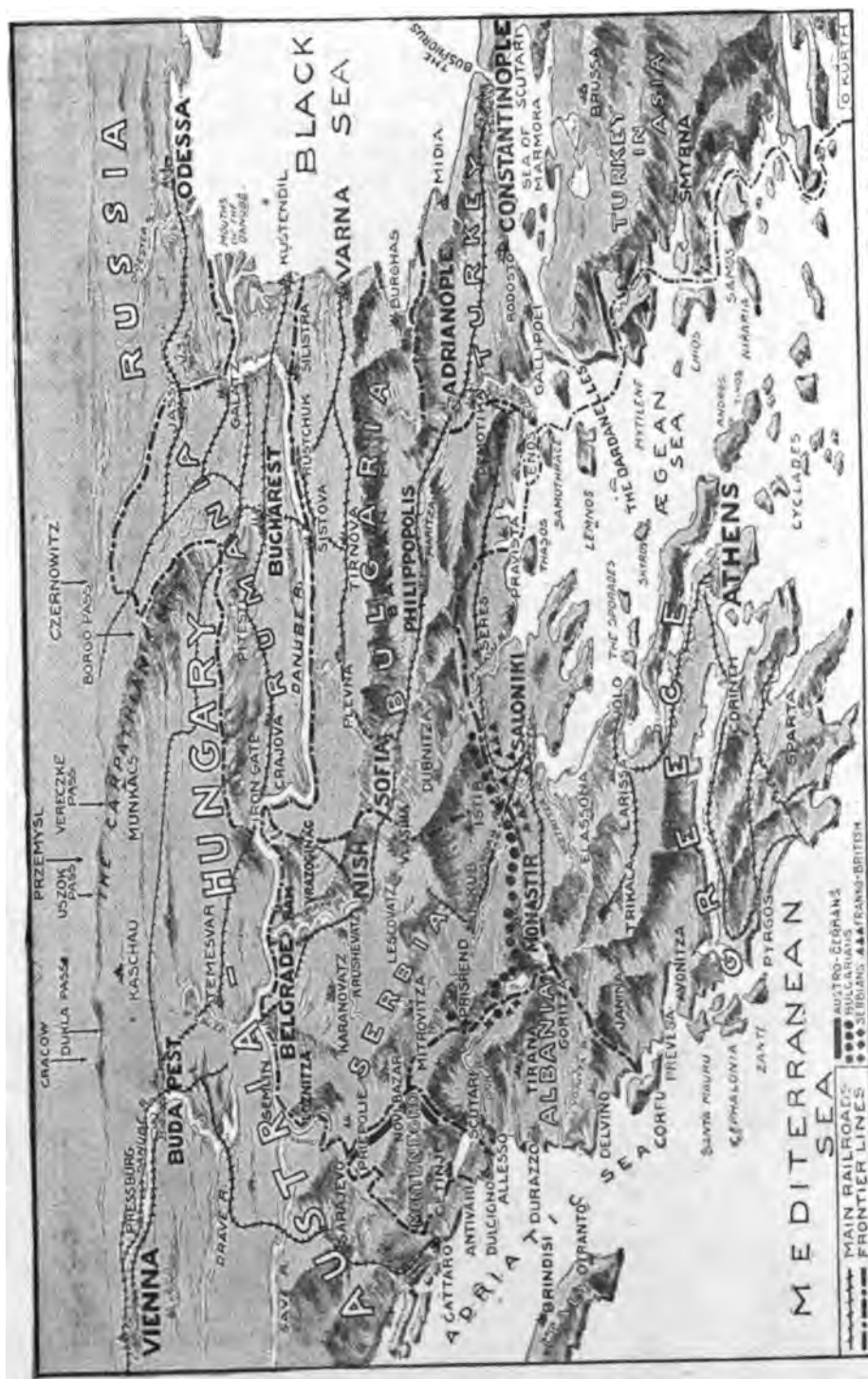
By BEATRICE BARRY

There is a cross—a cross of iron,
The gift of an iron hand.
Who wears it over his iron heart,
He must relentlessly do his part
For the sake of the Fatherland,
And deal, with bullet and bayonet thrust,
Death and despair—alas, he must!

There is another cross; it is
Simply a cross of red.
Who wears it knows neither friend nor foe,
But pity only; and to and fro,
In the wake of the carnage dread,
He is swift to carry relief from pain,
And, to the tortured, strength again.

Working to save, salvation's own
Sign he may fairly don.
The bursting shells and the shrapnel dust
Fall, all unheeded; if die he must,
He will die—but his work lives on;
He is tender, tireless, and none more brave;
Fighting always—to cheat the grave.

If it is true a day is due
When reckoning shall be made,
Who then will face the tribunal dread,
Among the ranks of the risen dead,
Calm, steadfast, and unafraid?
In the dawn of that Resurrection Morn,
Which cross *then* will be proudly worn?



See Key Above for Positions of Austro-German, Bulgarian, and Entente Forces on December 15, 1915

Situation in the Balkans

Second Phase of the Campaign Following the Germanic-Bulgarian Victory Over Serbia

WITH the capture by Bulgarian forces of Prisrend, in western Serbia, near the Albanian border, and the surrender of Monastir in the south—both admitted in London on Dec. 1, 1915, the Teutonic-Bulgarian allies had thoroughly disposed of the Serbian army. A very small fraction of the Serbian forces was able to form a junction with the British and French in Macedonia; the remainder by Dec. 19 had scattered in guerrilla bands among the wild hills of Eastern Albania and Montenegro. On Dec. 10 the press in London announced that the British and French forces in the southeastern part of Serbia were retiring before the onslaughts of superior forces of Bulgarians. By Dec. 16 they had retreated entirely across the Greek frontier and close to their strongly fortified base at Saloniki, where reinforcements were reported to be arriving daily.

The presence of the still mobilized Greek army at Saloniki, and the question whether Greece would permit the armies of the Teutonic powers and of Bulgaria to cross her neutral frontier formed problems that were acute, even after the report from Berlin on Dec. 4 that Greece had assured the Entente Allies the use of the Saloniki-Gievegli Railroad and the other Macedonian railways from Saloniki to Monastir and from Saloniki to Oktchiliar, besides Kavala Harbor. But that furnished to the Entente an extensive theatre of operations, which it guaranteed to return to Greece after the war, and in a dispatch to *THE NEW YORK TIMES*, dated at Saloniki on Dec. 14, Richard Harding Davis said:

Two months of debate and uncertainty were concluded at 4 o'clock this morning when the Greek Army began the evacuation of that strip of Greek territory stretching from Dolran to Saloniki.

This ends a situation of the greatest embarrassment to the British and French armies here. Instead, as stated in the

German communiqués, of the Anglo-French leaving Saloniki, it is a sign that they have just begun to fight. It is the clearing of the prize ring.

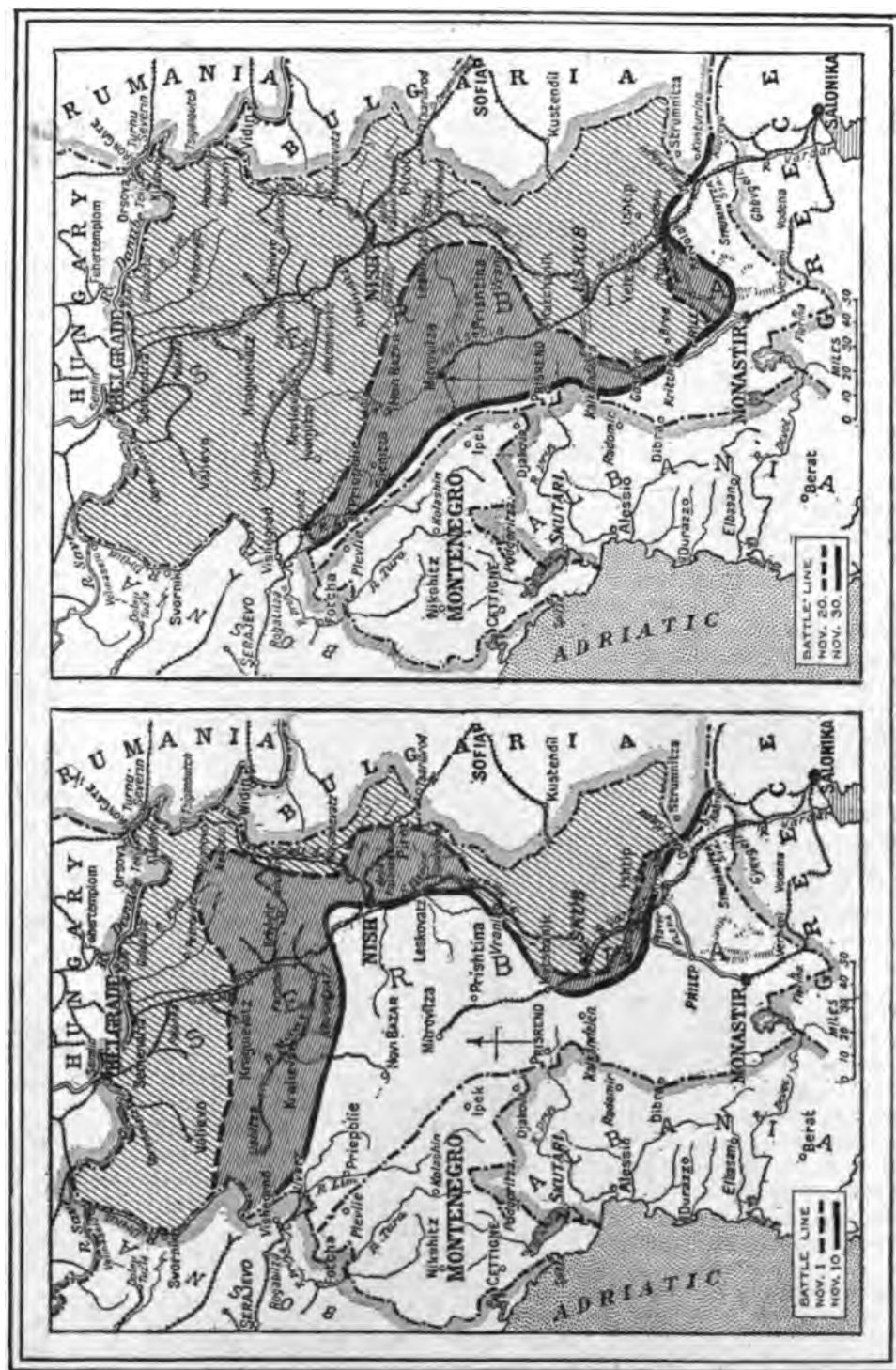
The Allies now control the customs.

The enemy's Consuls are expected to leave at once, the spy nuisance will end, and except for one battalion of Greeks remaining as a sign of Greek sovereignty the entire Greek Army will withdraw eighty miles west.

Since sunrise an unbroken column of Greek regiments has been departing with artillery, cavalry, pontoons, ambulances, and thousands of ponies and donkeys carrying fodder, supplies, and tents. The sidewalks are invaded by long lines of infantry. The water front along which the column is passing is blocked with spectators of all nationalities.

Dispatches to *The Daily Mail* of London from its Athens correspondent on Dec. 18 estimated the total available Germanic forces near Saloniki at 200,000. The London Morning Post's Athens correspondent said the fact that action to drive the Allies from Saloniki had not yet begun was attributed in diplomatic circles to the necessity in which the Germans found themselves of concentrating sufficient forces, repairing of communications destroyed by the Allies and Serbians, and of bringing up sufficient supplies of munitions. The Mail's correspondent also sent a report that the intended German reinforcements had been diverted to Rustchuk, to meet the expected menace from Russia. The second great phase of the Balkan campaign had begun with Saloniki strongly fortified, with the backing of warships; the strengthening of the Entente's position at Gallipoli; the presence of a powerful Russian army on the Rumanian border, and the placing of Egypt in a state of defense.

Rumania is today the most potent influence in the East. She can put into the field an army fully as great as the combined Teuton-Bulgar army now in Serbia, and holds a strategical position



Maps Showing the Rapid Occupation of Serbia by the Austro-German and Bulgarian Armies. Serbia's Area is 18,650 square miles; its population in 1910 was 2,688,747.

which would enable her to strike wherever she can be most effective.

The overrunning of Serbia is sure to deeply impress Bucharest, and before the Entente Allies can hope to see the Rumanians fighting under their banner, they will have to send enough men to the Balkans to keep the Bulgarians busy and prevent Rumania from being struck in the flank and rear. In this may be found the true answer as to why Russia

was preparing an invasion of Bulgaria during December. If Russia really does send 350,000 men into Bulgaria, the Serbian campaign in so far as it affects Sofia will have to be abandoned. The Bulgarians cannot muster more than this number all told. And once the Russians have landed on the Danube, unless the Bulgarian forces were drawn from Serbia to resist them, they would be in Sofia in six weeks' time.

Gorizia and Its Battle Front

Campaign on the Terraces of the Julian Alps to December 18, 1915

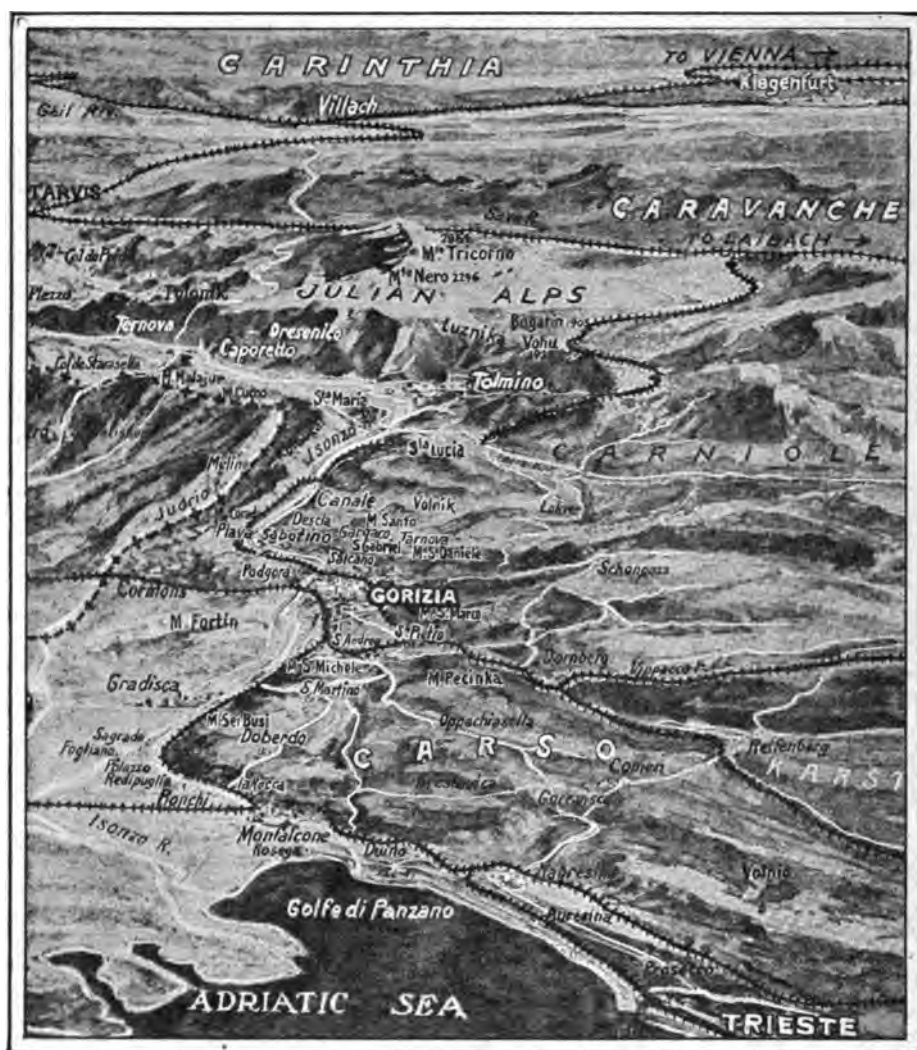
TOLMINO, Gorizia, and Trieste are the keys to the doors of Klagenfurt and Vienna. In 1797 Napoleon needed only one, Gorizia, which had taken him to within 100 miles of the Austrian capital, when peace cut short his march. But tactics, if not strategy, have changed since then. Now, on account of gigantic howitzers and long-range naval guns, the key of Gorizia would be useless without those of Tolmino and Trieste.

Will the first sign of exhaustion among the Teutons be betrayed by the taking of Gorizia? Insistent reports from neutral diplomatic sources have been to the effect that Emperor William's recent visit to Vienna was to dissuade Emperor Francis Joseph from concluding a separate peace with Italy. That he could not do this without the concurrence of all the Entente powers was emphasized by Baron Sonnino's statement in the Italian Parliament on Dec. 2 that Italy had signed the joint treaty of the powers pledging not to conclude a separate peace. Meanwhile, on Dec. 1, the official Austrian report contained the significant words that, if humanly possible, the Italians "will, at all costs, force a victory near Gorizia."

Italy had seemed thus far not to be making much progress in her campaign.

The reason is obvious. The superiority of defensive operations by trench warfare had been demonstrated in France long before Italy declared war on Austria. To the immense natural advantage accrued from having the Alps as her boundary line, which must be scaled and pierced by an invading Italian army, Austria had time to fortify them with formidable trench works. The Isonzo, her most vulnerable line, is defended by the powerful terraces of the Julian Alps, rising on three sides before Gorizia, the plateau of the Carso forming the southern tier. Now the town and spur of Podgora, which gives command of Gorizia, are in Italian hands, and the heights of Oslavia, which also dominate the bridgehead, have been taken.

Had Austria's forces not been worn very thin by withdrawals to many fronts the Isonzo could have been easily defended, and Plava and Monfalcone would never have been yielded to Italy. At the present conjuncture Italy has made impossible what should have been a formidable invasion of her own territory from the Alps, and, having pierced Austria's Isonzo line at the centre, she is preparing either to force a retreat of the inferior Austrian troops—Austria's best troops were long since destroyed—or to roll them up and defeat them in detail on both flanks. This, possibly, explains



Region of Italian Operations About Gorizia.

the perturbation of Emperor Francis Joseph.

The town of Gorizia is like the orchestra of a Greek theatre, the stage being the vast rolling fields stretching southward, on the east Isonzo, to the foothills of the Monte San Michele, while the audience may be imagined as occupying the half-encircling mountains to the west, north, and east—the three summits of the Podgora heights.

Into this audience the Italians sud-

denly threw themselves on Nov. 23, and secured what may be considered a box commanding the entire auditorium as well as the broad approach across the stage. It was then that they captured the highest of the three peaks of the Podgora, Monte Calvario. With Italian guns on this peak there has since been expected an exit of occupants from the entire theatre, not perhaps without the assistance of the infantry operating from the stage.

Russia's Winter Prospects

By a Military Expert

IN the latter part of last July, when it was evident that the Teutons' "scissor movement" would cause the fall of Warsaw, none of the military critics of this country thought the Germans would push further east. With the fall of Warsaw, it was argued, they would hold what is probably the strongest defensive line to be found in any of the war theatres—the line of the San, the Vistula, the Narew, and the upper Niemen. The logical step, as it appeared at that time to our critics, was for the Germans to intrench on this line and to act purely on the defensive while turning their strength westward into France.

Other considerations, however, moved the German General Staff to adopt a different plan. The very demoralization of the Russian forces, coupled with a well-known shortage of ammunition, indicated the possibility of eliminating Russia entirely from the conflict.

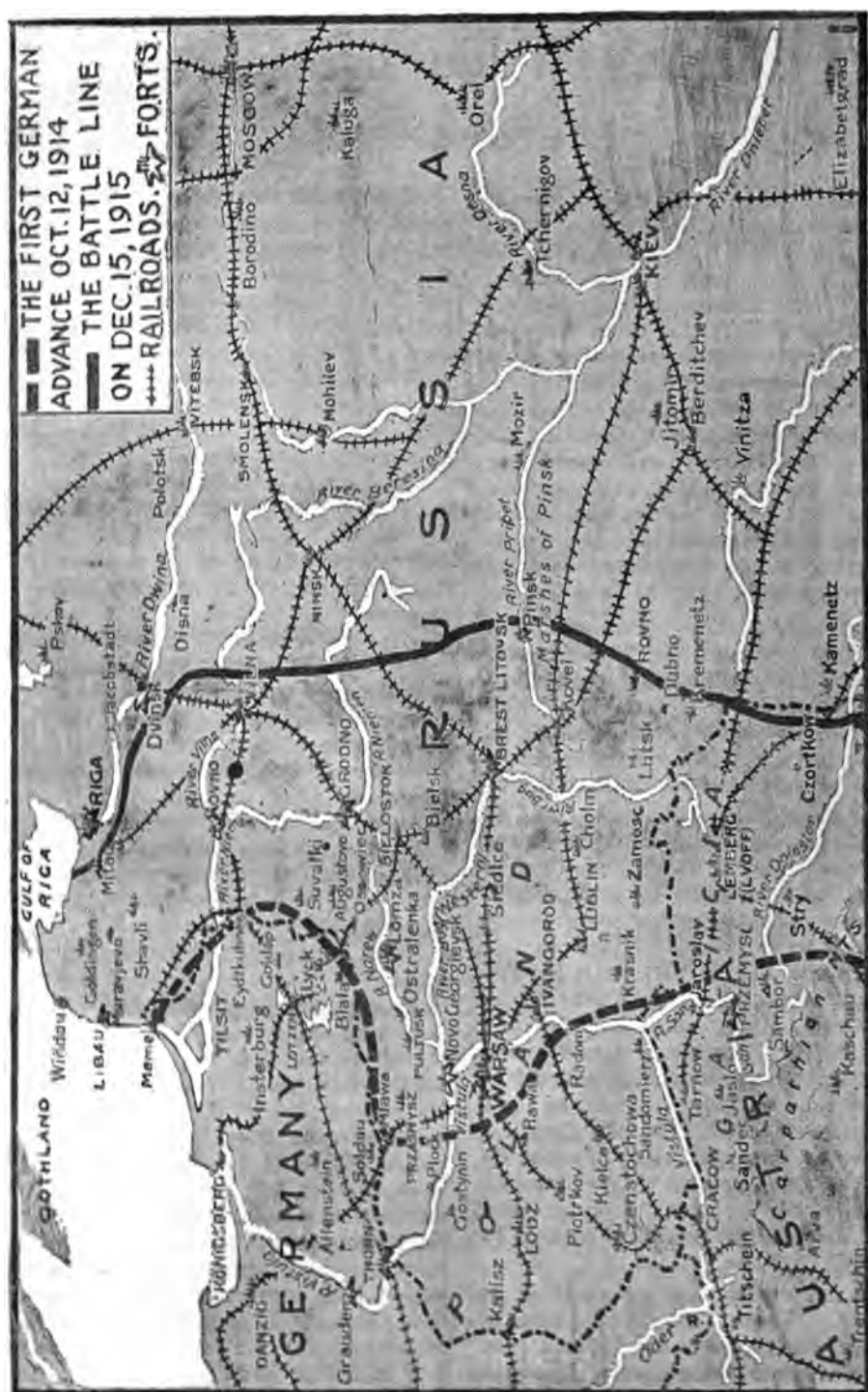
Germany, therefore, decided to push on and take the chances of beating Russia to her knees. By this decision the German Army was condemned to an indefinite offensive. The Russians were driven back mile after mile, and in a short time the Germans held the entire railroad line through Vilna, Grodno, Brest-Litovsk, and Kovel. Again an opportunity was presented to Germany to intrench and strike against the west. Almost all of Poland was in German hands, her own borders were absolutely safe from invasion—in fact, for many months to come there was nothing to fear from the only one of Germany's enemies who, while it can be defeated, cannot be crushed.

The temptation was too great to be resisted. Visions of the capture of Petrograd were before the German eyes, the prize which the genius of Napoleon

could not reach was almost within their grasp. Once again a north and south railway, in a country where good highways are almost unknown, was abandoned and a drive to the next line of railroad, fully 200 miles distant, was started. The Russians were driven back as before, but before the line of the railroad was reached something happened, and the Russians held fast. The German drive was ended.

The German problem on the present front is a peculiarly difficult one. Of the two north and south or lateral railroads in this part of Russia one is behind the Teutons at least 200 miles—much too far in their rear to be of service—the other is held for the most part by the Russians. Several railroad lines come up perpendicular to the front from the field bases. These roads are adequate to transport the needed supplies to certain specified points on the line. But when supplies reach these points the facilities for distribution break down, for not only is there no lateral railroad, but lateral highways are few and incapable of bearing heavy continuous vehicular traffic.

Germany, then, is dependent almost entirely on the dirt roads in a country where good roads are unknown. When the heavy snows come and these roads cannot be traveled, the question naturally arises, can Germany remain on her present line all Winter or will she have to retire in order to obtain the benefit of the line in her rear, through Vilna, Grodno, and Brest-Litovsk? Germany alone can answer, but the problem is an ever present one, growing more acute with each day that passes. In fact, rumors have been plentiful to the effect that Germany is already preparing the last-named line for occupancy preparatory to falling back.



Battle Line on the Russian Front, December 15, 1915.

Sinking of the Ancona

President Wilson's Note and the Austrian Reply

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6, 1915.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE TO AMBASSADOR
PENFIELD:

*Please deliver a note to the Minister of
Foreign Affairs, textually as follows:*

RELIABLE information obtained from American and other survivors who were passengers on the steamship Ancona shows that on Nov. 7 a submarine flying the Austro-Hungarian flag fired a solid shot toward the steamship, that thereupon the Ancona attempted to escape, but, being overhauled by the submarine, she stopped, that after a brief period and before the crew and passengers were all able to take to the boats the submarine fired a number of shells at the vessel and finally torpedoed and sank her while there were yet many persons on board, and that by gunfire and foundering of the vessel a large number of persons lost their lives or were seriously injured, among whom were citizens of the United States.

The public statement of the Austro-Hungarian Admiralty has been brought to the attention of the Government of the United States and received careful consideration. This statement substantially confirms the principle declaration of the survivors, as it admits that the Ancona, after being shelled, was torpedoed and sunk while persons were still on board.

The Austro-Hungarian Government has been advised, through the correspondence which has passed between the United States and Germany, of the attitude the Government of the United States as to the use of submarines in attacking vessels of commerce, and the acquiescence of Germany in that attitude, yet with full knowledge on the part of the Austro-Hungarian Government of the views of the Government of the United States as expressed in no

uncertain terms to the ally of Austria-Hungary, the commander of the submarine which attacked the Ancona failed to put in a place of safety the crew and passengers of the vessel which they purposed to destroy because, it is presumed, of the impossibility of taking it into port as a prize of war.

The Government of the United States considers that the commander violated the principles of international law and of humanity by shelling and torpedoing the Ancona before the persons on board had been put in a place of safety or even given sufficient time to leave the vessel. The conduct of the commander can only be characterized as wanton slaughter of defensive noncombatants, since at the time when the vessel was shelled and torpedoed she was not, it appears, resisting or attempting to escape, and no other reason is sufficient to excuse such an attack, not even the possibility of rescue.

The Government of the United States is forced, therefore, to conclude either that the commander of the submarine acted in violation of his instructions or that the Imperial and Royal Government failed to issue instructions to the commanders of its submarines in accordance with the law of nations and the principles of humanity. The Government of the United States is unwilling to believe the latter alternative and to credit the Austro-Hungarian Government with an intention to permit its submarines to destroy the lives of helpless men, women, and children. It prefers to believe that the commander of the submarine committed this outrage without authority and contrary to the general or special instructions which he had received.

As the good relations of the two countries must rest upon a common regard for law and humanity, the Government of the United States cannot be expected to do otherwise than to demand that the Imperial and Royal Gov-

ernment denounce the sinking of the Ancona as an illegal and indefensible act; that the officer who perpetrated the deed be punished, and that reparation by the payment of an indemnity be made for the citizens of the United States who were killed or injured by the attack on the vessel.

The Government of the United States expects that the Austro-Hungarian Gov-

ernment, appreciating the gravity of the case, will accede to its demand promptly, and it rests this expectation on the belief that the Austro-Hungarian Government will not sanction or defend an act which is condemned by the world as inhumane and barbarous, which is abhorrent to all civilized nations, and which has caused the death of innocent American citizens. LANSING.

Defense of the Austro-Hungarian Admiralty

The Austro-Hungarian Admiralty on Dec. 15, 1915, stated its case and the attitude of the naval authorities as follows:

IT is a submarine commander's duty to make a report to a designated base as soon as possible, and the commander who sank the Ancona did this as soon as he was within wireless distance of land. He made a supplementary report at Pola and accompanied it with his log. No examination of the crew was held, because the commander's report was considered complete, and there was no reason to suppose that the crew could add anything thereto.

So far as the commander is concerned, his course is clear. The Admiralty has received his report and sees no reason to find any fault with his course of action.

If any such reason existed—that is, if the Admiralty had found that the commander had done anything contrary to his instructions—it would spontaneously institute an investigation against him without waiting for any demand to come from some foreign Government. It can happen that a commander in the

heat of battle deals contrary to instructions, but nothing of the kind has occurred in this case.

It appears clearly from his report that his ship was in danger, indeed, in double danger, first from the fact that an enemy boat was approaching on a line that threatened to cut off his retreat, and the enemy ship and the Ancona could have established his radius of action and could have set a torpedo boat flotilla on him, and, second, there was danger of the Ancona escaping, which, according to his instructions, was to be prevented in all circumstances. Hence the conduct of the commander, much as the loss of innocent lives must be regretted and deplored, cannot be disapproved.

On the contrary, if he had departed without destroying the Ancona it would have been a failure to do his duty, since the Ancona could have notified other ships of his whereabouts. The loss of American lives is regrettable, as well as that Americans used a vessel belonging to a nation at war with Austria-Hungary.

Foreign Minister Burian's Reply

SECRETARY OF STATE, WASHINGTON:
AMERICAN EMBASSY, VIENNA,
Dec. 15, 1915.

Following note received from Minister for Foreign Affairs noon today:

IN reply to the much esteemed note, No. 4,167, which his Excellency Mr. Frederic Courtland Penfield, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary

of the United States of America, directed to him in the name of the American Government under date of the 9th inst., and in the matter of the sinking of the Italian steamer Ancona, the undersigned, preliminary to a thorough, meritorious treatment of the demand, has the honor to observe that the sharpness with which the Government of the

United States considers it necessary to blame the commanding officer of the submarine concerned in the affair, and the firmness in which the demands addressed to the Imperial and Royal Government appear to be expressed, might well have warranted the expectation that the Government of the United States should precisely specify the actual circumstances of the affair upon which it bases its case.

As is not difficult to perceive, the presentation of the facts in the case in the aforesaid note leaves room for many doubts, and even if this presentation were correct in all points and the most rigorous legal conception were applied to the judgment of the case, it does not in any way sufficiently warrant attaching blame to the commanding officer of the war vessel or to the Imperial and Royal Government.

The Government of the United States has also failed to designate the persons upon whose testimony it relies and to whom it apparently believes it may attribute a higher degree of credibility than to the commander of the Imperial and Royal Fleet. The note also fails to give any information whatsoever as to the number, names, and more precise fate of the American citizens who were on board of the said steamer at the critical moment.

Moreover, in view of the fact that the Washington Cabinet has now made a positive statement to the effect that citizens of the United States of America came to grief in the incident in question, the Imperial and Royal Government is in principle ready to enter into an exchange of views in the affair with the Government of the United States. It must, however, in the first place, raise the question why that Government failed to give juridical reasons for the demands set forth in its note with reference to the special circumstances of the incriminating events upon which it itself lays stress, and why in lieu thereof it referred to an exchange of correspondence which it has conducted with another Government in other cases.

The Imperial and Royal Government is the less able to follow the Washing-

ton Cabinet in this unusual path, since it by no means possesses authentic knowledge of all of the pertinent correspondence of the Government of the United States, nor is it of the opinion that such knowledge might be sufficient for it in the present case, which, in so far as it is informed, is in essential points of another nature than the case or cases to which the Government of the United States seems to allude. The Imperial and Royal Government may, therefore, leave it to the Washington Cabinet to formulate the particular points of law against which the commanding officer of the submarine is alleged to have offended on the occasion of the sinking of the Ancona.

The Government of the United States has also seen fit to refer to the attitude which the Berlin Cabinet assumed in the above mentioned correspondence. The Imperial and Royal Government finds in the much esteemed note no indication whatever of the intent with which this reference was made. Should, however, the Government of the United States thereby have intended to express an opinion to the effect that a prejudice of whatever nature existed for the Imperial and Royal Government with respect to the juridical consideration of the affair in question, this Government must, in order to prelude possible misunderstandings, declare that, as a matter of course, it reserves to itself full freedom of maintaining its own legal views in the discussion of the case of the Ancona.

In having the honor to have recourse to the kindness of his Excellency the Ambassador of the United States of America with the most respectful request to be good enough to communicate the foregoing to the American Government, and on this occasion to state that the Imperial and Royal Government, in no less degree than the American Government, and under all circumstances, most sincerely deplures the fate of the innocent victims of the incident in question, the undersigned at the same time avails himself of this opportunity to renew the expression of his most distinguished consideration to his Excellency the Ambassador. (Signed) BURIAN.

PENFIELD.

Magazinists of the World on the War

Condensed From Leading Reviews

Several articles printed by joint arrangement with leading magazines of Europe appear elsewhere in this number. The subjoined excerpts represent the entire range of able opinion, comment, and information concerning the war as expressed in the chief magazines of Germany, France, Italy, Russia, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, Great Britain, and the United States.

America's Duty

By Baron d'Estournelles de Constant

Baron de Constant, diplomat, legislator, has outlined in *The Atlantic Monthly* for December what he conceives to be the fitting policy of America in respect of questions raised by the war. He has written extensively upon arbitration and the organization of peace and represented France at the two Hague Conferences and The Hague court. It is, therefore, not as a hardened militarist that he approaches his subject. The reasoning and conclusions of Baron de Constant are of interest to this country, where he is held in high regard.

THE United States, who were the promoters of the organization of international peace, see the very principles of their work threatened by the present war, and not only their work but the guarantee of their existence. * * *

The peace observed by the United States with Great Britain or with France or Russia has never been "peace at any price." It has always been based on a spirit of conciliation and justice, on mutual respect for right and on the guarantees provided by treaty. The violation of treaties is incompatible with peace and is, in fact, the negation of peace and a crime against peace. * * * And if, furthermore, the violated treaties were signed by the United States, and if they admit such violation, they simultaneously renounce their rights, their duty, and the part they should play. * * *

All neutrals have, of course, been influenced by the brute force of the German system of terrorization. Germany's neighbors could hardly look on without trembling at the spectacle of the weakest State invaded by the strongest, one that had guaranteed its neutrality! It is quite easy to understand why Holland, Switzerland, and Denmark should hesitate to expose themselves to the terrible fate of Belgium. It was a question of life or death for them. The risks run by Ameri-

can democracy were quite different and much smaller, if there were such risks, and that is why its duty was so evident. For this reason the admirers of the United States were deeply disappointed when that country remained unmoved by the declaration of war, the violation of Luxembourg and Belgium, and all the execrable crimes that will forever hold up the tragic month of August, 1914, to the horror of the world. It is true that the Pope, who is still more inaccessible and invulnerable than the Government of the United States, has observed the same reserve, but at the cost of a great weakening of his churches and of religion itself. Who can maintain that this war should lay Europe waste with impunity, in the name of the German God allied with the God of Mohammed, without a word from the representative of Christ? St. Peter has denied his Master a fourth time!

The abstention of the United States Government is, to my mind, more serious than that of the Pope, because the United States are a young people—the great resource on which we counted for a better future. If France had held aloof under similar circumstances, it would have been said that the French were an old nation in a state of decadence. But that was not the case. France has often laid her-

self open to unfavorable opinions from foreigners who see her under false conditions, but she did not hesitate to do her duty, and, after one year, she is still more determined than on the first day.

In August, 1914, the United States ought to have uttered a whole-hearted protest against any violation of right. A definite, humane protest from them would have had incalculable consequences. It would have opened the eyes of the German people by warning them that they were on the wrong road. It would have emboldened other neutrals and brought them together, and, in this way, the people of the United States would have been raised to the rank of directors of the modern conscience and also to that of judge for the future. And what a judge! No mere Pontius Pilate, indifferent to the death of the Just Man, but the arbitrator to whom all would have had recourse after the war.

A year has gone by. Is the duty of the United States any less urgent than it was? No; even admitting a complete victory for the German armies, the duty of America will be all the more thankless and the more pressing. The longer the

Government of the United States delays its protest, the more certain will be the necessity of making that protest.

Sooner or later—and the sooner the wiser—the United States, without declaring or waging a useless war on Germany, must depart from their reserve and take up their part as the guardians of right. Their subsequent influence will depend upon the clearness and definiteness with which they speak. They will not have become belligerents, but they will have taken sides. If it is urged that the German jingoes in the United States will respond by attempting to cause general disorganization, my reply is that such an attempt would not only fail, but would demonstrate that it was to the interest of the United States to prevent the war and to prevent the triumph of German pride.

It seems to me that the United States, without taking up arms, can still conciliate their interest with their duty, the Monroe Doctrine with their need for stability. They can give distracted Europe the example of their union in respecting right, and help her to establish a new order on the basis of a permanent peace.

Britain's War Finance and Economic Future

By J. Ellis Barker

In The Nineteenth Century and After for December Mr. Barker makes the following summary of the cost of Britain's war:

A LITTLE while ago Mr. Montagu stated in the House of Commons that the British war expenditure came to £5,000,000 a day, that the war was swallowing up half the national income. This was evidently a very serious understatement. Five million pounds a day is equal to £1,825,000,000 a year. According to the British Census of Production, published in December, 1912, and relating to the year 1907, the national income of that year amounted to £2,000,000,000. Even the most optimistic statisticians have not seen in that figure a very great understatement. It therefore

appears that the British war expenditure per day is at present approximately equal to the entire national income per day in normal times. It need, however, scarcely be pointed out that the war, which has taken 3,000,000 able-bodied British men from the productive occupations, and which has diverted the industries from the production of useful commodities to that of war material, has very seriously diminished the national income. Besides, with the constantly increasing numbers of the British Army, and the steadily growing financial requirements of the Allies for British loans and subsidies, the daily war expenditure of this country will probably continue increasing. Hence, the daily cost of the war may soon greatly exceed the whole of the national income.

The vastness of Great Britain's war expenditure staggers the imagination not only of people in general but even that of financiers and statisticians. It can be visualized only by comparison. The Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, which lasted nine months, cost Germany £60,000,000; the Panama Canal, the greatest and the most expensive engineering undertaking the world has seen, cost the United States in ten years £80,000,000; the Boer war, which lasted three years, cost this country £250,000,000. It follows that Great Britain spends on the war every two weeks almost as much as the total cost of the Panama Canal, and that she spends every two months considerably more than she did during the whole of the protracted campaign against the Boers.

The war has so far cost about £1,300,000,000. The national capital of Great Britain is usually estimated to amount to about £12,000,000,000. As the struggle seems likely to continue for very many months, it may eventually swallow a sum

equal to one-third of the British national capital, if not more. Interest will have to be paid on the gigantic war debt. Its capital must gradually be reduced to manageable proportions by purchase, and in addition untold millions will be required every year for the support of the crippled and incapacitated veterans, and for the widows and orphans. Before the war, budgets of £200,000,000 per year seemed monstrous. After the war, budgets of £400,000,000 may seem modest. If we now remember that years of hard times followed the relatively cheap Boer war we can well understand that statesmen and business men look with grave anxiety and alarm into the future and at the mountainous debt which Great Britain is rapidly piling up, and that they are asking themselves: Can this over-taxed country stand the additional financial burdens? Will not the war destroy the British industries and trade, drive the country into bankruptcy and ruin, or at least permanently impoverish Great Britain?

Criminal Psychology and War

By Dr. Erich Wulffen

Judge of the District Court at Zwickau, Germany.

This article appeared originally in the supplement of the *Berliner Tageblatt* of Oct. 24, 1915.

THE influence of war on the criminality of a people cannot be judged until from two to five years after the war. According to statistics the total of all crimes decreases during a war in all nations. This is proved, in a striking manner, by the French and Prussian criminal statistics of 1870-71. But, beginning with the very year after the war, the figures again reached the point where they had been before the war, and continued to increase appreciably during the next three to five years. Then they dropped again to the ante-bellum ratio.

Influences of war on criminality become distinctly perceptible, and it is apparent that such influences must be stronger in proportion to the length of a war. For this reason, we must expect a

considerable increase in criminality in all the belligerent nations after this war.

The question of weapons is interesting. The history of mankind teaches us that thrusting and slashing weapons and firearms were invented for hunting, and bettered and completed for combat and warfare. But history shows also that criminals borrow their weapons from hunting and war; criminals have not invented a single weapon unaided. Dagger and knife, the hunting and fighting weapons of primitive peoples, were superseded for warlike use by sword, sabre, and bayonet. Thereupon dagger and knife became the weapons of major and minor criminals, but in this war they are again coming into a place of honor.

The arrow is a primitive weapon; Eng-

lish airmen have again revived it. Dum-dum bullets recall the barbed weapons of primitive days. "Stinkpots" were once the most dangerous weapon of the Mongolian pirate. The infernal machine used by the notorious Thomas on a ship in Bremerhaven in 1875 was also no invention of a criminal. Infernal machines were used in war a long time ago, and later, for instance in 1585, they were employed to blow up the bridge built by the Duke of Parma over the Scheldt.

As the criminal does not himself invent any weapon, but simply makes use of war weapons already tested, we shall probably witness after the war a more widespread use by criminals of the new weapons brought forward in the present conflict. After the war of 1870-71 particularly noticeable use was made by criminals of explosives.

For these reasons the pros and cons of projected instruction of boys in the use of arms should be carefully weighed. For my part, I think that a great increase both of accidental and deliberate homicidal acts is to be expected if this form of instruction is introduced. Just before the outbreak of the war Governments were considering limiting the trade in weapons in order to counteract their growing misuse by criminals and lunatics.

Another question is whether there will not be an evil influence on the criminality of children, whose fathers have been

participants in the war, born after or during the conflict. This may well be the case if the fathers have gone through nerve-shattering horrors. Some have sought to show that the great increase among youthful criminals in Germany during the eighties was due to what the fathers had undergone in 1870-71. Possibly the proofs adduced were not sufficient, but, in any case, German criminal statistics of these years are not without significance.

From 1889 on, the comparative figures of youthful criminals sentenced begin to increase remarkably, and, in the following years, the increase goes forward by leaps and bounds. Those are the years during which children born in 1870-71 reached the years of strongly juvenile criminal instincts. Like results come from a study of the combined statistics of criminals sentenced; that is, for grown-ups and juveniles.

It is naturally impossible to give figures on the influence of the war of 1870-71 on juvenile criminality. The increasing industrialization of Germany had also much to do with it. But, in the case of the war of 1914-16, the whole question certainly takes on great importance, since the millions of soldiers at the front represent 10 per cent. of the population exposed for a long period to the effects of warlike experiences which, in violence and nerve-shaking characteristics, far surpass those of 1870-71.

German Education: A Leading Factor in German Success

By Professor Dr. G. Budde

The article from which this is translated appeared originally in the *Illustrierte Zeitung* of Nov. 1, 1915.

A SHORT time ago the Dean of Teachers College, Columbia University, New York, Dr. J. E. Russell, in a lecture before teachers, remarked that one must admire the excellence of the educational system of the Germans, which alone had enabled them to defy a world of enemies. Though it

is not alone our education to which we owe the great victories of the present war, there can be no question that we owed much to it before this war, and have also become its debtors as a result of the present conflict. German education was and is a prime factor in German success.

But it must be remembered that this success is due, first of all, to the spirit of German education, as it was transmitted to the German educational system by men like Pestalozzi, von Humboldt, Süvern, and others: * * *

The work of our pedagogues had as a basis the idea of Pestalozzi that all education of youth must develop all the mental power from within by means of a method based on man's inner nature. Süvern wished to imbue both lower and higher schools with this principle, in the educational scheme worked out by him. This was the basic idea of a school of thought in which individuality and interest in the individual were combined with the great events in the history of Prussian officialdom. Recognition of individual life was especially emphasized; all that tended to kill it was emphatically rejected.

From the point of view of this school of thought the most important thing of all was to bring about a most thorough awakening of personal life, not only in the interest of the individual but in that of the State. Its exponents believed that man must be educated not for external objects, not even for his human fellows, but for himself, that he should be made into an independent personality and a spiritual individuality. Such an end having been attained, they thought, he would be capable of the best external influence also, since a man who does not make an external purpose his principal goal, but, before all else, deepens and strengthens his soul, will be in a position to do his best for his fellow-men. In other words, the idea was to build up a personality first, and only then to proceed to social education. * * *

But this spirit, the spirit of genuine German education, thrives only in an atmosphere of freedom of personal life; it withers as soon as the bureaucratic pattern is forced upon it. That was another lesson taught us by the stirring days of 100 years ago. Those who immediately succeeded Humboldt failed entirely to understand the pedagogic demand of his spiritual executor, Süvern. The principles of Süvern were finally "robbed of their original basis by opposing tendencies and adapted to the

rigid formal system which again came to the fore." Until far into the nineteenth century lower and higher schools suffered equally from this formal system and the awakening of personal life, insisted upon by the spirit of German education, was hampered. In fact, even until the present day we have not been able to overcome this formal system sufficiently to conform to the personality-building spirit of the originators of the German educational idea.

But, on the other hand, we must not overlook the fact that, despite this too rigid educational development, German education in the course of the nineteenth century has acquired an organization which has had the most beneficial effects on the development of the nation. This organization has undoubtedly hampered the spirit of German education, but has never killed it. Quite on the contrary, it shows, in the continual fights waged by it, even until very recently, against the pedagogic blunders of educational organization a still unimpaired vitality.

Thus, German education, which even in the past showed its power, has become again, in the present tremendous struggle between nations, a leading factor in German success. One might draw from this the deduction that nothing ought to be changed in the present form of German education, as it represents an ideal not to be excelled * * *

Those, however, taking such a view are not working for the best interests of German education. It will preserve its strength in future only if it is changed to meet the new conditions and tasks with which the future will confront it. When Germany emerges victorious from this greatest of all struggles the new Germany will make demands on the generation whose duty it will be to keep and defend what its fathers conquered—for the fulfillment of which our existing system of education will be inadequate—demands that will emphatically require a development to meet the nature of the new conditions. * * *

"In our educational system we must make the German language the basis." Those words, uttered by the Kaiser, which referred to our high schools, must be further extended to our classical schools.

These, too, must adopt German as a basis, for in them also must we educate young Germans, not young Frenchmen and Englishmen. The first requisite after the war

is a strong and determined nationalization of our entire upper school system. That is the most important task set our national educational system by the world war.

Conrad von Hoetzendorf

By Dr. Artur Gaspár

In the article from *Die Oesterreichische Rundschau*, from which excerpts are made below, the author gives an interesting picture of the Chief of the General Staff of the Austro-Hungarian Army, who, little known in America, has won glowing opinions abroad for his part in conducting the war. According to Dr. Gaspár, von Hoetzendorf's strategy has two strikingly original characteristics, which are touched upon below.

IT was a fixed military axiom that the first and second reserves must be destined to fill the gaps in the first line, while the *Landsturm* was to protect lines of communication, keep order behind the front and serve to fill gaps only at the last extremity. But, even before the outbreak of the present war, Conrad von Hoetzendorf recognized that the complete unified development of a whole nation's military power was necessary if victory was to be won against superior numbers. For this reason he threw tradition to the winds and, from the very beginning of the fighting, placed *Landsturm* formations at the front, where they fought side by side with first line and first reserve troops and acquitted themselves splendidly. Along some important sectors of the front there were only *Landsturm* men, of all arms.

Similar prejudices existed before Hoetzendorf's day concerning the use of railways in war. It was an unassailable axiom that, after the advance of an army, railways must serve only for the rearguard, for transport work to and from the front. But von Hoetzendorf raised the railway to the position of a combatant. Just as Germany maintains that the German schoolmaster won the war of 1870-71, Austria-Hungary can well maintain that this war is being won

to no small degree by the locomotive driver.

When the whole front was withdrawn to the Dunajec and Cracow, as far back as the Prussian-Silesian boundary, the second Austro-Hungarian army, under the command of the Cavalry General von Boehm-Ermolli, which had just been fighting hard rearguard actions against the Russians on our extreme right near Sambor in Middle Galicia, suddenly appeared, overnight as it were, on the left wing of the Austro-Hungarian front, in the vicinity of the Prussian-Silesian boundary, beside the German Army group of General von Woyrsch. The entire army of von Boehm-Ermolli covered in express train time a distance of several hundred kilometers and had long been in action near the border of Russian Poland while the Russians still supposed it to be near Sambor. There an army group consisting mostly of bearded *Landsturm* men, thrown forward from the Carpathians, fooled the Russians for a long time regarding von Hoetzendorf's plans. This method of using railways for the transportation at lightning speed of entire armies, including sanitary and ammunition columns, field hospitals, and field kitchens, in order that they may be hurled unexpectedly at the enemy's flank, gives an entirely original stamp to von Hoetzendorf's tactics.



The British \$500,000,000 Loan from America

By Maximilian Harden

This comment by the brilliant German journalist on the Anglo-French loan appeared in his weekly periodical, *Zukunft*, Nov. 6, 1915.

THE Anglo-French loan in New York, which is scornfully considered far too often in Germany as a sign of weakness, as a target for ridicule, was, in British eyes, neither an important matter nor a loan in the true sense of the word. It was looked upon as a means of covering future expenditures. The question as to whether one billion or half a billion were to be given first was never important.

England did not wish to pay in gold what she and her allies had to pay in the United States, and therefore asked Morgan, her American banker, to take upon himself this payment for the time being, in conjunction with his banker friends. If a new amount is due in a few months, then the same group (or a greater) will repeat the transaction. That a dozen millions, more or less, must be raised for interest is unimportant at a time when the war costs a great empire about three millions of marks an hour.

The main object, to avoid gold payments and to raise the sterling rate of exchange, is fulfilled. England's banker

pays directly for what England has bought in the native land of this banker for herself and her friends. To ridicule England or speak of her begging for money is unwise, (to express it with the caution now necessary.)

Every nation handles its war financing according to its nature, inclination, and traditions, and according to deciding circumstances. When nothing is to be obtained from abroad and export trade is cut off by the enemy, loans are raised at home, as in the case of Germany. When money is needed for industries not useful to the waging of war and for foreign trade, another method is adopted.

In England (the first country to take upon itself the tax burden created by the war) there is gold in circulation, unfortunately, even in small trade. As late even as August travelers leaving England were not asked whether they were carrying gold out of the country. Britain, too, is beginning to suffer. But whoever says that England's money supply, or even her credit, is exhausted is talking his fellow-citizens into dangerous lunacy.

The Hatred for Germany

By Alfred Capus

Member of the Académie Française

This article appeared originally in *Les Annales* for Nov. 7, 1915.

HOW profound it is, and worth making known, that saying of Sir Edward Grey's about the monstrous ideal of domination which is that of Germany! "I should prefer to perish or to leave Europe forever rather than live under such conditions."

There, in the presence of so many sillinesses and horrors, is the thought of all the peoples, of all the human

beings who have kept the passion for liberty and justice! There is henceforward, in all hearts, such a certitude that it is Germany and Germany alone who opposes herself to free and civilized life, that the hatred for this people is universal. Even her military bravura is no longer esteemed, nor her discipline, nor the power of her methods; disgust set in when the ignominy

of her purpose was discovered. Germany has dishonored even her own courage.

The hatred she inspires, and that after the war she will continue to inspire for a long period of history, will be one of the forms of progress. That hatred will

signify the love of noble and delicate life, pity toward the weak, human tenderness, the discoveries of science turned toward the good and the useful. Germany has put herself in such a position that progress will be defined by her punishment.

Help for Serbia

By Emile Faguet

Member of the French Academy

M. Emile Faguet of the Académie Française continues his column of "Impressions" in Les Annales.

OCTOBER 21. The news from Serbia is not as good as one would have it. If the Bulgarians up to the present have not done much harm to the Serbians, the Austro-Germans have been pressing them actively, and, though valiantly held back almost everywhere, they are gaining ground here and there. Certainly Serbia is in danger. However, we must remember that it is a mountainous country, cut up by precipices, that it is easy to defend, and that it will be defended with the last energy and the utmost tenacity by the people which has shown itself to be, for courage, in the first rank among European peoples—and it has doubtless not

changed in that respect since last year. I still have hope for Serbia. But we must make haste to succor her.

It is infinitely important that Germany be cut off from Turkey and that the road that could take her there continue to be strongly occupied. Serbia is not equal to the task. But the rapid and prolonged intervention of France and England will be sufficient for it.

I wish and hope that this intervention be made fully and boldly, without hesitation or reserve. As I think I proved conclusively in another article, the German campaign in the Balkans *may be* the biggest mistake committed during this war. But that is on condition that the Allies, on their side, do not commit the faults of evasion and of procrastination.

The Poet Charles Péguy

By Adolphe Brisson

M. Adolphe Brisson, editor in chief of Les Annales, has a department of that weekly entitled "The Extinguished Stars," in which homage is rendered to the distinguished men who have died in the war. The following is from his pages on the poet, Charles Péguy:

NO loss will have been more deeply felt, no death will have been more sincerely, more unanimously lamented. Charles Péguy fell at the moment when his glory was beginning to

shine forth on the world, when he was about to bring home the fruits of a long effort. * * *

Péguy, a great student, critic, historian, philosopher, and an intellectual of refined culture, had remained very simple. He belonged to a race of peasants and did not deny his origin. Primitive feelings and instincts governed him. He loved the earth. To relax his nerves and repose his mind, when an excess of brain-work had depressed him, he to

a spade and worked in his garden. He has described in savory terms the joys of rustic life, the physiognomy of the wine-growers, his ancestors, and the graces of his native country, a little town of the Orléans region. * * *

Passionately attached to the soil of France—see how everything is bound together!—he wanted to have it free; he hated those who had tried to enslave it in the past, those who in the present or in the future were menacing it. Hence his cult of Joan of Arc, the saintly deliverer. Hence his taste for the army. * * *

A survivor, (of the engagement at Villeroy, where Péguy was killed,) Victor Boudon, evokes the final scenes of the poet's drama in an exciting page sent to M. Maurice Barrès:

"* * * Captain Guérin and the other Lieutenant, M. de la Cornillière, were killed outright.

"'Lie down,' roars Péguy, 'and fire at will.'

"But he himself remains standing, his fieldglass in his hand, directing our fire, heroic in an inferno.

"We shoot like mad, black with powder, the guns burn our fingers. Every moment there are cries and moans, significant gasps; dear friends are killed by my side. How many are dead? We no longer count them.

"Péguy is still standing there, in spite of our cries of 'Lie down!'—a glorious madman in his courage * * * he draws himself up erect, like a challenge to the hail of bullets, seeming to draw toward him that death which he glorified in his verse. At that moment a murderous ball crashed through the head of the hero, breaking in his noble and generous forehead. He fell without a cry, having had the vision, at the last moment, of the recoil of the barbarians and of the victory near at hand."

England and the War

By André Chevrillon

The great hope of the Germans being a rift in the alliance formed against them, particular interest attaches to the article of M. André Chevrillon in the November-December number of La Revue de Paris. A note of admiration for the allied people is constantly apparent in his pages, as well as a thorough understanding of English character and traditions, as related to Great Britain's participation in the war.

AT the critical moment, [the author speaks of the last days before England's declaration of war,] while the Minister [Mr. Asquith] was demonstrating that no diplomatic text had created an alliance, the alliance appeared, morally commanded by the past. Quite true—England had bound herself in no way; the conversations between the military staffs of the two countries were only conversations in view of a possible accord and not one decided on, but they

had introduced the English into the secret of our defense and that intimacy could not help exciting the hope in France of English support in case of German aggression. More imperative yet, and noted as such by the great conservative newspapers from the beginning of the crises, was the arrangement which led our navy to leave the French coast on the Channel and on the Atlantic under the protection of the British fleet, so that it might retire to the Mediterranean, where it looked after British interests. And this last fact counted so much that on the 2d of August, before there was any question of Belgium, Sir Edward Grey gave M. Cambon as much assurance as he was empowered to give, that England guaranteed these shores from attack, which did not prevent his adding—such was the solicitude, even at that moment, to avoid any gesture that might have a

warlike appearance—that it must not be understood from this assurance that England would intervene in the war. But of all the reasons which, at the critical moment, pushed England to the side of France, the most active and at the same time the most undefinable and noble was the notion of the Entente, the memory of so many gestures of friendship from which a tacit promise seemed to be born; it was the feeling that an intimacy covering ten years is worth as much as a written contract

in binding two peoples to each other in so grave an hour, and that one of them cannot without dishonor turn away when the other is in danger. On the 2d of August, when Germany openly marched against France, every Englishman—in whom the internationalist religion of humanity, fortified by pacifist puritanism, had not killed the sense of the person, morally speaking, that one's native country is—felt mortified that England was not already at France's side.

The German Soul in German Art

By Charles Morice

In the Mercure de France for October M. Charles Morice, an eminent critic and litterateur, studies the problem indicated by the above title, taking painting as the art for consideration.

THAT poetry and art are the most genuine expression of races and individuals, of their nature, of their virtues, of their vices, and of their destiny, is a matter as to which I think there will not be the least dispute. Is it necessary to show how far science and even philosophy are from possessing this representative virtue?

* * * The German painter has not the painter's qualities. At least, at the beginning he lacks them. He is first a thinker who uses plastic expression to formulate his thought, and it is a language that he uses without skill or ease, and so the thought which he esteems so precious, so important, is never brought fully to the light. His constant pretention is to teach, but it is rare that his lesson is profitable because it is rare for it to be clear. * * * They propose to teach everything—religion, mythology, legends, history—and with a heavy sincerity and cruel perseverance, they accomplish their design. They have scruples as to meticulous truthfulness that never falter, and a hatred for beauty that never compromises. * * *

To these criticisms I can already hear the objections that must be made. They consist of four great names: Dürer, Cranach, Grünewald, and Holbein.

Albrecht Dürer is one of the world's finest geniuses and undoubtedly the greatest figure in German art. He would be an admirable exception amid the most richly gifted people; in Germany we may consider him as a miraculous anomaly, and a unique one—for the three other painters just named, who are, after him, the most important ones, cannot be thought of as his equal. And his genius is a beneficent one. Its most especial character is perhaps that power of kindness that we seek in vain among the works of the majority of his compatriots and which shines from his own like the light of a soul; it commands our sympathy imperiously: one is compelled to love Dürer.

But that is not to say that one does not find, even in him, the negative qualities of his race, and even if in finding them one is pained at resisting the charm with which he covers them over.

Looking at the question from the outside at first, one sees quickly enough that Dürer is not a colorist. He draws and engraves more happily than he paints. * * * One would even say at times that the excellences of color

trouble him, prevent him from stating his thought entirely. * * * For him the dazzling color of the great Italians and Flemings is only a charming and superfluous luxury; faithful to his irreducibly German nature, he sees the principal interest and the highest mission of art in the exact and precise writing down of thought—and the enchantment of color contains the danger of distracting his mind and his eyes from it.

* * * As to his cult of force, we must not think to find him alone in it: it is above all others the mark of the German; but it is important to note it in the greatest, "the most kind and good" of German artists. Quite as little as the others is he sensitive to the softening beauty of the fragile splendor, the gentle curves, to the lines so delicately and yet so grandiosely sim-

plified, to the sweet fullness, to all that marvelous weakness that Christianity has consecrated in crowning the Virgin. * * *

Woman for the German artist has no existence or value of her own. She exists only through man and thanks to maternity. So he does not hesitate to show us, in his nudes, the deformations and wounds due to her function of bearing children. He does so without feeling that he lacks shame: these are the woman's only valid titles to glory. * * * How much more the painter is at his ease, more himself in that "Hercules" which he has made the symbol of human power. There is a page that all Germany has countersigned and which it has not since ceased commenting on with pen and brush as with iron and fire.

Italy in the Upper Adige and Pan-Germanist Aggression

By Alberto Manzi

The following, by Signor Alberto Manzi, appeared originally in the Rivista d'Italia:

THIS study was written before the declaration of war between Austria and Italy, when it seemed possible to some that the impossible thing of an accord between Rome and Vienna might be brought about through the ceding of a strip of the unredeemed country. It was our intention to make known under what sad conditions our brothers are living their national life, and how they have had every day to combat Governmental insolence and defend themselves every day against Pan-German violence and cunning; we wanted to show how, up to today, the geographically and historically Italian character of the country that descends from the Retic Alps to the Padana Plain goes on in intimate accord with the Italian character of sentiment among the inhabitants—of the Trentino at least. * * *

* * * It is well, however, for this paper to remain unchanged, to keep its documentary value entire, and give its inflexible but serene testimony to the historian of tomorrow.

The Pan-Germanists have attributed this phrase, "Italy up to the Brenner Pass," as a motto to the Italian Irredentists. But since, up to a short time ago, there were no real Irredentists in Italy; this motto, stammered by a few scholars, served the Pan-Germanists exclusively to defend and justify their own slogan—"Germany down to the Lake of Garda, to the Mincio, and the Po." Finally, with a leap, they went as far as Genoa. The difference between the supposed and real combatants for the historic motto was this: The Italians of the kingdom, especially since 1870, did nothing to bring to a reality the program which was tagged on to them, whereas the Pan-Germanists dared and did everything to win over the minds of their countrymen to the program laid

down and executed wherever it was possible. And they pushed the possible—to the impossible. This is not a play on words—it is a sad reality.

In Germany they teach in the schools that the greater Germany to the south with Northern and Southern Tyrol—including the Trentino—takes in also the Lake of Garda, Mantua, Verona, Venice, and Trieste. The Pan-Germanist societies send out booklets, maps, and postcards in which these limits are given as the minimum of conquest. And it is, in fact, a minimum of frontier for the conquest of Europe (while waiting to conquer the world) planned by William II. shortly after his ascension to the throne. It was left in studied forgetfulness during thirty years of active military preparation and then taken up and affirmed with cannon shots in August of last year. The Austrian Pan-Germanists—sustained in this by the military party and the clerical party, which are omnipotent in the country—extend the frontiers set by the Germans, include the former Kingdom of Lombardy-Venetia, and add to it a Papal kingdom under the protection of the two-headed eagle. * * *

And you may imagine that they do not limit themselves to dreaming. * * * They have formed societies, many of them—too many—to render morally and materially effective their conquest of the “southern province,” leaving to the force of arms the mission of transforming, at its own time, the spiritual and moral conquest prepared by them for so long into political occupation.

The moral conquest takes place by means of schools and the pulpit in villages stolen by the Austrian Government; in Italian regions free German schools are founded, German Catholic priests are bought, (and the Pan-Germanists are Protestants!) the debts and, in part, the taxes are paid in villages that permit the foundation of Pan-Germanist groups, &c.

The material conquest is effected by the purchase of farms and houses in linguistically Italian territory, so as to be able to send away the Italians and import Germans. It is the territorial dispossessing violently applied by the Prussians in Poland—and without effect. * * * It has had as little effect in the Trentino.

The Evolution of Modern Warfare

In a long and carefully documented editorial article the Nuova Antologia studies the new phases which war has assumed, dividing them according as they have to do with the land, (trenches,) the sea, (naval ambush,) military, and civil preparation, accumulation of a reserve of metal, economy and finance, and blockades—marine, food, and economic. We extract the lines which introduce the subject:

THE formidable war which burns throughout almost the whole of Europe presents new and unforeseen aspects, which mark its character. Throughout the centuries every war which periodically afflicted and burdened humanity presented itself under an aspect different from preceding

ones. And that country was victorious which, according to the laws of adaptation, first understood how to draw most profit from the new coefficients of struggle and victory. Often the victory was personified by a great captain, who, in turn, personified in himself the new methods and new factors which assured him the supremacy over his adversary.

The first characteristic of the present conflict is that of a slow war, a war of resistance. This new and almost unforeseen aspect of it can be summed up in a single concept—trench warfare. But the war in the trenches is only the extrinsic, material, and military form that the war of resistance on land assumes; behind the trench there is the moral, financial, and economic resist-

ance of a whole nation, of a whole people, and of a whole grouping of allied peoples.

For many years, in the previsions of a future and improbable European war, the imagination of men was concentrated on a few colossal, grandiose feats of arms, on a gigantic action of a few weeks, of a few months at the most, on a few immense spectacular battles of millions of combatants, in a formidable shock of men, horses, arms, artillery, big and small ships—of aeroplanes and dirigibles. * * *

Now none of that has taken place or is taking place; the visions and the fantasies of the past have vanished. * * *

The war of 1870-71, after the first acts which began it, may be resumed in three rapid and successive actions—the days of Metz, the taking of Sedan,

and the siege of Paris. Today we feel that the present war cannot be resolved into such a brief measure of time and action. Last year all were prepared for the siege of Paris by the Germans, and, though we were hardly at the beginning of the evolution of modern war, no one expected that with the fall of Paris the conflict would end. The war of resistance was already substituting itself for the war of assault. * * *

For any one who observes these phenomena attentively there soon appears a co-ordination of direction and action in the most different fields—from the trench to the feeding of the civil population. All is directed to a single end: prolonging to the maximum the resistance in each of the factors—military, economic, and moral—which must work together to secure the final victory.

Holland's Trade Grievances

By a Dutch Merchant

According to the Dutch *Het Nieuws van der Dag*, commercial circles of Amsterdam and Rotterdam are considerably agitated because of what is termed the oppressive Government regulations regarding exports and imports. *Het Nieuws* publishes the opinion of a leading merchant, as given in the subjoined article.

THE royal decree of Aug. 7, 1915, has had a specially important bearing on the German-Dutch trade. Article 1 of this decree demands nothing less than from that date on the name of the importer, as well as the utilizer of the raw product in question, must be given. When the margarine was added to rubber and oils of various kinds the situation became ominous.

At first glance this may seem quite inconsequential. And the Government may declare with a clear conscience that in reality there is no prohibition against exportation of these articles. But in practice it amounts to stopping export of margarine to Germany, while day after day shipload on shipload is going to England.

Many merchants who have been buying at second or third hand are asking themselves the question how it is possible for them to specify the respective importer.

They fail to understand why the requisite documents, such as bill of lading, contracts, receipts, &c., are not sufficient for all purposes. What happens then? In the royal decree there is the provision that the name and residence must be written in the papers, and that it is left to the judgment of the Custom House officials to take action in every case where there is violation. But this is not enough. Supposing the merchant does name the importer, presents his papers, and tells fully about his sources of supply. If the customs officials are not satisfied they can require the importer to make the statement in person.

The result is that in many instances lies are resorted to in order to obviate all the difficulties in the way, and the merchants then simply say they are the importers. As a matter of fact, when officials are told that all this super-regulation stands as a preventive

against export across the border the reply comes back that that is exactly what is wanted.

We ought not, however, be too severe on our Government. The fact is that these precautions are taken on evident pressure from England, and there is undisputed evidence that the Dutch bu-

reaucrazy stands in the service of Great Britain. How seriously the situation affects business may be gathered from the fact that some firms in Rotterdam have recently been fined from 70,000 to 80,000 guildens each for violating the decree having to do with the exports of fat stuffs and margarine.

The Submarine in War

By A. Chernyavski

In an interesting review in the Vyestnik Evropy, (The European Review,) Petrograd, of "The Past and Present of the Submarine," Mr. A. Chernyavski reminds us that

UP to 1905 Germany had not a single submarine. The first German submarine was launched on Aug. 30, 1905; even then it was considered merely an experiment; only in February, 1907, was it added to the register of the fleet. * * *

On the threshold of the twentieth century, on Jan. 1, 1901, there were only four nations that either possessed submarines or were engaged in the construction of submarines. At their head stood France, having fourteen, (of which only six were completed;) next came the United States, with its eight boats; then England with six, of which not one was completed, and, finally, Italy, counting two submarines in its fleet. * * *

We have already seen that the first German submarine, the U-1, (from the initial letter of unterseeboat,) was com-

pleted in the Autumn of 1905. Evidently the U-1 brilliantly justified the expectations of its constructors. Already in 1907, in the naval credits, 6,250,000 marks were set aside for submarines. In 1910, the credit was thrice as great, 18,750,000 marks, and in 1913 it was already 25,000,000 marks. During the last seven years, according to official information, Germany spent on submarines a total of 133,500,000 marks. It is possible that the actual amount spent was much larger, for we know little or nothing of the details of German military apportionments.

On Jan. 1, 1914, the total number of submarines, whether completed or under construction, of all nations was approximately four hundred. It is needless to say that, with the outbreak of the present war, the rôle of the submarine came rapidly to the front. Without doubt on all hands feverish efforts are being made to complete, with the utmost dispatch, the submarines already begun, or to lay the keels of new ones. * * *

The Future of Poland

In the latest number of the Russian Sovremenniy Mir, (Contemporary World,) Petrograd, R. Vydrin, the Russian publicist, thus sums up the present status of the Polish Question:

THE municipal reorganization of the Kingdom of Poland had not yet been carried out, when peculiarly heavy and painful days began for Poland.

The Russian Army, evacuating Warsaw before the Teuton advance, began, at the end of the Summer of 1915, to quit the soil of Poland. And along with the withdrawal of the Russian Army came the enforced evacuation of the population of the Kingdom of Poland.

This removal of the Polish peasantry from their native land, turning them into

homeless refugees, constitutes the most tragic moment in the whole history of the Polish people. Up to the present all the national misfortunes of the Polish people took place at home, on their own soil. Now, masses of the population were torn from the soil and cast forth to meet their fate. * * *

Summoned on the occasion of the removal of masses of Poles, a committee of Polish organizations appealed to Russian society, depicting the suffering of the Polish people, and calling on Russian society to give heed to this national tragedy through which Polish society was passing: "An age-old culture has perished, the wealth of a nation has perished, men and women are perishing. * * * Men and women are forced to leave their native land which they have inhabited for generations. They are forced to give it up to their sworn foes, as though to facilitate the possibility of German colonization, while they themselves must depart."

L. Kozlovski writes concerning this grandiose Polish exodus: "A whole nation cannot change its abode, a whole people cannot thus lend aid even to a brother nation, at the cost of drying up the well-springs of its own existence. Such a loss of economic independence is worse than the loss of political independence. This was indeed the end—Finis Poloniae, and autonomy for the empty soil of Poland would be a bitter irony for the Polish Nation, scattered over the vast extent of Russia." With reference to the article of N. Shtchepkin, in the Russian News, concerning the necessity of depopulating Poland in order to conserve the forces of the country, the "Polish House," the Polish organization in Moscow, writes: "From our point of view, these masses must be preserved for Poland, and, at the conclusion of the war, must be restored to their fire-scarred native land."

In the conflagration of these elemental sufferings which have overtaken the Polish people, perished, at last, the Russian "nationalism" which demands the Russification of Poland. I. L. Gorymekin, President of the Council of Ministers, informed the Imperial Duma that

after the war Poland would receive autonomy. "Russification" recognized its bankruptcy in the Polish question, even at the beginning of the war, but it did not wish to surrender its position until the day when the Russian armies retreated from Poland. The war revealed in the most drastic way the contest between the interests of "Russification" and the interests of Polish nationalism. At the same time, while trying to a firm wall of hatred and hostility between the Polish and Russian peoples, Russifying "nationalism," absorbed in its "internal affairs," exposed Poland and Russia with her to the invasion of the enemy. * * *

The fall of Russian "nationalism" in the very development of the war put an end to all possibility of its intrusion in the future fate of the Polish question. This by no means implies that Poland no longer needs to unite her fate with that of Russia. The progress of the war shows that Polish hopes of Austrian orientation are sufficiently problematical. Judging from the authoritative pronouncement of the German Chancellor in the Reichstag, the forces occupying Poland are very far not only from accepting the idea of an independent Poland, but even from the solution of the question in the direction of Austrian orientation. There remain, therefore, only two possibilities for Poland—to be with Russia or with Germany. At the same time we remember that in the most diverse strata of Polish society the tendency toward a rapprochement with Russia, on the basis of the international and economic interests of both countries, has always existed. We likewise remember that the inclination of Poland toward Russia was always strongest in the years of social prosperity. Even at the time when Russian "nationalism," in its efforts to crush the Polish movement, was ready to seek the support of Prussian bayonets, the Polish industrial democracy sought and found support in the Russian industrial democracy, in the person of the Council of Labor Deputies, making a protest against the crushing of Poland one of the rallying cries of the uprising of the working class in Russia in 1905.

The more quickly and thoroughly the

evolution of Russia progresses the more ground will be gained by the idea of an alliance of the two nationalities—the

Russian and the Polish—which are bound together by common international and economic interests.

What Russia Has Learned From the War

Writing in Novoe Vremya, (Petrograd,) an unnamed contributor says:

THE absence of organizers and of co-ordination have been our greatest defect. Yet * * * in Russia there is a strongly knit organization, and precisely the war has taught us its immense and sometimes fatal meaning, the "Invisible Empire," the American scholar Jordan aptly named it. The "Invisible Empire" incarnates in itself the mighty power of banks, syndicates, and large capitalists: a power mighty not only because it possesses ideal co-ordination, in the midst of the wholly unco-ordinated Russian Nation, not only because the Government of the "Invisible Empire" soldered by the strong cement of internal unity, strong in the absolute confidence of agents, while the Government of Russia is * * * not always of one mind with the people, but it is formidable also in this, because it is welded by an iron chain to the foreign provinces of the "Invisible Empire"; the "Invisible Empire" is an organization covering the whole world. And at the same time, the life-breath of contemporary wars, money and produce, are the inheritance of the "Invisible Empire." This is why all projects put forward hitherto to combat high prices suffer from the one defect—that they are condemned beforehand to failure: they are not directed against the source and cause of all economic and industrial difficulties. Therefore, courage of a high order is required in any Government which determines to enter into conflict with the invisible Emperor. And the example of Western Europe convincingly shows how a mighty but secret force swiftly sweeps away such a daring power. This is the reason why, when the little merchants are punished by fines of a ruble or a thousand rubles, the banks, as we are assured, serenely

keep back produce in their storehouses until prices rise. Pray explain in what the shopkeeper is to blame who sells kerosene, firewood, sugar, and so on, at a high price, if he himself buys them from the wholesaler at frightfully inflated prices? And why is it that, while imposing maximum prices under penalties on the retail merchants, the Government seems not to notice the indications of the newspapers, or of public men, or of the Imperial Duma, pointing out the raising of prices by the banks and other large capitalistic organizations? Now that A. N. Khvostoff has been appointed to the post of Minister of the Interior, he will, perhaps, remember the admirable speeches which he pronounced in the Imperial Duma in the years 1913 and 1915. Perhaps in these speeches he will remember the description of the offices in Petrograd, in which, for the conduct of affairs, are employed, on the one side, men of action, and, on the other, personages of weight. For the power of the "Invisible Empire" consists in this, that it *everywhere* discovers and employs trusty servants subjected to iron discipline. And A. N. Khvostoff was absolutely right when he said, in the Duma, that in Russia this question is far more menacing than in Western Europe or in America. For the Western nations are to a remarkable degree co-ordinated nations, while the Russian people are not, and therefore the unequal struggle is much more difficult for us.

But we should be frank and clear to the end; the struggle against the "Invisible Empire" is as arduous as the struggle against Austro-Germany. Therefore, it cannot be waged on a basis of complete rupture and the opening of stormy activities. It is more advantageous for Russia, in her gigantic battle with the enemy, to negotiate pacifically

with the masters of the "Invisible Empire" than to add a new enemy to the old. And this proposal is not in the least fantastic, because the situation is becoming too threatening. This is why in many servants of the "Invisible Empire" noble Russian hearts are beginning to awake, helping them to restrain the appetite of capital. But, of course, it

is not the bank employe, or any one coming from the midst of the banks, that can come to an arrangement with them, but some one else, whose talent for organization and diplomatic tact stand on the required high level. Such a one will be listened to, because he will represent the Government, strong in the confidence of the nation. K.

A Year of Naval Warfare in the Baltic

The Naval Record, (Morskoi Sbornik,) Petrograd, the official publication of the Russian Admiralty, gives the following account of naval operations in the Baltic, concerning which contradictory reports have been given out by the belligerents:

THE eleventh month of warlike activities began in the Baltic with the elimination of one of the line-of-battle ships of the German fleet. On May 21 the Russian submarine Okun, (Lieutenant Merkusheff,) meeting an enemy squadron of ten ships between Vindava and Gotland, attacked it, and, firing several torpedoes, heard loud explosions.

The submarine was unable to determine accurately the result of the attack, because the attack was delivered at such close quarters that when the ship struck by the torpedo sank the submarine collided with it, its periscope being broken off, and so rendered useless.

The Germans, of course, deny this fact, as they deny the further successes gained by our submarines during this period.

Almost simultaneously with the attack of the Okun the transport Hindenburg was blown up by a submarine, and an English submarine sank a transport and a torpedo boat, at the same time injuring another, which lay alongside the transport, (the injury to the latter being admitted by the Germans;) two enemy vessels, one of them a light cruiser, came to grief in our mine fields.

The very successful activity of our submarine fleet somewhat cooled the efforts of the enemy fleet to penetrate deep into the Baltic Sea and limited the sphere of its activity to the occupied coast of Libau.

Equally unsuccessful were the operations of the German fleet at Vindava on June 15, when a squadron consisting of the coast-defense battleship Siegfried, (4,100 tons, 15 knots, 3 9-inch and 10 3.5-inch guns,) four cruisers, and torpedo boats began to bombard the town and the wharves of the port, one of the torpedo boats being blown up while trawling for mines; the bombardment, which lasted for fifteen minutes, proved devoid of results, the squadron being repulsed by gunfire from the shore. Our torpedo boats attacked from the north the scouts of the enemy and compelled them to retire.

Thus the activities of the Germans from the sea proved fruitless, and Vindava fell into the hands of the Germans only on July 3, (6,) when our land forces withdrew, under the pressure of the Germans who crossed the Venta.

Our only loss during this period was the destruction of the mine-layer Yenesei, which was torpedoed by a submarine, only a small number of the crew being saved. The men went down with heroic courage, and the men who were drowning in the icy water found strength to cheer for their glorious boat.

The answer to the destruction of the Yenesei was the successful attack by an English submarine, (also denied, of course, by the Germans,) of a line-of-battle ship of the type of the Deutschland, (according to later information the Pommern, 13,200 tons, 1907.)

This exploit earned for our glorious ally, Commander Horton, the highest military reward, the Order of St. George of the Fourth Class; since he has been

operating in the Baltic he has sunk five ships, and in the North Sea he sank the cruiser *Hela* and the torpedo boat S-126 close to Emden.

On June 19, (July 2,) at 7:35 A. M., twenty-three miles from the Island of Gotland, there was an encounter between the Russian scout cruisers *Makaroff*, *Bayan*, *Bogatyr*, and *Oleg* and the German *Augsburg*, *Albatross*, *Bremen*, and *Roon*. It was a very misty, foggy morning when our squadron made out the two leading ships and attacked, trying to cut their line of retreat—a manoeuvre which was in part successful—the *Albatross* turned to the north, the *Augsburg*, thanks to its speed and the curtain of smoke thrown out by the torpedo boats, disappeared a half hour after the beginning of the battle; the torpedoes missed their mark. Hard hit and cut off, the *Albatross* made for neutral waters, and, under fire of our guns, ran aground on the Island of Gotland, under the *Esterharn* Lighthouse.

Leaving the *Albatross*, our squadron turned to the north, toward Russian water, and was attacked on the way by the armored cruiser *Roon*, the cruiser *Bremen*, and four torpedo boats. A battle which lasted thirty minutes began. Our squadron was strengthened by the arrival of the *Rurik*, whose ten-inch guns punished the *Roon* badly; the *Roon* made off, the pursuit lasting an hour. Meanwhile the *Rurik* was attacked by a submarine, but without success, the attacking being repeated after the return to home waters, when the torpedo boat *Vrimatelny* rammed the submarine. Details of this battle are lacking. Our injuries were insignificant—in all, fourteen sailors wounded. On the German side the greatest damage was suffered by the *Albatross*, which ran ashore, and next by the *Roon* and the *Augsburg*, which did not take part in the second battle. Photographs show the injuries of the *Albatross*, on which twenty shells fell. Of the crew of 200, 23 were killed and 29 wounded, some of whom died on shore in the town of Visba, where the crew was interned by the Swedish authorities. The officers refused to promise not to escape, and were therefore put under guard.

A serious result of the battle was the protest made by the Swedish Government against a violation of neutrality; one of the shells, according to the note, flew over an island belonging to Sweden, and fell into the water 200 yards from the shore.

The Imperial Russian Government expressed to the Swedish Government its most sincere regrets concerning the fall of the shell, and gave the most positive assurances of Russia's intention to observe the strictest neutrality—the fall of the shell being a regrettable accident springing from the circumstances of the battle.

The further activities of the Germans were directed against the Gulf of Riga; two torpedo boats bombarded the coast close to the *Domesnes* lighthouse, the lighthouse itself being slightly injured; and at the same time, as their army advanced, the fleet endeavored to keep pace with it, but met with resistance: our torpedo boats and hydroplanes attacked them and even compelled one of their ships to run ashore. The approach of the German fleet to Tukkum was stopped by the fire of our guns.

In this way the activity of the Russian Baltic fleet during the first twelve months of the war can only be described as more than satisfactory; in spite of the loss of the *Pallada*, *Yenesei*, two torpedo boats, and several auxiliary boats, for which the Germans paid with the loss of the *Magdeburg*, *Friedrich Karl*, *Albatross*, two line-of-battle ships, four or five torpedo boats, and a number of transports, our Baltic fleet has been strengthened by the addition of a group of dreadnoughts, which has greatly increased its fighting weight.

Note.—The dreadnoughts mentioned in the last paragraph are, apparently, three new dreadnoughts recently added to the group of four sister ships: *Sevastopol*, *Petropavlovsk*, *Gangut*, launched in 1911, displacing 23,000 tons, and carrying twelve 12-inch guns as their main armament. If this be so, then Russia has in the Baltic seven dreadnoughts, five predreadnoughts, nine cruisers, about seventy destroyers, and a dozen or more submarines.

The Pan-German Society

By Kurt Eisner

Below is a translation of a pamphlet describing the activities of the Pan-German extremists in Germany before and during the war which, for brutal and sensational frankness, scarcely has a parallel in the literature of the struggle. It appeared first as an article in the Social Democratic organ, *Neue Zeit*. Despite its ultra-jingoistic and warlike character, it has been reissued in its present form by the *Neues Vaterland* League, which is devoted, according to its prospectus, to the cause of promoting peaceful international competition and bringing about a political and economic understanding between civilized peoples.

FOR about ten years I have been busy at the hitherto entirely fruitless task of explaining the political importance of the association which works, under the name of the "Pan-German Society," for a greater Germany. Even today, in our partisan newspapers and also in those having a large circulation among the bourgeois class, the Pan-Germans are mentioned almost entirely in jeering fashion. They are "a mere handful," or "people who play absolutely no part in Germany's public life" or "fantastic, extremist dreamers of world power, hardly to be taken seriously!" That is the opinion concerning them, more or less.

The opposition element of former days in the bourgeoisie had a keener understanding of the tireless activity of the "small but mighty party," which was buried in 1848. German parliamentary life gives an erroneous impression by making people believe that the well-known personages mentioned daily on account of their oratorical activity are the men really at the head of Governmental affairs. That is as far from correct as the belief that our leading newspapers, the "world newspapers," portray the realities of German politics. Great events that burst upon us as sudden surprises do so only because the organs of public opinion have no interest in the circle wherein German policies are really shaped. As for foreign affairs, intimate participation in world problems began among us only at the moment when the world war created the most absolutely unfavorable state of mind for recognizing the relationships of international affairs.

Who wields the decisive influence on the trend of foreign politics in Germany? Who gives the life impulse to economic driving forces? Absolutely none other, for a quarter of a century, but the Pan-Germans. They have acquired a greater influence on the shaping of national policy than even the mightiest combination of interests among the great landowners and capitalists. In the course of years they have put through more measures than all the political parties and all the parliamentary subdivisions of Germany taken together. Always most uncompromisingly and unscrupulously in opposition to the Government, combated by semi-official elements, ignored by the great mass of newspapers, they have nevertheless succeeded, even if not in the fullest measure, in carrying out their projects. Though the Government has been always arrayed against the "unbridled policy" of the Pan-Germans, nevertheless the policy of those at its head has itself become constantly more and more Pan-German, because the Government has always submitted eventually to that which it first opposed, acting in agreement with the entire mass of public opinion played upon from Berlin by centralistic influences.

From the first projected naval program to the most recent law for defense, every single plan for preparedness has originated in Pan-German circles. They were the advance guards. Twice they pushed the Morocco question almost over the precipice to a world war. And eventually Sultan Abdel Aziz, whom I made in 1906 the hero of an article which unfortunately passed un-

perceived, became, after all, the "Sultan of the world war," in so far as Western European problems are responsible for the catastrophe.

When the Panther suddenly appeared off Agadir in the Summer of 1911 German public opinion was caught entirely unprepared. But anybody who had taken the trouble to follow the propaganda and publications of the Pan-German Society might have predicted months before that some day a world crisis would come as punctually as any of the issues of the weekly organ of the society, the Pan-German Gazette, (*All-deutsche Blätter*.) To readers of this paper the act of the Panther was as comprehensible as the arrival of their favorite sheet—they had been, so to speak, subscribers for six months to one as well as the other. And it may be remembered what a joyful outcry there was in the press, especially in provincial papers, over the "act of deliverance" of the Panther. What had previously been urged only by Pan-German sheets, from their hiding places, was now taken up by the great papers. They sought to make the incident lead to the uttermost extremes. In vain the semi-official ones tried to reassure themselves; for months the press agents of the Pan-German Society proved themselves the stronger. The publisher of the *Grenzboten*, Cleinow, a trusted ally of the Foreign Office, spoke in those days of the activities of a Krupp press agency. And when the responsible heads of the Government succeeded once again in calming the storm a renewed passionate agitation of the Pan-Germans began. Under the immediate pressure of the unwelcome German-French agreement General von Bernhardi wrote his fateful book, "Germany and the Next War."

The program of the Pan-German Society is simple and clear. The "nationalistic" Pan-German illusions are merely an idealistic by-product for the delectation of teachers and professors affiliated with the society. The real goal is the acquisition of colonies where Germans may settle, where German peasants may cultivate the soil; of colonies that may supply us with raw mate-

rial for our manufactures and use German products in exchange. That is the "sure market," the dream of the German export trade.

This colonial empire can be obtained, according to the view of the Pan-Germans, only by strengthening Germany's position as a power in Europe. For this universal military service must be introduced to the utmost limit, and there must be unhindered building of warships, for whose efficiency, in addition, the acquisition of coaling stations and naval bases is indispensable.

Lending their co-operation to this program of the Pan-German Society and its manifold ramifications and affiliated organizations are the Land Owners' League, the Central Industrial Society, and others, a portion of the capitalistic interests, especially ship owners, and finally—and herein lies the special nature of this society—its executive heads are former Generals and Admirals. Besides this, it has the co-operation of a staff of "intellectuals" whose activities extend everywhere. The latter, having acquired, mostly by foreign travel, certain kinds of knowledge and experience, are welcome to the press as experts whenever there is a controversy regarding any question of world politics; on such occasions the Pan-German propagandists bob up, as collaborators and information suppliers of the press, in huge numbers, like snails after a rainstorm, and public opinion is delivered over almost defenseless to them. The secret and the danger of their influence, however, lie in the fact that, whereas, public opinion is invariably swept forward irresistibly by the force of events, the Pan-Germans, by unflagging energy, have been preparing these very events for years.

When the world war broke out in the Summer of 1914, it came as a stunning blow to most Germans. Only a few days before persons who knew what was coming and sought to warn and prepare the rest were called crazy by "leaders" of public affairs. But to all who had been accustomed to find better sources of information in the modest Pan-German Gazette than were available in

the great newspapers of Frankfort and Cologne, the approach of the world tempest was no secret. Since the second Morocco crisis the "world war" had been the ever-recurring catchword in the Pan-German Society's organ, and the German world "concerns"—the popular word for "interests"—had been the dominant subject. From the early part of 1914 the leader of the pan-German propaganda, Dr. Ritter, who was dismissed shortly before the war, traveled about making speeches dealing with the world war, in which, following a well-known pattern, the splendors of war and the immorality of peace were presented, and the absolute necessity of war for the realization of German world ambitions was set forth.

Even in the first 1914 issue of the Pan-German Gazette there are these significant words apropos of a retrospect on the centenary celebrations of 1913: "Let us not forget what the leaders and directors of that time bore within themselves, what they preserved throughout their struggles, and let us also preserve clear will power, indomitable courage, and constant zeal in the service of our people."

In the issue of Jan. 10, 1914, the question was put: "Are we Chauvinists?" This was naturally answered in the negative. But Germany needs new territory. And as the English will not tolerate any expansion of the German Empire, this follows: "If they persist in this attitude, then the great German object is certainly not to be attained without war."

In the third issue of the paper for 1914, in a leading article entitled "Open Your Eyes," a violent attack was made on the Bavarian Minister of War, who had spoken, in agreement with von Hertling, President of the Council of Ministers, regarding the machinations of Pan-German militaristic fanatics. The Pan-German Gazette called this protest of the Minister of War a piece of interference in the affairs of the empire which was at variance with the spirit and wording of the imperial Constitution. It went on to say that the Pan-German fanatics had first called

attention to the weak spots in the German armor and were being opposed in consequence, but that, finally, a project for preparedness had been introduced "which was exactly in accordance with the wishes of the Pan-German militaristic fanatics." And the article closes proudly with the statement that when it came to the question of strengthening the army, those responsible for the sins of the past "should be particularly careful as to how they attacked the driving forces of our national life."

In the succeeding issues, in connection with expressions of sympathy for Colonel von Reuter, new warlike preparations are demanded with increasing vehemence. Attention is called to Russia's preparations and figures adduced to show that the forces of the Triple Alliance were weaker by 90,000 men than those of the Dual Alliance. In the fifth issue the policy of the Foreign Office was criticised in these bitterly scornful words: "Let us rather crawl into a mouse-hole than blunder from one failure to another."

On March 14 this warning was printed in italics:

We maintain, today more than ever, that Germany and Austria-Hungary, even with the most honorable desire for peace, cannot avoid war with their eastern and western neighbors, that a frightful, decisive struggle will be forced upon them. * * * Whoever willfully seeks to hide the fateful gravity of a future not far away because he fears the effect on the situation of the moment commits an unspeakable crime against the German Nation and becomes guilty of high

On April 4 the efforts of the German organizations seeking to promote an understanding between Germany and England were thus held up to scorn:

In this way a not unimportant part of our people * * * is deceived as to the seriousness of the situation and continually taken on walks through a political Utopia in the clouds. And if what has been approaching year by year, one may almost say month by month, becomes a reality, we shall have a nation as well fitted for emerging victoriously from days of trial as a lot of Berlin afternoon tea aesthetes for agricultural pursuits.

In the very next issue—April 11, 1914—one finds comments by General Freiherr von Gebtsattel (who at that time

exercised a very considerable influence in certain South German circles) concerning our foreign foes. Referring to the statement of a war-inspired writer that the German Nation had overcome with comparative ease the consequences even of the Thirty Years' War, but that it seemed doubtful whether it could live down those of forty or fifty years' peace, Gebtsattel said that the German people would not incur the "danger" of proving the correctness of this statement. He then pointed to the hatred of France and Russia and called our relation to England actually tragic:

Nowhere is there a valid excuse for genuine hostility with this nearest relation of ours. All we ask is that she shall not cross our path when we seek to acquire a colony which we can colonize with the overflow of our population. Should she come to an understanding with us on this point, then a solid and lasting friendship might arise which would not be imperiled necessarily by the competition of our growing manufacturing interests. Should we become allies we should rule the world. * * * On the other hand, should England go to war with us, then her position as a world power will be seriously jeopardized.

Concerning Belgium he wrote:

Belgium * * * begins to adopt a thoroughly unfriendly attitude toward us.

Concerning Austria:

Things will so turn out that Austria must use a strong army against the Balkan States, notably Serbia, (this was written before Serajevo!) in which case she will be able to cope with half the Russian Army. Thus Russia will always be able to use more numerous forces against Germany than the entire forces which the latter had available against France in 1870.

From all this it becomes apparent that, whenever the time comes—and it may come very soon—we must be in a position to bear the brunt of the onslaught of the enemy's masses.

In the middle of April there was a meeting of the heads of the Pan-German Society at Stuttgart, which the Gazette reported on April 25. In a preliminary meeting for purposes of welcome Professor Count du Moulin-Eckart of Munich said:

The fateful day draws near. And even if the twilight of the gods be upon us, let it come in furious battle rather than in lingering sickness!

Admiral z. d. Breusing of Berlin said concerning the foreign political situa-

tion, that the strained relations between Germany and England, which had reached their acutest stage in the Summer of 1911, had improved a bit not because the English felt more friendly toward us, and even less because German diplomacy had worked with good fortune and skill, "but only because the German fleet had become so strong that England respected it. The actual power represented by our fleet had accomplished what the inadequacy of diplomacy had failed to achieve. * * * But this does not mean that England is no longer our rival, or that she is no longer ready to participate with other nations in hostile machinations or undertakings against our Fatherland." He said also that Russia had taken England's place in the foremost hostile line against us, and added:

We have long been convinced that the unnatural state of affairs in Europe, the desire of our rivals to push us aside in every zone of the more important fields of world politics, must lead to war—that it is for us no longer a question of bending, but of breaking. We tax those at the helm in our country with leaving the initiative to our rival; we have coined for this the phrase that we have ceased being the subject of world politics and have become the object, simply the object.

We demand that a stop be put to this policy of hesitation and lack of decision. We wish to become the masters of our decisions and not have them forced upon us from abroad. (Then follows more against the policy that makes it possible to German capital, through international agreements, to work in the Portuguese colonies of Africa.) Not a penny of German money for such foreign territory! What we need are colonies of our own!

The remainder of the article points to the fact, no longer unknown, that at that very time certain agreements were made following our colonial policy, and it is particularly against this that Breusing writes as follows:

In its relations to all the basic questions of European and world politics, the understanding of England in Africa, and that of England, Russia, and France in Asiatic Turkey, are unimportant, and must not mislead us. Our fate is to be decided in Europe. That matters are approaching a decision here we know, and we do not allow ourselves to be deceived as to the necessity of this decision by negotiations with us, forced upon those making them, concerning territory outside of Europe.

After Major Gen. Klein had spoken of

the national defense situation and demanded an immediate new armament project, a resolution was adopted which stated:

The full Board of Directors of the Pan-German Society declares that the expected improvement in the political situation of Europe after the Balkan wars has not materialized, but that, on the contrary, this situation has been rendered more acute by the extraordinary preparations of France and Russia, by the anti-German attitude of the most influential circles in both of these neighboring States, and by unfriendly acts of their Governments. Those at the head of the society draw from the foregoing the conclusion that France and Russia are preparing a decisive war against Germany and Austria-Hungary, and that both intend to strike as soon as they find what they deem a favorable opportunity. The heads of the society are convinced, furthermore, that this struggle will settle the fate of the German people for a long time, perhaps forever, and that the fate of the rest of the Germanic peoples in Europe will be most closely wrapped up with it. Feeling assured of this, the Pan-German Society feels in duty bound to warn the German people to go forward toward this fateful hour with caution and determination.

All that was before the Serajevo murder. People also concerned themselves, of course, with the Austrian problems, but confined themselves mostly to critical remarks against the pro-Slavic policy of the Austrian Government. The "premature death" of Francis Ferdinand was called, to be sure, the "most important event since Bismarck's dismissal, perhaps even since the day of Versailles." But this crime was by no means important in the Pan-German agitation, especially as there seemed to be uncertainty as to the course that Austria would pursue. The necessity for a world war was looked upon from the start as a Western European question, having to do with the acquisition of colonies by Germany.

So there were attacks now against the faint-hearted in official posts. At the launching of the steamship *Bismarck*, the Kaiser closed his speech with Bismarck's words: "We Germans fear God and nothing else in the world." On this oc-

casione, the North German Public Gazette criticised statements in a speech by Admiral Breusing at Basle, observing that he appeared to have "evolved strategic theories for a future war between Germany and England." The Pan-German Gazette made the following sharp comment on this:

Semi-official people are a strange lot; apparently they have learned thoroughly how to fear and for that reason they deem it safer to tell foreign countries that the high-sounding closing words of the Kaiser's speech contained nothing to alarm those countries which are our political rivals.

Ever more vehement become the complaints against the Government's foreign policy. On July 11 the Pan-German organ averred that Germany could have achieved all she wished had she not backed down in the Morocco negotiations. It said:

For they knew on the Thames as well as on the Spree that they might wage war against the German Empire alone, with the possibility of annihilating the German fleet, and with it Germany's ambitions as a world power, but that they could not do it in alliance with France. And the French, in spite of all their fiery nature, are still capable of coming to the logical conclusion that they, the vanquished of 1870, may have the same thing happen to them again, and that it would be necessary for Germany to make good the damage done her by England's destruction of her fleet, closing of her ports, and seizure of her colonies, at the expense of France, and to do it in such a way and with such thoroughness that there could be no question of a speedy recovery on the part of France.

On July 4 there was a meeting of the Directors at Berlin, and the following report was made: "It has been acknowledged in all quarters that the situation of our nation has never been so fearfully serious, since the foundation of the empire, as it is just now." On Aug. 1, following the ultimatum to Serbia, the Pan-German Gazette rejoiced because Austria had pulled herself together and surprised the world by political measures "which were as cold-bloodedly and cleverly prepared as they were impressively and determinedly carried out."

The State of the Nation

By Woodrow Wilson

President of the United States

President Wilson's message to the joint houses of Congress was read by him Dec. 8, 1915; it was received with deep interest throughout this country and elicited much attention among all the countries of the world. The keynotes of the address were national defense, Pan-Americanism, loyalty, and a reaffirmation of the Monroe Doctrine. In the opening phrases referring to the European war he said:

WE have stood apart, studiously neutral. It was our manifest duty to do so. Not only did we have no part or interest in the policies which seem to have brought the conflict on; it was necessary, if a universal catastrophe was to be avoided, that a limit should be set to the sweep of destructive war and that some part of the great family of nations should keep the processes of peace alive, if only to prevent collective economic ruin and the breakdown throughout the world of the industries by which its populations are fed and sustained. It was manifestly the duty of the self-governed nations of this hemisphere to redress, if possible, the balance of economic loss and confusion in the other, if they could do nothing more. In the day of readjustment and recuperation we earnestly hope and believe that they can be of infinite service.

In this neutrality, to which they were bidden not only by their separate life and their habitual detachment from the politics of Europe, but also by a clear perception of international duty, the States of America have become conscious of a new and more vital community of interest and moral partnership in affairs, more clearly conscious of the many common sympathies and interests and duties which bid them stand together.

There was a time in the early days of our own great nation and of the republics fighting their way to independence

in Central and South America when the Government of the United States looked upon itself as in some sort the guardian of the republics to the south of her as against any encroachments or efforts at political control from the other side of the water; felt it its duty to play the part even without invitation from them; and I think that we can claim that the task was undertaken with a true and disinterested enthusiasm for the freedom of the Americas and the unmolested self-government of her independent peoples. But it was always difficult to maintain such a rôle without offense to the pride of the peoples whose freedom of action we sought to protect, and without provoking serious misconceptions of our motives, and every thoughtful man of affairs must welcome the altered circumstances of the new day in whose light we now stand, when there is no claim of guardianship or thought of wards, but instead full and honorable association as of partners between ourselves and our neighbors, in the interest of all America, North and South.

Our concern for the independence and prosperity of the States of Central and South America is not altered. We retain unabated the spirit that has inspired us throughout the whole life of our Government and which was so frankly put into words by President Monroe. We still mean always to make a common cause of national independence and of political liberty in America. But that purpose is now better understood so far as it concerns ourselves. It is known not to be a selfish purpose. It is known to have in it no thought of taking advantage of any Government in this hemisphere or playing its political fortunes for our own benefit. All the Governments of America stand, so far as we are concerned, upon a footing of genuine equality and unquestioned independence.

We have been put to the test in the

case of Mexico, and we have stood the test. Whether we have benefited Mexico by the course we have pursued remains to be seen. Her fortunes are in her own hands. But we have at least proved that we will not take advantage of her in her distress and undertake to impose upon her an order and Government of our own choosing. Liberty is often a fierce and intractable thing, to which no bounds can be set, and to which no bounds of a few men's choosing ought ever to be set. Every American who has drunk at the true fountains of principle and tradition must subscribe without reservation to the high doctrine of the Virginia Bill of Rights, which in the great days in which our Government was set up was everywhere among us accepted as the creed of free men.

That doctrine is, "That government is, or ought to be, instituted for the common benefit, protection, and security of the people, nation, or community"; that "of all the various modes and forms of government, that is the best which is capable of producing the greatest degree of happiness and safety, and is most effectually secured against the danger of maladministration; and that, when any government shall be found inadequate or contrary to these purposes, a majority of the community hath an indubitable, inalienable, and indefeasible right to reform, alter, or abolish it, in such manner as shall be judged most conducive to the public weal." We have unhesitatingly applied that heroic principle in the case of Mexico, and now hopefully await the rebirth of the troubled republic, which had so much of which to purge itself and so little sympathy from any outside quarter in the radical but necessary process. We will aid and befriend Mexico, but we will not coerce her, and our course with regard to her ought to be sufficient proof to all America that we seek no political suzerainty or selfish control.

The moral is, that the States of America are not hostile rivals, but co-operating friends, and that their growing sense of community of interest, alike in matters political and in matters economic, is likely to give them a

new significance as factors in international affairs and in the political history of the world. It presents them as in a very deep and true sense a unit in world affairs, spiritual partners, standing together because thinking together, quick with common sympathies and common ideals. Separated they are subject to all the cross currents of the confused policies of a world of hostile rivalries; united in spirit and purpose they cannot be disappointed of their peaceful destiny.

This is Pan-Americanism. It has none of the spirit of empire in it. It is the embodiment, the effectual embodiment, of the spirit of law and independence and liberty and mutual service.

NATIONAL DEFENSE

In discussing the question of national defense he said:

No one who really comprehends the spirit of the great people for whom we are appointed to speak can fail to perceive that their passion is for peace, their genius best displayed in the practice of the arts of peace. Great democracies are not belligerent. They do not seek or desire war. Their thought is of individual liberty and of the free labor that supports life and the uncensored thought that quickens it. Conquest and dominion are not in our reckoning, or agreeable to our principles. But just because we demand unmolested development and the undisturbed government of our own lives upon our own principles of right and liberty, we resent, from whatever quarter it may come, the aggression we ourselves will not practice.

We insist upon security in prosecuting our self-chosen lines of national development. We do more than that. We demand it also for others. We do not confine our enthusiasm for individual liberty and free national development to the incidents and movements of affairs which affect only ourselves. We feel it wherever there is a people that tries to walk in these difficult paths of independence and right. From the first we have made common cause with all partisans of liberty on this side the sea,

and have deemed it as important that our neighbors should be free from all outside domination as that we ourselves should be; have set America aside as a whole for the uses of independent nations and political freemen.

Out of such thoughts grow all our policies. We regard war merely as asserting the rights of a people against aggression. And we are as fiercely jealous of coercive or dictatorial power within our own nation as of aggression from without. We will not maintain a standing army except for uses which are as necessary in times of peace as in times of war; and we shall always see to it that our military peace establishment is no larger than is actually and continuously needed for the uses of days in which no enemies move against us. But we do believe in a body of free citizens ready and sufficient to take care of themselves and of the Governments which they have set up to serve them. In our Constitutions themselves we have commanded that "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed," and our confidence has been that our safety in times of danger would lie in the rising of the nation to take care of itself, as the farmers rose at Lexington.

But war has never been a mere matter of men and guns. It is a thing of disciplined might. If our citizens are ever to fight effectively upon a sudden summons, they must know how modern fighting is done, and what to do when the summons comes to render themselves immediately available and immediately effective. And the Government must be their servant in this matter, must supply them with the training they need to take care of themselves and of it. The military arm of their Government, which they will not allow to direct them, they may properly use to serve them and make their independence secure—and not their own independence merely, but the rights also of those with whom they have made common cause, should they also be put in jeopardy. They must be fitted to play the great rôle in the world, and particularly in this hemisphere, for which they

are qualified by principle and by chastened ambition to play.

[He then detailed his suggestions respecting the increase in the army and navy, recommending an increase in the army to 7,136 officers and 141,843 men, supplemented by a citizens' reserve force of 400,000 men to be enlisted 133,000 a year, with two months in training camp each year. His recommendation respecting the increase in the navy covers the period to 1921, so that the full program would comprise 27 battleships, 6 battle cruisers, 25 second-line battleships, ten armored cruisers, 13 scout cruisers, 5 first-class cruisers, 3 second-class, 10 third-class, 108 destroyers, 18 fleet submarines, 157 coast submarines, 6 monitors, 20 gunboats, 4 supply ships, 15 fuel ships, 4 transports, 3 torpedo tenders, 8 special vessels, and 2 ammunition ships.]

THE SHIPPING BILL

He next discussed the proposed shipping bill, saying:

It is necessary for many weighty reasons of national efficiency and development that we should have a great merchant marine. The great merchant fleet we once used to make us rich, that great body of sturdy sailors who used to carry our flag into every sea, and who were the pride and often the bulwark of the nation, we have almost driven out of existence by inexcusable neglect and indifference and by a hopelessly blind and provincial policy of so-called economic protection. It is high time we repaired our mistake and resumed our commercial independence on the seas.

For it is a question of independence. If other nations go to war or seek to hamper each other's commerce, our merchants, it seems, are at their mercy, to do with as they please. We must use their ships, and use them as they determine. We have not ships enough of our own. We cannot handle our own commerce on the seas. Our independence is provincial, and is only on land and within our own borders. We are not likely to be permitted to use even the ships of other nations in rivalry of their own trade, and are without means to extend our commerce even where the

doors are wide open and our goods desired. Such a situation is not to be endured. It is of capital importance not only that the United States should be its own carrier on the seas and enjoy the economic independence which only an adequate merchant marine would give it, but also that the American hemisphere as a whole should enjoy a like independence and self-sufficiency, if it is not to be drawn into the tangle of European affairs. Without such independence the whole question of our political unity and self-determination is very seriously clouded and complicated indeed.

Moreover, we can develop no true or effective American policy without ships of our own—not ships of war, but ships of peace, carrying goods and carrying much more; creating friendships and rendering indispensable services to all interests on this side the water. They must move constantly back and forth between the Americas. They are the only shuttles that can weave the delicate fabric of sympathy, comprehension, confidence, and mutual dependence in which we wish to clothe our policy of America for Americans.

The task of building up an adequate merchant marine for America private capital must ultimately undertake and achieve, as it has undertaken and achieved every other like task among us in the past, with admirable enterprise, intelligence, and vigor; and it seems to me a manifest dictate of wisdom that we should promptly remove every legal obstacle that may stand in the way of this much-to-be-desired revival of our old independence and should facilitate in every possible way the building, purchase, and American registration of ships. But capital cannot accomplish this great task of a sudden. It must embark upon it by degrees, as the opportunities of trade develop.

Something must be done at once; done to open routes and develop opportunities where they are as yet undeveloped; done to open the arteries of trade where the currents have not yet learned to run—especially between the two American continents, where they are, singularly

enough, yet to be created and quickened; and it is evident that only the Government can undertake such beginnings and assume the initial financial risks. When the risk has passed and private capital begins to find its way in sufficient abundance into these new channels, the Government may withdraw. But it cannot omit to begin. It should take the first steps, and should take them at once. Our goods must not lie piled up at our ports and stored upon side tracks in freight cars which are daily needed on the roads; must not be left without means of transport to any foreign quarter. We must not await the permission of foreign ship-owners and foreign Governments to send them where we will.

[He strongly urged the passage of reform measures to give larger measure of independence to the Philippines and Porto Rico and then discussed at length the measures necessary to be taken to meet the proposed increased expenditures for army and navy. He opposes a bond issue and recommends that the present war taxes be continued, a tax on pig iron and fabricated iron, a tax on bank checks, gasoline, and motors.]

LOYALTY AND STALWART AMERICANISM

He explained that in recommending an increase in the military forces he had in mind—

no thought of any immediate or particular danger arising out of our relations with other nations. We are at peace with all the nations of the world, and there is reason to hope that no question in controversy between this and other Governments will lead to any serious breach of amicable relations, grave as some differences of attitude and policy have been and may yet turn out to be.

I am sorry to say that the gravest threats against our national peace and safety have been uttered within our own borders. There are citizens of the United States, I blush to admit, born under other flags, but welcomed under our generous naturalization laws to the full freedom and opportunity of America, who have poured the poison of disloyalty into the very arteries of our na-

tional life; who have sought to bring the authority and good name of our Government into contempt, to destroy our industries wherever they thought it effective for their vindictive purposes to strike at them, and to debase our politics to the uses of foreign intrigue. Their number is not great as compared with the whole number of those sturdy hosts by which our nation has been enriched in recent generations out of virile foreign stocks; but it is great enough to have brought deep disgrace upon us and to have made it necessary that we should promptly make use of processes of law by which we may be purged of their corrupt distempers.

America never witnessed anything like this before. It never dreamed it possible that men sworn into its own citizenship, men drawn out of great free stocks such as supplied some of the best and strongest elements of that little, but how heroic, nation that in a high day of old staked its very life to free itself from every entanglement that had darkened the fortunes of the older nations and set up a new standard here—that men of such origins and such free choices of allegiance would ever turn in malign reaction against the Government and people who had welcomed and nurtured them and seek to make this proud country once more a hotbed of European passion. A little while ago such a thing would have seemed incredible. Because it was incredible we made no preparation for it. We would have been almost ashamed to prepare for it, as if we were suspicious of ourselves, our own comrades and neighbors! But the ugly and incredible thing has actually come about and we are without adequate Federal laws to deal with it.

I urge you to enact such laws at the earliest possible moment and feel that in doing so I am urging you to do nothing less than save the honor and self-respect of the nation. Such creatures of passion, disloyalty, and anarchy must be crushed out. They are not many, but they are infinitely malignant, and the hand of our power should close over them at once. They

have formed plots to destroy property, they have entered into conspiracies against the neutrality of the Government, they have sought to pry into every confidential transaction of the Government in order to serve interests alien to our own. It is possible to deal with these things very effectually. I need not suggest the terms in which they may be dealt with.

I wish that it could be said that only a few men, misled by mistaken sentiments of allegiance to the Governments under which they were born, had been guilty of disturbing the self-possession and misrepresenting the temper and principles of the country during these days of terrible war, when it would seem that every man who was truly an American would instinctively make it his duty and his pride to keep the scales of judgment even and prove himself a partisan of no nation but his own. But it cannot. There are some men among us, and many resident abroad who, though born and bred in the United States and calling themselves Americans, have so forgotten themselves and their honor as citizens as to put their passionate sympathy with one or the other side in the great European conflict above their regard for the peace and dignity of the United States. They also preach and practice disloyalty. No laws, I suppose, can reach corruptions of the mind and heart; but I should not speak of others without also speaking of these and expressing the even deeper humiliation and scorn which every self-possessed and thoughtfully patriotic American must feel when he thinks of them and of the discredit they are daily bringing upon us.

He concludes his message with an appeal for measures to mobilize the industries and resources of the country. He discourages further regulatory railway legislation, but suggested a Commission of Inquiry to ascertain— whether there is anything else we can do that would supply us with the effective means, in the very process of regulation, for bettering the conditions under which the railroads are operated and for making them more useful servants of the coun-

try as a whole. It seems to me that it might be the part of wisdom, therefore, before further legislation in this field is attempted, to look at the whole problem of co-ordination and efficiency in the full light of a fresh assessment of circumstance and opinion, as a guide to dealing with the several parts of it.

For what we are seeking now, what in my mind is the single thought of this message, is national efficiency and se-

curity. We serve a great nation. We should serve it in the spirit of its peculiar genius. It is the genius of common men for self-government, industry, justice, liberty, and peace. We should see to it that it lacks no instrument, no facility or vigor of law, to make it sufficient to play its part with energy, safety, and assured success. In this we are not partisans, but heralds and prophets of a new age.

Criticism of the President's Message

By Theodore Roosevelt

Ex-President of the United States

Former President Roosevelt, on the same day the President's message was published, gave out the following statement to the press:

Oyster Bay, Dec. 7, 1915.

AT the outset President Wilson, speaking of the war, says: "We have stood apart, studiously neutral. It was our manifest duty to do so. Further on he says: "We insist upon security in prosecuting our self-chosen lines of national development. We do more than that. We demand it also for others." Later he says: "We regard war as a means of asserting the rights of a people against aggression," and continues: "We are fiercely jealous * * * of aggression from without."

What does Mr. Wilson mean when in one line he says that we have "stood apart, studiously neutral," because "it was our manifest duty to do so," and a couple of paragraphs later says that "we demand security in prosecuting our self-chosen lines of national development for others?" He can take either of the two positions, but he cannot take both. Did or did not Mr. Wilson "demand security" for Belgium to "prosecute its self-chosen lines of national development?" He knows he did not. Then what does he mean by saying that "we demand this security also for others?" Again, he says that he regards war as a means of asserting the rights of a people against aggression,"

and yet he says that it was our duty to remain studiously neutral when Belgium asserted the rights of her people by war against the aggression of Germany.

How does he reconcile these two statements? He cannot do so. He is using words to cover a policy of dishonorable inaction. Again, he says that we are "fiercely jealous of aggression from without." How did he show his "fierce jealousy" as regards the aggressions on the Lusitania and Ancona, which resulted in the loss of several scores and the jeopardy of hundreds of American lives?

How has he shown his "fierce jealousy" as regards the sixty or seventy soldiers wearing the American uniform, not to speak of the women and children and civilians, killed or wounded on American soil by Mexican bullets? One symptom of his "fierce jealousy" to prevent "aggression from without" was the issuing of an order that our men should not fire back when fired upon. Does Mr. Wilson regard that order as "fierce jealousy"? It does not strike any other human being as such.

Three years ago Mr. Wilson said he believed in the policy of "pitiless publicity." We have never had as secretive an Administration. The exact numbers of the soldiers of the United States Army who have been killed or wounded by Mexicans cannot be told, because Mr. Wilson won't permit the figures to be made

public. Neither is it possible to ascertain the exact numbers of the American men, women, and children who have been killed or outraged in person or property in Mexico, because Mr. Wilson for three years has hindered all publicity, pitiless or pitiful, about these outrages in Mexico. Mr. Wilson's elocution and Mr. Wilson's action are in flat contradiction. His elocution is that of a Byzantine logothete—and Byzantine logothetes were not men of action.

President Wilson says that we have been put to the test in the case of Mexico and have "stood the test," and that we have supplied a "heroic principle to the case of Mexico." Of all possible adjectives that could be found in the English language by the most minute search on the part of the most subtle dialectician it would not be possible to find one more inappropriate to the Administration's course in Mexico than the adjective "heroic." Nearly three years ago Mr. Wilson refused to recognize Huerta on the ground that we were never to recognize a Government founded on violence. He then tentatively supported Villa, who represented the embodiment of violence; it being meanwhile asserted on behalf of the Administration that under no circumstances would we deal with Carranza, whose Government likewise was founded on violence.

The President has now eaten his words and recognized Carranza, and through his private secretary he has issued a defense of and apology for the outrages committed by the Carranzistas and by the other bandits of the other factions in Mexico, outrages as infamous as ever were committed by savages anywhere under the sun.

Mr. Wilson refused to employ the power of the United States to protect the lives of American men and the honor of American women or to save those wearing the United States uniform from death or from insult. He took no steps to save Mexican and foreign women, including nuns, married women, and unmarried women, when they were subjected to outrages and infamies which make the white slave traffic seem trivial by comparison. But he now uses the

power of the United States to help one set of the bandits responsible for these infamies against another set. This is Mr. Wilson's definition of "heroic" conduct. It is his conception of "standing the test." Such definitions and conceptions are interesting only from the standpoint of adroit dialectics.

In his present message President Wilson advocates as necessary certain propositions for putting this country in a state of preparedness to defend itself against foreign aggression. In his message one year ago he said such propositions were hysterical and improper. I am glad that he has changed his mind, but I am sorry that he has not taken the trouble to study the subject so as to make his proposals reasonably adequate to the country's need. His proposed enlargement of the regular army is utterly inadequate. With certain of his statements it is almost impossible to deal, simply because it seems incredible that their apparent and obvious meaning can be their real meaning.

For example, he says: "We will not maintain a standing army except for uses which are necessary in time of peace as in time of war; and we shall always see to it that our military peace establishment is no larger than is actually and continually needed for the uses of days in which no enemies move against us." What this means I have no idea, and I am certain that no one else has any idea, including the President himself. What "necessary use" have our forts and our coast guns "in time of peace"? How is our field artillery "continuously needed for the uses of days in which no enemies move against us"? I ask these questions seriously. I defy any man to give me a serious answer which shall not show that the statements are absurdities.

The proposed "continental" army cannot produce good results. It is a proposal that a few of the young men of the country shall for two months every year abandon their work and in the interest of the common defense train themselves to defend their successful business rivals who decline to abandon their work in the interest of the common defense. The

that it is possible to deal with the disloyalty, murderous anarchy, and conspiracies of which he speaks "very effectually"; but he adds that he "need not suggest the terms in which they may be dealt with."

The duty of a leader is to lead. If President Wilson has not adequate power, he should tell us exactly what he wishes in order to get the adequate power. He should demand that the National Legislature give him the power. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Wilson is himself responsible for most of the conditions of which he complains.

He has met a policy of blood and iron with a policy of milk and water. Indecision, and the treatment of conversation as a substitute for action, and, above all, the making of threats which

are not carried into effect, put a premium upon exactly the form of anarchy and conspiracy of which the President complains. Nine-tenths of wisdom consists in being wise in time.

The President now wails to Congress that he is unable to control anarchy and would like them to supply what is lacking by passing laws the nature of which he does not indicate. There would be no need for this wail if ten months ago, when he wrote his note to Germany, stating that he would hold her to "strict accountability" for outrages against us, he had meant what he said, and had made it evident that he meant what he said. Such action would not provoke war. It would prevent the cumulative outrages which lay the foundation for war.

The Army Surgeon

By SYDNEY DOBELL

Over that breathing waste of friends and foes,
The wounded and the dying, hour by hour—
In will a thousand, yet but one in power—
He labors thro' the red and groaning day.
The fearful moorland where the myriads lay
Moved as a moving field of mangled worms.
And as a raw brood, orphaned in the storms,
Thrust up their heads if the wind bend a spray
Above them, but when the bare branch performs
No sweet parental office, sink away
With hopeless chirp of woe, so as he goes
Around his feet in clamorous agony
They rise and fall; and all the seething plain
Bubbles a caldron vast of many-colored pain.

1855.



Denmark's Preparedness

By Agnes Slott-Moeller

After the Danish Women's Society for Defense had chosen Mrs. Agnes Slott-Moeller as Chairman, the aim of the organization was outlined by Mrs. Moeller in an address which the *Nationaltidende* of Copenhagen publishes, a translation of which appears below.

SINCE you have honored me by electing me President of the Danish Women's Society for Defense I crave your permission to outline what I believe is the task that we are to discharge in common.

It seems to me that the women of Denmark are to be complimented for early realizing that the defense of the country is something that concerns them particularly, and that they have volunteered to agitate the matter both in their homes and at the polls.

Women actually play the most important part in this issue, and it is for them to work for the changed point of view. For thirty years the population in its inner politics has stood confronted by what is one of the chief elements in its economic existence, namely, the relationship between nationality and defense. It was not merely an accident that the consequential controversies of the eighties and the nineties were military questions, for Danish nationalism was at stake. The political storm shook the very foundation of Denmark so that the people hardly knew how to find their way home.

But now the time has come for getting home once more, and our voluntary corps will aid them striking the right path to their own home, the home that for so long has been without proper care taking and where the door has stood wide open so that thief and highwayman could come and go unhindered.

And you must not only assume charge of the premises once more, but do it with a new conscience and in anticipation that we will aid you. An entirely new mental viewpoint must chase away the old ghost that used to stand ready with its

"what's the use?" That is the nightmare that takes the guise of all manner of apprehensions as regards the impossibility of any kind of preparedness. This idea has weighed heavily on the mind of the Danish people, decade after decade.

We must renew our thoughts so that we can again feel the power of doing. All depends upon the source at the fountain head, and where this source is pure and sparkling the effect becomes what the world terms wonderful.

I shall tell you of words that once upon a time in the history of the world, through the mind of woman, raised the spirit of an entire people. The words are said to be of the time of the Middle Ages in France, supposedly of the period of Charles VII. When we look at the portrait of this King we are not so sure that it originated with him. On the other hand, there is reason to believe that the words were those of the Maid of Orléans when she brought him assistance. "A vaillans coeurs riens impossible!" ("To brave hearts nothing is impossible!")

Those words I have had engraved on this bracelet, for when I am reminded of this I get courage to do what is difficult.

I believe there is use for those words at this moment and in many places, and I hope you will also make it your watchword when you go out to do the work that is woman's portion in that great task which is to raise the standard that means not only the will to prepare and defend, but an entirely new spirit among our people.

"To brave hearts nothing is impossible!"

Winston Spencer Churchill

A Character Sketch

"Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre; ne sais quand reviendra!"

SUPPOSING Kermit should go into politics, and then, after three years, should not only slide from the antlered monarch of the waste (or the elephant) to the back of the donkey, but should further slide toward the donkey's socialistic tail and begin to whoop—we should have a very fair parallel to the political send-off of Winston Spencer Churchill. For, above all things, he is the son of his father. That father was Lord Randolph Churchill, son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough; a little man with a huge, curling moustache, that used to bristle across the floor of the House of Commons with the fiery vivacity of the antennae of a cockroach, to borrow from Sienkewicz the description of his fire-eating hero, who in so many things resembled "Randy"—as the Commons used to call Lord Randolph.

But to outline the parallel with Kermit's parent: Lord Randolph rose, by virtue of a genius for demagogic politics, aided by a vitriolic tongue—here the parallel weakens—to the leadership of the great Conservative Party. He created a new party, the "Tory Democracy," which was to borrow all the social reform of the Liberals, while keeping a fine nucleus of working Torydom, and, having done these things, he "dished" himself politically by trying to rip his former political friends—beginning with the more than portly Salisbury—up the back. Having dished himself, he traveled in Africa, shot big game, and wrote a book. Surely the likeness is close enough. Finally, he was gathered to his fathers—seven generations of Dukes—leaving to his son, Winston, a highly explosive temperament, a gift for mob oratory, and a fine journalistic touch in foreign correspondence.

Winston Churchill's Christian name goes back at least to that fine country

gentleman, Sir Winston Churchill, father of the irresistible Arabella, who was one of the few women in history to be the mother of three Dukes; father also of the adroit, pugnacious, greatly gifted, not greatly scrupulous John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, and victor at Blenheim, Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, in five years' fighting, much of which was on Belgian soil. There was also a brother who was an Admiral; so that Winston of today naturally oscillates between the army and the navy.

Winston Churchill is still incredibly young in spirit, though he was born forty-one years ago. In one sense, he was "the boy who never grew up." From the great public school at Harrow-on-the-Hill he went to Sandhurst, where they hatch young officers for the line regiments, got his commission in the Fourth Hussars, when he was twenty-one, and shortly thereafter went to Cuba to observe the workings of the Spanish Army. Then he did a turn in India, in the Thirty-first Punjab Infantry and served in the Malakand field force. Like his esteemed parent, he ran to newspaper correspondence; and, while he was in the Boer war, it was as a journalist rather than a soldier. In South Africa he was captured by the Boers, on Nov. 15, 1899, escaping twenty-seven days later from the Boer detention camp. Of course that meant another book.

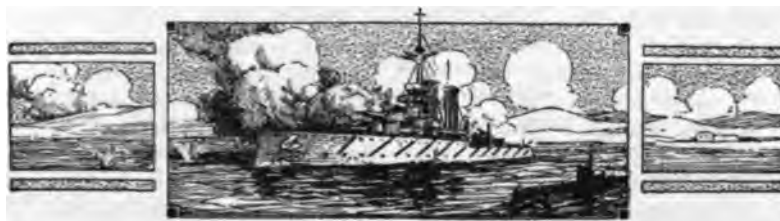
After the war, our Winston came home and went into politics, beginning, as has been foreshadowed, on the Conservative side, as M. P. for Oldham, to which seat he was elected in October, 1900. Three years later, Chamberlain sprung his great tariff reform scheme upon the country, thereby wrecking the Conservative Party, as, in older days, he had wrecked the Liberal Party of Gladstone and the Irish Party of Parnell. Winston Churchill, somewhat like the Vicar of Bray in the ballad, discovered that he

did not like to be on the unpopular side, and crossed the floor of the House of Commons from the Conservative to the Liberals benches—the same journey that Gladstone had made, long before he was the Grand Old Man, when he was still the “rising hope of the Tories.” Perhaps Winston Churchill, inspired by Gladstone’s example, looked forward hopefully to a day when he, too, would be Prime Minister of England.

He made splendid running at the start. With all his parent’s eloquence, and with far less of “Randy’s” vitriol, he charged the enemy, in the person of Joseph Chamberlain, with such good effect that, returned as a Liberal by Manchester in the general election of 1906, he was speedily made Under Secretary for the Colonies. At once he became conspicuous as a Parliamentary orator of the first water; and, shortly after, promoted to Cabinet rank, as President of the Board of Trade, he might well begin to look for the ultimate honor. Whatever he did was picturesque. And what he did was, chiefly, to sing second to Lloyd George’s socialistic schemes, which were carried forward amid much vituperation of Dukes, by this descendant of seven of them. It would not be unfair to say that, to these two men, Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, was due the tinge of

French Revolution feeling which coursed through the veins of working-class England, and which has had some rather unpleasant recrudescences since the war began. It is only just that Lloyd George should be called on, having sown the wind, to meet the consequent gale. As Home Secretary in 1910, and as First Lord of the Admiralty in 1913, Churchill was still in line for the Premiership. Then, a few months later, came the war; then the unhappy fate of Antwerp and the Dardanelles adventure, bringing the quarrel with Lord Fisher, the real brains of the navy. Mr. Asquith was forced to rebuild his Cabinet, and did this, giving Winston Churchill a thinking part in that magnificent sinecure, the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancashire. Mr. Balfour, the Conservative ex-Premier, got Winston Churchill’s former job at the Admiralty, while Winston’s great rival for future Liberal honors won golden opinions as the new Minister of Munitions. Churchill stood it—for a few weeks. Then he resigned, went back to his earliest trade of soldiering, and gallantly started for the front, being abundantly endowed with that fine personal courage which all the Churchills possess. There, close to his greatest ancestor’s battlefields of Ramillies and Oudenarde, he has yet one more chance to cover himself with glory.

[On the next page begins the speech delivered by Mr. Churchill before Parliament on Nov. 15, 1915, in which he defends his conduct of the naval war.]



Britain's Sea War

By Winston Spencer Churchill

Late First Lord of the British Admiralty

Winston Spencer Churchill, who has been the most severely criticised member of the Government and has been held personally responsible for the loss of Rear Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock's fleet in the Pacific, the destruction by submarines of the British cruisers Cressy, Hoguet, and Aboukir; the sending of the naval brigade to Antwerp and the beginning of the naval attack on the Dardanelles without military support, made a speech in his own defense in the House of Commons on Nov. 15, 1915, following his resignation of his post in the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in order that he might go to the front. The text of Mr. Churchill's speech appears below.

MR. SPEAKER: My letter to the Prime Minister gives fully and truthfully the reasons which have led me to ask for release from his Majesty's Government, and I do not need to add anything, as far as I am concerned, to it this afternoon. But I think it important to point out that these reasons do not apply to any other member of the Cabinet. No other Minister who does not hold a laborious office and is not on the War Council has been so closely connected as I have with the conduct of the war in its first ten months. Secondly, I alone have open to me an alternative form of service to which no exception can be taken, and with which I am perfectly content. Neither does the fact that I do not take my place on the front Opposition bench imply any criticism of those who do. In truth, I earnestly hope that the right honorable and learned member for Dublin University may find it possible to be constantly in attendance in the House. It is in the high public interest that some one with complete secret information of the whole position as it is today, and some one sincerely devoted to the public cause and altogether independent of the Government, should be available. That bench (the front Opposition bench) is the right honorable gentleman's war station, and I hope he will continue to occupy it for the good of the House, for the good of the country, and for the good of the Government. I have had great doubts as to whether I should trouble the House at all this afternoon, but I felt that I ought not to leave this country without dealing

to some extent, and as far as the public interests will permit, with certain episodes and incidents in Admiralty war direction which occurred during my tenure of office. These have been the subject of much comment in the country, and I have lain under serious reproach in regard to them. The incidents are, first, the destruction of Admiral von Spee's squadron in the series of operations which included the actions of Coronel and the Falkland Islands; secondly, the loss of the three Bacchante cruisers; thirdly, the attempt to relieve Antwerp, and, fourthly, the initiation of the naval attack on the Dardanelles.

With the first two points I can deal very shortly. It is for the First Lord of the Admiralty to decide when the story of Coronel and the Falkland Islands should be told. I see no reason why it should not be told now. More than a year has passed. The seas have been swept clear of the enemy's flag for more than six months; the entire naval situation has altered, and I cannot conceive of any military or naval reason which should prevent the story being told. If it were thought undesirable to lay papers containing paraphrases of the authentic telegrams I would suggest to my right honorable friend, (Mr. Balfour,) that a full account should be prepared from the authentic documents by some good naval writer—such as Julian Corbett, or some one like that—with the Admiralty's authority. It would then be shown that the political head of the Admiralty was in full agreement with his expert advisers—then Prince Louis of Battenberg and

Admiral Sturdee—it would be shown that the Admiralty dispositions were sound, and probably the best that could have been made in all the circumstances, and I think this could be proved without detracting from the gallant devotion of Admiral Cradock. It would also tell a fine story of blue-water operations of which owing to our preparedness and strength we have had only too few in the course of the present war.

All my directions and comments have been made in writing, and all my business at the Admiralty was conducted in writing, and my right honorable friend has my full authority to publish or quote any minute of mine on this subject which may be considered relevant or of interest. More than that I cannot say. It would be impossible to give any idea of these operations without maps and charts and an intrusion on the time of the House which I certainly could not think of making. I leave the matter entirely in the hands of my right honorable friend.

With regard to the three Bacchante cruisers I must be more definite. The charge has been made publicly and repeatedly that I overruled the naval authorities in keeping these cruisers out against their advice and that the disaster was due personally to me. That charge is not true. I take general responsibility for everything that was done or not done; but it is not that invidious responsibility which falls upon a Minister who incompetently overrules his professional advisers. It is for the First Lord to determine what should or should not be published.

So far as I am concerned, I make no objection to everything being published, but I do not press for it, as the papers might do injury to officers who are serving and to others. I do not see that I can do more than that. Let it be fairly understood that I am not the cause of any withholding of papers from publication. It is not in my interest that they are withheld, though on the other hand I do not in the least wish to press for any publication which the naval authorities consider—I will not say against the public interest—but not convenient to the

smooth and orderly working of Admiralty administration.

I come now to Antwerp. Here, again, I hope to be brief. The project of sending a relieving army to the aid of Antwerp did not originate with me. It originated with Lord Kitchener and the French Government. I was not concerned or consulted in the arrangements until they had advance a long way; and until large bodies of troops were actually moving or under orders to move.

On the night of Oct. 2 at midnight I was summoned to a conference at Lord Kitchener's house, where my right honorable friend the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the First Sea Lord, and others were present. I then learned, what to some extent I knew from the telegrams—first, that plans for sending a relieving army to the aid of Antwerp were already far advanced and were being concerted between Lord Kitchener and the French Government, that they had not yet reached a point where definite offers and promises could be made to the Belgian Government, and that, meanwhile, that afternoon the Belgian Government had telegraphed its decision to evacuate the city with the field army and to withdraw from the fort and practically to abandon the defense.

We were all extremely distressed at this; it seemed that at the moment when aid was available everything was going to be thrown away for the sake of three or four days' continued resistance. In these circumstances I offered—and I do not regret it a bit—to proceed to Antwerp at once, to tell the Belgian Government what was being done, to ascertain the situation on the spot, and to see in what way the defense could be prolonged until a relieving force could be established. My colleagues accepted this offer on my part, and I crossed the Channel at once.

The next day, having consulted with the Belgian Government and with the British Staff officers who were at Antwerp watching the progress of the operation, I made a telegraphic proposal. I had to be extremely careful not to say anything on behalf of the British Government which would encourage the Bel-

gians to resistance in the hopes of getting help we could not afterward make good. The proposal which I made may be briefly stated. It is all set out in the telegrams, and some day will be made public. It is as follows: The Belgians were to continue the resistance to the utmost limit of their power. The British and French Governments were to say within three days definitely whether they could send a relieving force or not, and what the dimensions of that force would be. In the event of their not being able to send a relieving force the British Government were to send in any case to Ghent and other points on the line of retreat British troops sufficient to insure the safe retirement of the Belgian field army, so that the Belgian field army would not be compromised through continuing the resistance on the Antwerp fortress line. Incidentally, we were to aid and encourage the defense of Antwerp by the sending of naval guns, naval brigades, and any other minor measures likely to enable the defenders to hold out the necessary number of days. This proposal I made subject to confirmation on both sides. Nothing was settled until both Governments accepted. The proposal was accepted by both Governments. I was informed by telegraph that a relieving army would be sent, its dimensions and composition were sent to me for communication to the Belgians, and I was told to do everything possible to maintain the defense meanwhile. This I did without regard to consequences in any direction.

I am not going to describe the military events which are well known; but I think it is a great mistake to regard Lord Kitchener's effort to relieve Antwerp—in which I played a subsidiary though important part—as an event which led only to misfortune.

I believe that military history will hold that the consequences conducted extremely to the advantage of the Allies in the west. The great battle which began on the Aisne was spreading day by day more and more toward the sea. Sir John French's army was coming into line and beginning the operations of the battle of Armentières, which developed into the

great battle of Ypres, and everything was in flux.

The prolongation of the resistance of Antwerp, even by only two or three days, detained great German forces in the vicinity of the fortress. The sudden and audacious arrival of a fresh British division and a British cavalry division at Ghent and elsewhere baffled the cautious German staff and led it to apprehend that a large army was arriving from the sea. At any rate, their advance proceeded in a halting manner, although opposed by weak forces, and I believe it will be demonstrated in history—certainly it is the opinion of many highly competent military officers at the present time—that the whole of this enterprise, the moving of those British troops and the French troops who were in association with them, though it did not save Antwerp, had the effect of causing the great battle to be fought on the line of the Yser instead of twenty or thirty miles further south. If that is so, the losses which were incurred by our naval division, luckily not very heavy in life, will certainly have been well expended in the general interest.

Of course, it is true that these operations were begun too late; but that is not my fault. On Sept. 6, nearly a month before, I drew the attention of the Prime Minister, the Secretary of State for War, and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to the dangerous situation which was developing at Antwerp and to the grave consequences to Admiralty interests which would be entailed in the loss of that fortress. I suggested that a territorial division should be sent to stimulate the defense, and made proposals of which I will say that the difficulty of adopting them was certainly not less than the need to adopt them. No action was taken upon that, and the situation of Oct. 2 supervened as I have described.

That is all I wish to say on this point except in regard to the naval brigades. The decision to send the naval brigades was actually taken over here by the Government at my desire. I had no authority from Antwerp, where I was. But the quality of these brigades was known only to me. If there is any blame for putting

troops of that character into a business of that kind that blame falls on me, and on me alone. Let us see whether there was any blame. The situation was desperate, the need bitter. I knew Lord Kitchener would not send a territorial division. I knew it would be wrong to lock up a regular division in mere fortress lines. Those were the only men who were available. They were the nearest. They were at Deal, and had only a few hours' march into Dover, where transports were lying. They were the only men who could get there in time.

It is quite true that the naval division was only made up of what the navy could spare and leave behind after the mobilization took place. They had good non-commissioned officers and a sprinkling of trained professional officers, and they had rifles and plenty of ammunition. They had been together for a couple of months or six weeks. They had acquitted themselves elsewhere on terms which would do no discredit to the finest troops of the regular army. They were undoubtedly unfit to manoeuvre in the field, but that was not what they were for. They were to go into the trenches alongside exhausted Belgian troops and town-folk who had received far less training than they had, and who were far less well equipped. They were in exactly the same position as the division of fusiliers marins who were sent by the French at the same time and fought in a most gallant manner in all those operations. Therefore I say, there being nothing else in view, I was justified in proposing to the Government to use those troops in spite of their want of training. Of course all these matters can only be judged fairly in relation to the great emergency in which we stood.

I now come to the Dardanelles. What am I going to prove or try to prove? I am not going to try to prove that we have forced the Dardanelles; no amount of argument, however excellent, will do that. Nor am I going to try to prove that the plan we adopted was the best plan that could be adopted. Least of all am I going to try to prove that my responsibility in the matter is not a great one. I am concerned to make it clear to the House,

and not only to the House but to the navy, that this enterprise was profoundly, methodically, and elaborately considered, that there was a great volume of expert opinion behind it, that it was framed entirely by expert and technical minds, and that in no circumstances could it be regarded as having been undertaken with carelessness or levity. That I am concerned to prove. It is important for me to do so, and it is also important in the Government interest.

In the month of December last the political situation in the southeast of Europe was stagnant and torpid, and the immense currents of opinion which were then favorable to the allied cause flowed sluggishly or even ebbed. In Italy our negotiations made little progress. At the same time the Russian Government asked the Foreign Office whether some action against Turkey in the Mediterranean was not possible to relieve the pressure on them in the Caucasus. In consequence of those communications from the Foreign Office and the War Office, I began to direct the attention of the First Sea Lord and other naval advisers to the possibilities of action in Turkish waters. The Dardanelles stood out as incomparably the most decisive operation that was open. Of course, from the beginning we all recognized that a joint naval and military operation by surprise was the best way of attacking the Dardanelles. As early as Nov. 3 we obtained from the War Office their appreciation of the number of troops necessary to seize the Gallipoli Peninsula by a joint amphibious *coupe de main*.

On Nov. 30 I sent a minute to my noble friend Lord Kitchner offering to congregate transports for 40,000 men, that is to say the first *échelon* of an army for the purpose, in Egypt, on the chance of their being wanted, as I could see that the situation was developing in the direction of an attack in the eastern Mediterranean on the Turkish Empire. We were informed that no army was available, and further, in the early discussions which took place among us and also at the War Council, it was clearly the prevailing opinion that even were forces available, they should not be used for at-

tacking the Gallipoli Peninsula. On the other hand, the need of action in the eastern Mediterranean was constantly pressed upon us in many quarters.

As the result of all those representations and discussions I telegraphed on Jan. 3 to Admiral Carden, who was our Admiral blockading the Dardanelles and had been there since the Turkish declaration of war, and put to him this specific question—these are not the actual words, but a paraphrase—Do you consider the forcing of the Dardanelles by ships alone a practicable operation? The Admiral replied to the effect that the Dardanelles could not be rushed, but could be reduced by a regular and sustained naval bombardment. I put the same question simultaneously to Sir Henry Jackson, the present First Sea Lord, and received from him an almost similar answer.

The coincidence of opinion between these two officers, both of the highest attainments and so differently circumstanced, one on the spot, the other the expert at the Admiralty who was studying the eastern theatre with the War Staff—the coincidence of opinion between those two made a profound impression on my mind.

I am very well accustomed to weigh expert evidence, and most of the important decisions which have been taken in the last three or four years at the Admiralty have been taken by me on a divergence of expert evidence. I have had different recommendations made on great matters like the 15-inch guns, the oil ships, the size of the *Arethusa* cruisers, and the decision has really had to fall on the political chief. I have no doubt sometimes my right honorable friend who has succeeded me at the Admiralty has had a similar experience. This coincidence of opinion struck me as very remarkable. Admiral Carden was then asked to formulate his plan and state his requirements. He did so in full detail in his telegram of Jan. 11. We were in a position to meet these requirements. The victory at the Falkland Islands had cleared the German flag from the seas and liberated a large reserve of naval force. The strength, actual and relative, of the fleets in home waters was under-

going that steady increase which has been in progress ever since the beginning of the war; and the action at the Dogger Bank on Jan. 24—Admiral Beatty's action—had shown that ship for ship and man for man and gun for gun we had a clear advantage. That being so, we were in a position to meet the very large requirements Admiral Carden put forward. His plan was then examined by the Admiralty War Staff, and Sir Henry Jackson expressed his full concurrence in it and advised in writing the attack on the outer forts being made as early as possible.

Lord Fisher, of course, knew everything that was passing. He never expressed any opinion against this specific operation, nor, indeed, against the operation at all, at this stage. He was very much impressed with the proposal of the Admiralty War Staff to add the Queen Elizabeth to the bombarding fleet. We had seen—it was fresh in everybody's mind—great fortresses, reputed to be the strongest in Europe, collapsing fort by fort under five or ten shells from 15-inch howitzers. Here was the Queen Elizabeth with eight 15-inch guns on the broadside. Lord Fisher was also strongly in favor of action in Turkish waters, and wrote to me repeatedly on the subject—especially a joint operation of the fleet and the army at the Dardanelles.

His schemes involved the co-operation of powers which were neutral and of an army which was not available; but they all led up to the central point of the forcing of the Dardanelles with the old battleships of the Majestic and Canopus class. Sir Arthur Wilson was in favor of attacking the outer forts, but he felt that future progress must depend on the amount of Turkish resistance.

I state all those points not in order to shield myself from responsibility, but to show the House that the business of the Admiralty has been properly conducted. After these preliminary discussions I brought Admiral Carden's plan before the War Council on Jan. 13. This meeting was attended by the principal members of the Cabinet, by various high military advisers, by the First Sea Lord, and by Sir Arthur Wilson. The War

Council was immensely impressed with the political advantages of the plan if it could be carried out, and they pressed the Admiralty to find a way to carry it out. No one spoke against the method proposed; no expert adviser indicated any dissent. The War Office have always assumed in their staff papers that the decision to make a purely naval attack upon the Dardanelles dated from the meeting of the War Council of Jan. 13. I did not so interpret it. I considered that the decision was that the Admiralty should go on perfecting these plans and making these preparations without being finally committed to action. And this is what we did. The whole plan of Admiral Carden was searchingly re-examined by the Admiralty War Staff and various gunnery experts whom we had at our disposal—the highest and best in the world. The general consensus of opinion was in its favor.

On Jan. 25 Lord Fisher sent me a memorandum on naval policy. This memorandum did not question the advisability of the particular operation that was being studied, but deprecated reducing our margin in home waters or using fighting ships for bombarding purposes except in conjunction with military operations. It was a memorandum directed not only against the Dardanelles operation, but against others which were being very strongly pressed on us at the time. I sent the memorandum to the Prime Minister, with an analysis, which I drew up myself, of the naval margins available at the time. I think that on that point I may claim that my view has been vindicated by events, because, not only did the Board of Admiralty send all the ships which were then under consideration to the Eastern Mediterranean, but a great many more, and so far from any misadventure occurring in home waters, it is well known that our position has become increasingly safe.

I attach importance to the fact that at no time did I receive from Lord Fisher any criticism of the definite method of attack proposed. In principle he had doubts and objections; but on the special technical and professional points involved I received from him at no time any ex-

pression of adverse criticism. Early in the morning of Jan. 28 I had an interview with Lord Fisher in the presence of the Prime Minister, and we discussed the whole situation. The impression I derived was that Lord Fisher agreed and consented to a purely naval attack on the Dardanelles being made. The whole matter then came up for final decision at the War Council, which was held later in the day. The meeting was again fully attended. Lord Fisher and Sir Arthur Wilson were both present. As the result of prolonged discussion, in which again no adverse opinions were expressed, and in which Lord Fisher contented himself with saying that he had expressed his opinion to the Prime Minister, the operation was definitely sanctioned, and we were directed to execute it.

Meanwhile the War Staff had completed their work on Admiral Carden's plan and had drawn up the necessary war orders. The project was laid also before the French Minister of Marine. M. Augagneur came over to London, and the principles and methods were fully discussed. The project was examined in detail by the French General Staff. They were very favorably impressed by the plan, and they announced their agreement and said it was a plan conceived in a spirit which was prudent et prevoyant. They pointed out that it enabled us to withdraw at any stage should the gunnery results not be such as we anticipated. What happened? They sent their ships, and ever since have supported the enterprise with a loyalty and valor beyond description.

The action meanwhile proceeded. Ships in number many more than Admiral Carden had asked for were rapidly concentrated from all over the world. On Feb. 18 the attack on the outer forts began. The first phase of the operation was successful beyond our hopes. The outer forts were destroyed; the fleet was able to enter the strait and attack the forts in the Narrows.

Up to the time that this happened we had always kept in view the possibility that if this operation, which necessarily depended for its success upon a number of incalculable factors, did not develop

as we hoped, and if the obstacles were found to be much greater than had been foreseen, we could convert it into a demonstration and turn our attention to some other part of the Mediterranean. We had kept in view and had prepared an amphibious operation which would serve as an alternative in case we should wish to withdraw so as to safeguard our prestige. But the success which we had achieved at the outer forts produced an electrical effect throughout the Balkans. Its repercussion was evident from the first moment in Italy. We had touched the great strategic nerve centre of the world war of 1915, of this year's campaign. Within a week the Greek Prime Minister, M. Venizelos, had taken the decision which led to his first retirement from office. Within a fortnight the Turks were forced to move back to Adrianople and to develop their defenses against Bulgaria. The movement in Italy was also most marked. A panic was created in Constantinople. Every one supposed that the enterprise was going to succeed. Day by day I held staff meetings at the Admiralty at which I received the appreciation of the greatest authorities, who were unanimous that the movement was progressing in the most favorable manner, more favorable even than we had expected, though we quite recognized that the greatest difficulties were to come. It now was not desired by any one to go back, or to ride off on any alternative operation. The eyes of the whole world were riveted on the Dardanelles. Every interest, military, naval, political, and economic, urged its completion. Meanwhile, however, in the early days of March, the progress of naval operations became slower. I should like to say—as people have said that these operations in their early stages were unduly boomed—that nothing was published about them but what was sent by the Admiral on the spot and was approved as a fair appreciation of the position by the experts at the Admiralty.

But across the prospect of the operations a shadow began to pass at the end of the first week in March. The difficulties of sweeping up the mine fields increased, and although great success was

obtained by the ships in silencing the forts, they were not able at that stage to inflict decisive and permanent damage. The mobile armament of the enemy began to develop and to become increasingly annoying. It was therefore decided that the gradual advance must be replaced by more vigorous measures. Admiral Carden was invited to press hard for a decision, and not to be deterred by the inevitable loss. These Admiralty telegrams gave to the officer on the spot, and were intended to give to him, the feeling that whatever he felt inclined to do he could do, with the certainty of being supported, in the direction of vigorous measures.

These Admiralty telegrams were the result of close consultations between the First Sea Lord and myself, and, like every other order of importance which has emanated from the Admiralty during my tenure of office, in peace or war, bear the written authority of the First Sea Lord. I wish to make that point quite clear. I may extend it, and say there is no important act of policy, no scheme of fleet distribution, or of movements of ships, or of plans of war, which has been acted on during my tenure at the Admiralty, in which the First Sea Lord has not concurred in writing.

The Admiral on the spot, Admiral Carden, expressed himself in entire agreement with the spirit of the Admiralty telegrams, and announced his intention to press forward in his attack on lines which had been agreed upon, and with which he said he was in exact accord. The date of the attack was fixed for March 17, weather permitting. On the 16th Admiral Carden was stricken down with illness, and was invalidated by medical authority. On the advice of the First Sea Lord, who fully concurred, I appointed Admiral de Robeck, second in command, who had been very active in the operations, to succeed him. I thought it indispensable to find out, on the eve of this difficult attack, whether the new Admiral shared the opinion of his predecessor, and I therefore sent him a telegram, of which the following is a paraphrase:

Personal and secret.—From the First Lord. In intrusting you, with great con-

fidence, with the command of the Mediterranean detached fleet, I presume you are in full accordance with the Admiralty telegrams 101 and 109, and Vice Admiral Carden's answer thereto, and that you consider, after separate and independent judgment, that the immediate operations proposed are wise and practicable. If not, do not hesitate to say so. If so, execute them without delay and without further reference, at the first favorable opportunity.

Admiral de Robeck replied that he was in full agreement with the Admiralty telegrams, which expressed his views exactly. He would attack on the 18th. The House is fully acquainted with what followed.

I should like to point out that the total British casualties in this formidable adventure scarcely exceeded 100. The French, it is true, had the misfortune to be unable to save the crew of the *Bouvet*. We lost two old vessels, of a class of which we had about thirty, and which, if they had not been employed at the Dardanelles, would have been rusting uselessly in our southern ports. Therefore, I do not think that in making this attack, on which so much depended, and the results of which, if successful, would have been so far reaching, we risked or lost any vital stake. Meanwhile time had been passing. The army, which earlier in the year we had been told would not be available, was gradually assembling, and Sir Ian Hamilton had arrived with the leading divisions of his force. The Admiral, after the attack on the 18th, determined to renew it at the first opportunity, and telegraphed accordingly.

But after consultation with the General it was decided to substitute for the purely naval operation a joint naval and military attack. I regretted this at the time, and I endeavored to persuade the First Sea Lord to send a telegram ordering a resumption of the naval attack. But we could not reach an agreement, and, in view of the consensus of opinion of the naval and military authorities on the spot, I submitted to the alternative, but I submitted with great anxiety. Every day the danger of German submarines arriving, a danger which we greatly exaggerated in our minds, seemed to become more imminent. Every day

the possibility of a renewed German attack on Serbia seemed to draw nearer. Every day I knew the Turks were digging; every day I knew they were drawing reinforcements from all parts of their empire; and I can assure the House that the month which apparently had to be consumed between the cessation of the naval attack on March 18 and the commencement of the military attack on April 25 was one of the least pleasing which I have experienced in my life.

I have gone through this story in detail in order to convince the House that the naval attack on the Dardanelles was a naval plan, made by naval authorities on the spot, approved by naval experts in the Admiralty, assented to by the First Sea Lord, executed on the spot by Admirals who at every stage believed in the operation.

I am bound, not only in justice to myself but in justice to the fleet, who requires to know that the orders sent to them from the Admiralty always carry the highest professional authority, to make that clear. I will not have it said that this was a civilian plan foisted by a political amateur upon reluctant officers and experts.

No, Sir; I am not going to embark on any reproaches this afternoon, but I must say I did not receive from the First Sea Lord either the clear guidance before the event or the firm support afterward which I was entitled to expect. If he did not approve of the operations, he should have spoken out at the War Council. War is a hard and brutal job, and there is no place in it for misgivings and reserves. Nobody ever launched an attack without having misgivings beforehand—you ought to have misgivings beforehand—but when the moment of action is come the hour of misgivings is passed. It is often not possible to go backward from a course which has been adopted in war. A man must answer aye or no to the great questions which are put; by that decision he must be bound. If the First Sea Lord did not approve the operations, if he believed they were unlikely to take the course expected of them, if he thought they would lead to undue losses, it was his duty to refuse consent. No

one could have prevailed against such a refusal; the operation would never have been begun. Then was the time for resignation. He did not take that course; he hoped, as I did, as the French Admiralty did, as the War Council did, that a speedy success would have resulted. Had it resulted, I think he would have had some of the credit.

On the other hand, I wish to say that I do not at all regret having insisted on Lord Fisher's return, in the face of great opposition, to the Admiralty in November, 1914. No man has ever been able to put war purpose into the design of a ship like Lord Fisher. At the beginning of this war megalomania was the only form of sanity. Prince Louis and I had ordered large war programs on the outbreak of the war, and perhaps from some points of view they may have been considered sufficient at the moment; but Lord Fisher came along with a new wave of impulse and enthusiasm. He was able to produce vast schemes of ship construction of every kind, with new designs and improvements on the old designs. Hardly a day passed without his bringing new projects to me which I was delighted to encourage, and which, through the absence of Treasury control, I was happily able to finance, and if my right honorable friend of the First Lord of the Admiralty today finds himself, as he does, week by week, upborne upon an ever-swelling tide of deliveries of crafts of all kinds and of a kind best suited to the purposes of this war, that is the consequence of Lord Fisher's return to the Admiralty in November, 1914. I am quite prepared to console myself with that for any difficulties which arose at a later stage.

For the naval operations, subject to what I have said, I take the fullest personal responsibility. I do not make any complaint. Not a line, not a word, not a syllable that was produced by naval and expert brains have I combated, there was not the slightest non-expert interference, but I approved the plan, I backed the plan, I was satisfied that in all the circumstances that were known to me, military, economic, and diplomatic, it was a plan that ought to be tried, and tried then.

After weighing and sifting all the expert evidence with the personal knowledge I had of all the officers concerned, I recommended it to the Prime Minister and the War Council in the presence of my principal naval advisers, believing, as did every one there, that I carried them with me, and I pressed it with all the resources at my disposal. I recommended it to the War Council, I recommended it to the French Government—not as a certainty, but as a legitimate war gamble, with stakes which we could afford to lose, for a prize of inestimable value, a prize which, in the opinion of the highest experts, there was a fair and reasonable chance of our winning, a prize which at that time could be won by no other means. On that basis, clearly understood, it was accepted by all concerned. On that basis I accept the fullest responsibility.

I require no shield. I do not desire to reduce or divide my burden in the slightest degree. For the military operations at the time they were embarked upon, for the methods by which they were executed, for the numbers of troops estimated to be necessary, their quality and commanders, I take no responsibility except what is implied by my having remained a member of the Government. That general ministerial responsibility of course I accept, but I accept it only subject to my written and recorded opinions expressed in every case before and not after the event. Luckily, there is no dispute about this.

In the early days of March, when it became clear that military operations might be required, and that military support would be forthcoming, I sought, in view of my experience at Antwerp, an interview with the Prime Minister, at which I asked Lord Kitchener directly whether it was understood he assumed the responsibility for the military operations, by which I meant, and said I meant, the measure of the forces required to achieve success, and after he had replied in the affirmative, I transferred the Naval Division on March 12 to military command. My right honorable friend told me the other day he recollected this interview vividly, and therefore it is not

necessary for me at this time to enter upon an analysis of the military movements. I am glad that is so.

But I must examine this question. Did the fact that the naval operations had been begun necessarily and inevitably compel the beginning of, and persistence in, the military operations? I have shown how at the beginning of the naval attack we kept open an alternative operation of an amphibious character on which we could at any time ride off. But would it have been possible after the naval attack of March 18 had been broken off to sail away and cut the loss? A careful survey of the facts as we know them today shows that undoubtedly it would have been. The naval attack finished on the evening of March 18, the military attack did not begin until April 25. If in that period we had known what we now know of the course of the military operations, I cannot conceive that any one would have hesitated to face the loss of prestige in breaking off the attack on the Dardanelles.

I do not consider the naval operations, begun as they were, necessarily involved the military operations, begun as they were. That was a separate decision which did not rest with me or the Admiralty, either in principle or in method; but I wish to make it quite clear that I was very glad the War Office authorities were willing to prosecute the enterprise by military means, and I certainly did my best to induce them to do so, and to support them in doing so.

There are, however, two observations which I wish to make of a general character upon the military operations. First, the essence of an attack upon the Gallipoli Peninsula was speed and vigor. We could reinforce from the sea more quickly than the Turks could reinforce by land, and we could therefore afford to renew our attack until a decision was obtained. To go slow, on the other hand, to leave long intervals between attacks so as to enable the Turks to draw reinforcements from their whole empire, and to refresh and replace their troops again and again, was a great danger. Secondly, on the Gallipoli Peninsula our army has stood all the Summer within a few

miles of a decisive victory. There was no other point on any of the war fronts extending for hundreds of miles where an equal advance would have produced an equal or even a comparable strategic result. It has been proved in this war that good troops properly supported by artillery can make a direct advance two or three miles in the face of any defense. The advance, for instance, which took Neuve Chapelle, or Loos, or Souchez, if made on the Gallipoli Peninsula, would have settled the fate of the Turkish Army on the promontory, would probably have decided the whole operations, might have determined the attitude of the Balkans, might have cut off Germany from the east, and might have saved Serbia.

All through this year I have offered the same counsel to the Government, to undertake no operation in the west which is more costly to you than to the enemy, but in the east to take Constantinople, to take it by ships if you can, to take it by soldiers if you must, to take it by whatever plan, military or naval, commends itself to your military experts, but take it, and take it soon, and take it while time remains. The situation is now entirely changed, and I am not called upon to offer any advice upon these new aspects. But it seems to me that if there were any operations in the history of the world which, having been begun, it was worth while to carry through with the utmost vigor and fury, with a consistent flow of reinforcements, and an utter disregard of life, it was the operation so daringly and brilliantly begun by Sir Ian Hamilton in the immortal landing of April 25. That is all I have to say about the Dardanelles.

I do not intend to be drawn into any further controversy on this subject, whatever is said by way of reply to my speech. I leave all the papers and the documentary evidence which justify everything I have said with my right honorable and learned and gallant friend the Attorney General. I do not leave them to him in his capacity as a Cabinet Minister, nor in his capacity as Attorney General, but as an old friend, to look after my interests in the matter, and I am quite sure that his tact will be found

fully equal to the task of adjusting these different obligations. I do not propose to occupy the House by discussing such matters as the resignation of Lord Fisher, which occurred on May 14, or the circumstances immediately preceding the formation of the Coalition Government. These will no doubt form a fine field for the Crokers and Creveys of our time, but they have no bearing on the military question on which I have ventured to address the House and with which alone I am concerned. When Lord Fisher's resignation occurred I told the Prime Minister to consider my office at his disposal if his convenience required it. On the next day, being acquainted with all the facts, he told me he wished me to continue. Sir Arthur Wilson undertook to be the First Sea Lord, and the other members of the board remained at their posts.

On the next day, Monday, great political events of consequence supervened, arising principally out of matters connected with the War Office and the attitude of important Ministers, and the old Liberal Government passed away. The fact that I knew I had retained the confidence of the Prime Minister and that his decision had been, on the merits, that I should remain at the Admiralty, enabled me to comply with his request to join the new Government in the office which I resigned today.

That is all I have to say to the House by way of personal explanation, and I am extremely grateful to the honorable members for the patience and indulgence which they have shown me. But before I sit down if I may by the special indulgence of the House—I have not addressed them for a long time, and I do not expect to address them again for a long time—I think it is necessary and right that I should say a word on the general situation.

There is no reason to be discouraged about the progress of the war. We are passing through a bad time now, and it will probably be worse before it is better, but that it will be better, if we only endure and persevere, I have no doubt whatever. The old wars were decided by their episodes rather than by their tend-

encies. In this war the tendencies are far more important than the episodes. Without winning any sensational victories we may win this war. We may win it even during a continuance of extremely disappointing and vexatious events. It is not necessary for us to win the war to push the German lines back over all the territory they have absorbed, or to pierce them. While the German lines extend far beyond their frontier, and while their flag flies over conquered capitals and subjugated provinces, while all the appearances of military success attend her arms, Germany may be defeated more fatally in the second or third year of the war than if the allied armies had entered Berlin in the first.

Our well-established command of the seas, and the rapid and enormous destruction of German military manhood, are factors upon which we may confidently rely. At the outset of the war the number of males capable of bearing arms in Germany as compared with England was three to two, but today our numbers are, if anything, superior to theirs, and at the end of the second year the original proportion will probably be reversed. We are becoming, therefore, a vastly stronger power, actually and relatively, so far as military manhood is concerned. We owe this fact, which is one of profound significance, to the valiant sacrifices made by the French and Russian peoples, who have so far borne the brunt of the struggle. We are the reserve of the allied cause, and the time has come when that reserve must be thrown fully into the scale. The campaign of 1915 has been governed mainly by a shortage of munitions. The campaign of 1916 ought to be settled against Germany by a shortage of men. It is, therefore, vital to us as a matter of honor and sacred duty to increase and maintain the numbers of our armies in the field, and in order to render this possible the best economic organization and the most unsparing thrift must be applied at home.

It is, no doubt, disconcerting for us to observe that the Government of a State like Bulgaria are convinced on an impartial survey of the chances that victory will rest with the central powers. All

the small States are hypnotized by German military pomp and precision. They see the glitter, the episode, but they do not see or realize the capacity of the ancient and mighty nations against whom Germany is warring to endure adversity, to put up with disappointments and mismanagement, to recreate and renew their strength, and to pass on with boundless obstinacy, through boundless sufferings to the achievement of the greatest cause for which men have ever fought.

MR. ASQUITH'S EULOGY

Prime Minister Asquith—There is no question before the House, and it would be entirely out of order for me to deal with any of the topics which have been so ably and eloquently dealt with in the very moving speech to which we have just listened from my right honorable friend. The House is always accustomed and properly accustomed to give great latitude, and even to expect great latitude, of explanations from a Minister of the Crown who has resigned his office, and my right honorable friend has taken advantage of that privilege in a manner

which I think will be generally appreciated and admired.

I only wish to say two things. I think my right honorable friend has dealt with a very delicate situation not only with ability and eloquence, but also with loyalty and discretion. He has said one or two things, I tell him frankly, I had rather he had not said, but, on the other hand, he has necessarily and naturally left unsaid some things which, when the complete estimate of all these transactions has to be taken, will have to be said. But that does not affect his personal position at all, and I desire to say to him, and of him, that, having been associated with him now for ten years in close and daily intimacy, in positions of great responsibilities, and in situations varied and of extreme difficulty and delicacy, I have always found him a wise counselor, a brilliant colleague, and a faithful friend. I am certain that to the new duties which he is going to assume, having with great insistency abdicated those he has hitherto discharged, he takes with him the universal good-will, hopes, and confident expectations of this House and of his countrymen.

The Guns at Neuve Chapelle

By CAPTAIN BLACKALL

(From "Songs in the Trenches.")

"Granny" she started the chorus,
The "four-point-sevens" chipped in,
The "six-inch howitzers" did their best
To augment the din.
The "thirteen and eighteen pounders"
Contributed their bit,
And the "armored train" got a swollen brain
When it registered a hit.
The "rifle" rattled a ragtime
Like a syncopated coon,
The "anti-aircraft's" object seemed
To spifficate the moon.
The "mortars" did their damndest,
Or, rather, did their worst,
And the "drain-pipe gun" played hell with the Hun,
Till it ultimately burst.
The "Maxim" muttered the music,
The "pom-pom" marked the time,
And the whimper and whir of the shell o'erhead
Out-voiced a ruthless rhyme.
Oh, the guns all clamored the chorus,
Both large and small as well,
From "Grandmamma" to the "armored car,"
That morning at Neuve Chapelle.

Classic Spots in Serbia's War Theatre

By Ph. Loewe

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THE Austro-Hungarian and German armies press irresistibly forward across the boundary rivers toward the south and southeast of the land of the Serbs. Hardly had the news come of the fall of Semendria, the Smederevo on the Danube so often praised in South Slavic folk songs, before it was learned that the same fate had overtaken Pozarevac, on its vine-clad hills. The soldier with arms in his hand only occasionally finds time to examine closely the places which he has won from the enemy after more or less hard fighting. We who anxiously await at the rear news of the victorious marches of our armies in all the theatres of war have time enough to make ourselves acquainted, even though from afar, with the regions where battles, unfortunately bloody, are taking place.

Just behind Semendria, partly, in fact, in the town of the despot Gjuragj Brancovic, one begins to find remains of the days of the Roman Empire. And the further one goes southward and south-eastward, along the beautiful blue Danube, the more numerous become such discoveries. In streets and squares, in courts and chambers, before walls still standing and before crumbling ruins, in lonely villages, the eyes of the wanderer become fixed on things which, either by their form or workmanship, recall examples of ancient art.

Sometimes one is lost in wonder at the number of these objects, even oftener at the strange uses to which they have been put after so many centuries. The noble object of adorning temples and palaces is no longer attained; on the contrary, we but too frequently see the finest fragments doing service where usually one sees old wood or common stones.

But this does not detract in the slightest from the value of these antiques. From such a humble fate some of the

rarest specimens in the best collections on both sides of the ocean were rescued. Unfortunately, connoisseurs have usually arrived too late for the treasures-trove. Many valuable articles were used by the inhabitants of the Danube region either for building houses or other purposes, partly from ignorance, partly from necessity; at times they were simply destroyed. Whatever could be saved was taken, though, had greater care been exercised, it might have helped the study of ancient Roman culture. What is lost is lost; let us confine ourselves to what remains.

The finds begin at Semendria, but the classic ground of the present theatre of war is really only in that parallelogram bounded on the north by the Danube from Semendria to Gradiste, on the south by a line from Pozarevac to Rabrovo, on the west by the railway through Lipje, on the east by a line from Rabrovo down to the Danube. It lies especially in the triangle where the Morava and the Mlava fall into the Danube. This is a beautiful region; below are the green fields stretching along both banks of the river, beginning by the ill-famed Snake Island; above are the outpost hills of Serbia's mountain land, fertile and dotted with prosperous villages.

This region has had a remarkably eventful past. How many peoples have acted their part there in the last fifteen hundred years! Huns, Goths, Sarmatians, Gepidae, Turks, and Slavs have lived here, but only the Romans have left their ineffaceable impress on the neighborhood.

First it was the Romans of the Western Empire, whose Danube boundary wall stretched from where the Save flows into the Danube to near Silistria; then came the Romans of the Eastern Empire. According to Byzantine chroniclers, the great builder Justinian either erected or rebuilt eighty castles there; and their

statements are apparently true, because South Slavic folk songs speak of the "seventy-seven Latin castles" which dominated the region.

These castles began at Sigindunum (Belgrade) and Taurunum, (Semlin,) and continued at intervals on the right bank of the Danube, being destined especially for the protection of Upper Moesia. The Roman highway went through Viminacium, Lederata, and Taleata to Dacia, thence through Naissus to Constantino-ple and Saloniki, while another led through Taurunum, Syrmia, and Siscia to the interior of Pannonia.

Besides Sigindunum, the Belgrade of today, the most important military post was Viminacium, the capital of Upper Moesia. From there Trajan began his great campaign against the Dacians. Sigindunum was the headquarters of the Fourth Legion, Viminacium of the Seventh. The latter must have been an enormous city, judging from the antiques, accidentally preserved from total destruction, which have been discovered. All the achievements of the mother city in Italy were shared by this provincial city, as was proved recently by the excavations systematically conducted by the Government. From the Kostolac of today as far as the chain of hills to the south ruins are found. The "civitas Viminacium," situated on both banks of the Mlava, had, from southeast to northeast alone, on the right bank, an area of 1,600 meters by 400-600 meters. It consisted undoubtedly of two parts; the eastward one was surrounded by a wall and stretched toward the Lipovac hill. How splendid the city was is shown by the fact that, twenty years before the scientific excavation began, architraves, fragments of friezes, columns and pedestals lay about in vast quantities on this entire tract of land.

And how must it have been originally before each and every one could carry away whatever and as much as he pleased! Some idea of this may be obtained at Pozarevac. Any one wandering, even a short time ago, through this town, recently captured by our allies, would have seen large fragments of marble or other material imbedded in many a wall.

In many courtyards he might have seen sarcophagi degraded into troughs for horses and cows. On humble buildings scarcely serviceable for human beings the moss-covered roofs are supported by entire pillars or fragments of pillars. Beside small fragments of friezes, which were scattered about among bricks, often faultlessly executed, leaned more or less damaged statues, and, near by, a broken tablet, often bearing an extremely interesting inscription.

All that was at Viminacium. With an unprecedented vandalism, the bricks found here in the thousands, most of them inscribed "Leg. VII. Cl.," were used to plaster up courtyards and passageways, and afterward sold in Belgrade by the wagonload together with the earth clinging to them. In one year alone about 800 wagonloads of bricks and earth were sold at an average price of 2 to 3 dinars, (40-60 cents.) Earth from Kostolac was a marketable article; a Roman brick sold in Belgrade for a few cents.

Let it be remembered, besides, that there was in Pozarevac and Kostolac a lively trade in antiques dating from ancient times. It assumed such proportions that the graveyards of Viminacium, which stretch far beyond Drmno, were ransacked five or six times in order to lay bare "treasures." Those who came late found little. Earlier searchers had better luck, and many a valuable article fell into their hands. A few years ago a gigantic tomb made of a porphyry-like granite was brought to light; the sarcophagus, on which there was no inscription, was sold in Mijailovac—to be a fountain! A great part of the finds went to the houses of the local priests, who naturally profited by them, and it is these people who must be thanked for supplying to searchers and connoisseurs so many beautiful things despite the surrounding barbarism. Mommsen published a whole series of stately inscriptions from Viminacium, contributing valuable data to the history of the Roman domination and the campaigns in these lands. Similar contributions were made by Domaszewski.

The reliefs found in the house of one of the priests are among the most inter-

esting specimens in this branch of art. One represents the patroness of the "Municipium Aelium Viminacium," a female figure, her right hand blessing a steer, her left a lion. It is identical with the figure found on coins hereabout. The second is a beautiful relief of Victory.

A great ruined city like Viminacium has naturally also yielded up an enormous number of tear flasks, pins, lamps, &c. Especially interesting is the sarcophagus of Drmno, which is of rare beauty. Its allegorical adornments were unquestionably designed to perpetuate a warrior of high military qualities, but unfortunately it bears no inscription. Jason, Perseus, Hercules, and Victory are shown, surrounded with magnificent decorations. The figures are full of nobility and grace, of energy in expression and consummate beauty of form. This and many other articles, in the museums of Belgrade and Pancevo, or in private possession, are the result of the excavations, or, rather, of the accidental discoveries made at Viminacium. For many years it was the headquarters of the "Legio VII., Claudia Pia Fidelis," whose coat-of-arms was a steer and a lion. The

harbor was Viminacium's protection against attacks by water; the citadel guarded it against assaults from the Pek and Morava side.

Many battles have these classical spots witnessed. As early as the reign of Gallienus, Viminacium was devastated by the barbarians. After a short period for recuperation it suffered the same fate at the hands of the Huns as did all the Danube cities in the fifth century A. D.; but under Justinian it rose to the splendor portrayed by Procopius and Theophylactes. But even in later days the city on the left bank of the Danube was often damaged. Priscus crossed the river at Viminacium in 598 A. D. to punish the Avars, and followed them far upstream to the region of the Theiss.

And then came troops from the north, to mete out further punishment, but this time it was not the Avars whom they followed.

The crimes committed by the present inhabitants of these classical spots in the Danube theatre of war against the rest of Europe can be made good only with heavy penalties.

Wars of Napoleon and Wilhelm II.

The analogy which is frequently drawn between the present war and the struggle with Napoleon is dealt with by Count Reventlow in an article in the Deutsche Tageszeitung. He denies that any similarity exists between the two cases, and particularly opposes the view generally taken of the part played by Great Britain in the great contest a hundred years ago. He says:

What took place a hundred years ago was not a concentric attack upon a country and a nation strictly confined within their limits, but a struggle for the liberation of the peoples of Europe from a foreign yoke, and for the destruction of the domination of Europe—in itself impossible from the point of view of permanency—by France, whose strength, moreover, had been exhausted by long wars of conquest. In addition, the France of those days was not defeated through the silent and irresistible pressure of Great Britain's Navy, but by the combined Continental Powers, led by Prussia, who were fighting for their liberation. The English, with their traditional, psychologically quite consistent self-advertisement, have exaggerated beyond all measure the importance of their navy's contribution toward the downfall of Napoleon. As a matter of fact, that navy would have been unable to do anything without the Continental Powers, since, economically, France was perfectly independent of oversea supplies.

Baron Shibusawa's Mission

By Chugo Ohira

Baron Eiichi Shibusawa, Japan's foremost banker, visited the United States during the latter part of November and December to promote friendly relations between his nation and the American people. The subjoined account of Baron Shibusawa's mission appeared originally in *The Evening Post* of New York.

IF the United States were to send John D. Rockefeller to Japan with a message of good-will from the people of this country to the Mikado's subjects, the event would arouse hardly more interest here than is being felt at this moment in Japan in the visit to this country of Baron Eiichi Shibusawa, foremost banker, captain of industry, and philanthropist of Tokio, and, above all, lifelong champion of friendship between his country and America. It is not that Baron Shibusawa is the "Rockefeller of Japan"—though he has been called its Morgan—but because a man of his wealth, standing, and power at home should undertake such a mission at his age of life. For, however else they may differ, the Baron and Mr. Rockefeller have this in common, they are both 76 years old.

The Baron, after visiting New York, is going to Washington and will confer there with President Wilson. He intends to tour the country, visiting nearly all of the larger cities. But Baron Shibusawa has been here twice before, the last time in 1902, and the object of his visit is neither to "take in" the San Francisco fair nor to "see" America. Such things, as he told the people of Tokio on the occasion of his leavetaking, do not make it "worth while for an old man to bother taking a voyage of from three to four thousand miles."

"I am leaving for America," he said, "with the belief that a practical display of sincerity will dispel all the so-called Japanese-American problems. I expect to exchange opinions with influential Americans, and investigate the financial conditions of the Japanese on the Pacific Coast."

"Who's Whos" seldom make interesting reading, but the following translation

from "Who's Who" in Japan gives, perhaps, the best idea of the Japanese estimate of the man who has come bearing the best wishes of his country to the people of the United States:

Shibusawa, Eiichi, Baron, (creation 1900,) millionaire, President of the First Bank, the Tokio Savings Bank, and of the Imperial Theatre Company; Chairman of the Tokio Bankers' Association, Director of the Tokio Almshouse, Vice President of the Productive Investigation Society; born February, 1840, at Saltama; first son of Ichizaemon Shibusawa; married Kane, first daughter of Hachibei Ito of Tokio. Education private. He early went to Kyoto, taking service under the Tokugawa Shogunate in its declining days; visited Europe 1867-68, as companion to one of the Tokugawa Princes; appointed a high official in the Treasury on the establishment of the Imperial Government, 1769; but left it with the then Vice Minister of the Treasury, (now Marquis Inouye,) in consequence of a difference of opinion with the Minister on the fixing of the expenditure of the Government departments, 1873; from that time until now he has consistently kept aloof from Government service, though frequently the Portfolio of Finance has been offered to him; founded the First Bank, the first national bank to be established, 1873; as he felt keenly the need of commercial education for the people, he established a commercial training institution, which was the forerunner of the present Tokio Higher Commercial School; consulting with Count Okuma and the late Prince Ito, then the Minister of the Treasury and Home Affairs, respectively, he inaugurated the Tokio Chamber of Commerce, 1878, and was its Chairman till the Spring of 1905, when he resigned on account of ill-health; through his instrumentality an almshouse was established by the Tokio Municipal Council, and shortly afterward, when the Municipal Assembly decided to close it, he continued it as a private undertaking for several years; but in 1889 it again came under the care of the municipality, and he was appointed its Director; before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war he became seriously ill, and severed his

connection with a large number of business establishments; these connections were restored again on the reviving of business after the war; later he again resigned most of these posts. He traveled through Europe and America in 1902; visited the United States of America as the head of the Japanese business men who were invited by the United States Chambers of Commerce, 1909. His elevation to the Peerage was in consideration of the immense services he has rendered to the cause of public well-being. He is supreme in our business circles. Decoration: Second Order of Merit.

The cordial feelings which Baron Shibusawa entertains toward this country are of long standing. He is one of the few in Japan whose memories go back to the day when Commodore Perry, with four United States warships and 500 soldiers, steamed into Uraga. Shibusawa was then 14 years old.

"The great question at the time," he said, speaking of Perry's visit, just before he started on his present trip, "was whether or not we should receive the credentials which he brought with him from the President of the United States. Deciding in the affirmative, a special reception pavilion was immediately erected at Kurihama, and officials of the Tokugawa Shogunate, including the Governor of Uraga, received the Commodore. Having once received him, we could not reasonably refuse to harken to his proposition concerning the 'open door.' By the time Commodore Perry returned during the following year, the Shogunate had concluded a treaty of friendship and commerce consisting of twelve clauses. In the third year of Ansei (1857) Consul General Townsend Harris came to Shimoda, asking to see the Shogun, and in October of the fourth year of Ansei the Shogun gave him an audience at Yedo. After discussion the treaty was amended, extending it from twelve to fourteen clauses. Giving it the name of Trade Regulation, the Shogunate asked the Emperor's consent to it. Being refused by the Emperor in the fifth year of Ansei, Lord Eei, holding a position equivalent to that of Prime Minister today, concluded a treaty with America without waiting for the ratification of the Emperor. Because of this act he was beheaded by the masterless samurai—the

one-time retainers of the Lord of Mito, the head of one of the three branches of the Shogunate and the most persistent opponent of Lord Eei.

"Ever since this time the relations between America and Japan have been most friendly. At every turn America has shown her friendship for Japan, and has often taken the lead in manifesting her good-will. When the combined fleet of America, England, and France, while passing through the Strait of Shimonoseki, was fired on by the local Daimio, and Japan agreed to pay indemnities for the losses sustained by the three countries, America showed her great sympathy by refunding the indemnity. The United States also led the other countries in banishing an extraterritoriality in Japan."

In Baron Shibusawa's opinion California's attitude toward the Japanese immigrant and President Roosevelt's calling of the Portsmouth Conference, which brought an end to the Russo-Japanese war, are the things chiefly responsible for whatever feeling of unfriendliness exists in Japan toward this country. The Portsmouth Treaty, he says, was unpopular in Japan, and aroused feeling there, which in turn offended the American people. The interchange of visits by statesmen, educators, and leaders of thought in both countries has since gone a long way toward overcoming these prejudices, he believes.

"Should the existing cordial relations ever be severed," he continued, "it will be, without doubt, disastrous to both countries. It was because of the apprehension among the intelligent public that Drs. Gulick and Mathews were sent on a special mission. While they promised that upon their return home they would use every endeavor, lecturing among their countrymen, to point out the absurdity of discriminating against Japanese and making distinctions between races from a religious standpoint, they earnestly recommend that we Japanese should send religionists to America to educate our countrymen there to use every means of assimilating American customs, manners, and sentiment, and endeavor not to merit different treat-

ment from other foreigners. This is the reason why the Rev. Ebina was sent to the United States and is now earnestly lecturing among the Japanese, visiting every place where there are Japanese residents.

"In California, on the other hand, the anti-alien land law has not seen a solution, and it still remains an impending question between the two countries. Through the California Legislature, the year before last, the right of Japanese to lease land in the State was limited to three years, and there was also a tendency to propose a bill depriving Japanese of even this right of leasing land for three years. Since then the Japanese Government has been negotiating with the Government of the United States with the view of acquiring for Japanese the same right to own or lease land as is accorded any other foreigner. The procedure of these negotiations has been changed by the Okuma Cabinet.

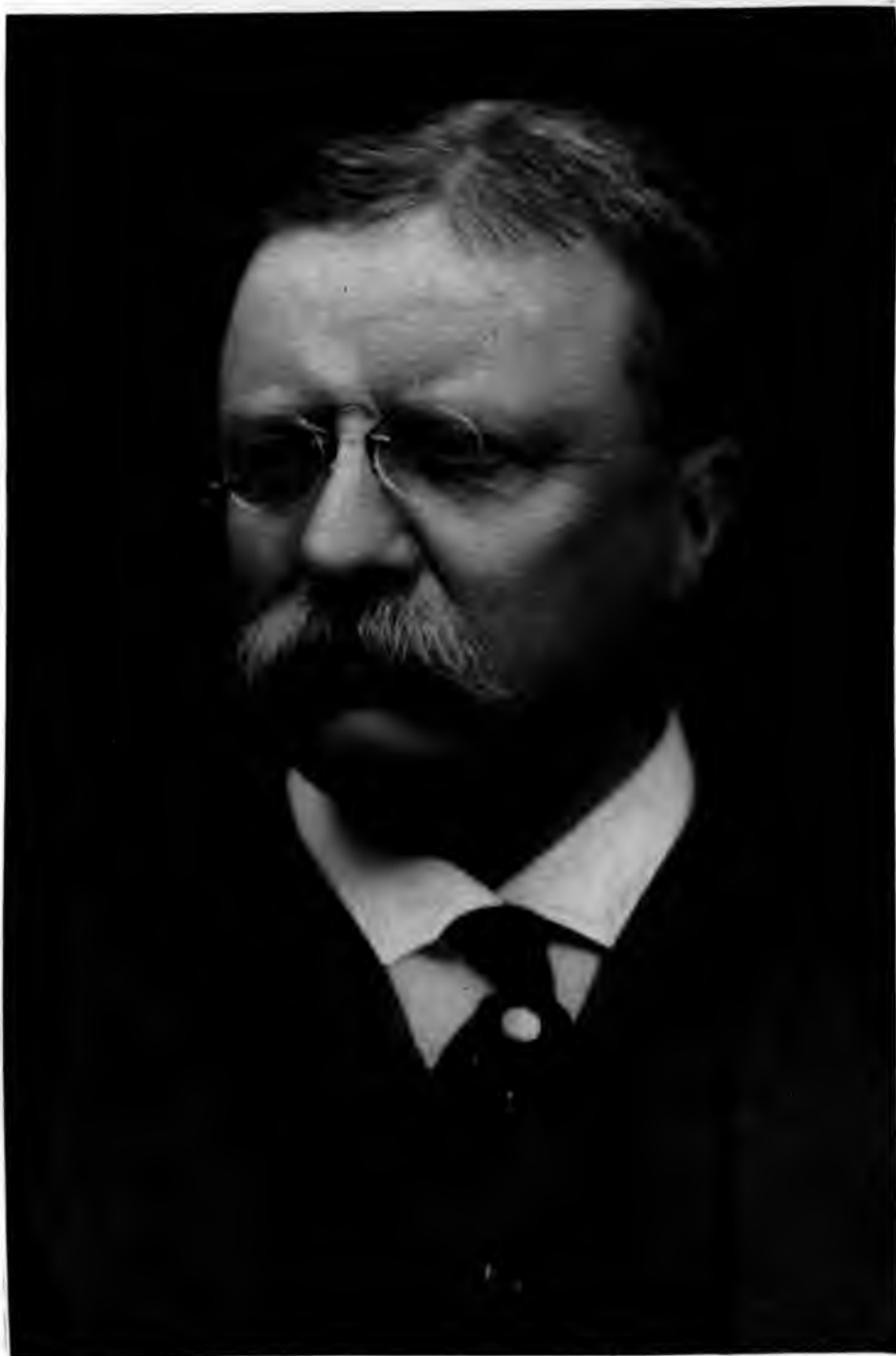
"There is, however, no indication of America extending to the Japanese the same right of naturalization as she gives to Europeans. The acquisition of the naturalization right for Japanese, thus enabling them to own or lease land everywhere in the United States, must be attained only by peaceful means. Were this right ever to be rejected by the United States, the national honor of Japan would be impugned. And this is causing the intelligent public on both sides grave concern. Perhaps it is due to the increasing influence of the intelligent public and the gradual understanding by Americans of the true attitude of Japan toward them that the bill to prohibit Japanese leasing land was not introduced in the California Legislature. By keeping persistently at it we sincerely hope for the settlement of the naturalization question and the land question in a manner that will be harmful neither to the United States nor to the national honor of Japan."

The "A. E. G." of Germany

The following summary appeared in The Daily Telegraph of London on Nov. 20, 1915:

The famous "A. E. G."—i. e., Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft, or General Electricity Company—has published its annual report, which is summarized by the Berliner Tageblatt and various other papers. The outbreak of the war interfered to a great extent with the operations of the company, which has interests of various kinds in nearly every part of the world. For the last financial year (1913-14) a dividend of 10 per cent. was declared, as compared with 14 per cent. for 1912-13. For the year 1914-15, however, a dividend of 11 per cent. was declared, the Directors feeling that the results of the year's working justified their distributing 17,050,000 marks in this way—i. e., about £852,500.

Some conception of the firm's operations may be gained from the statement that no fewer than 23,908 of its employes were summoned to the colors during the year, and the sums set aside out of the profits for the maintenance of their families amount now to 4,612,414 marks, (about £230,000.) The net profits for the year amounted to 21,298,115 marks, as compared with 18,892,641 marks in the previous financial year.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

He Has Attacked the Wilson Administration for Its Conduct in Foreign Affairs

(Photo © by Alex. L. Pack.)

tain Alexeieff had won a reputation as an excellent officer, recognized by his fellow-officers as a man of enormous energy and power of work, strong-willed and always carrying out the tasks allotted to him, no matter what might be the obstacles. Simple of heart and character, he had also learned to know and admire the Russian soldier, after the French, perhaps, the finest soldier in the world, understanding the riches of his spiritual nature and the fire of devotion which makes him so willing to die in battle. At the same time Captain Alexeieff had been keenly conscious of the many shortcomings in the Russian military organization, which bore so hardly on officer and soldier alike.

Completing his studies at the Academy of the General Staff in 1890, in the first class, Alexeieff worked for eight years in the general administrative work of the army; then, in 1898, he became, like General Joffre a few years earlier, like General Foch, also, a Professor of military science, a position which he held, at the General Staff Academy, until 1904, just before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war, when his ill-starred

namesake, the half-Armenian Admiral Alexeieff, was sowing sorrow for his country in Manchuria.

In the Russo-Japanese war, Alexeieff was Quartermaster General of the Third Manchurian Army. Thereafter, from 1908 to 1912, he was Chief of Staff of the Military District of Kieff. At the outbreak of the present war he was corps commander of the Thirteenth Army Corps, stationed at Smolensk; this post he exchanged for that of Chief of Staff of the sector commanded by General N. Ivanoff. Soon he was appointed Commander in Chief of the army of the northwestern front, where he distinguished himself as a very vigorous, resourceful, and unconquerable fighter, responsible for much of the success with which the Russian Army moved to its new strategic position during the months of last Summer. Then, when, under the stress of bodily weakness, the Grand Duke Nicholas laid down his high command, which was taken up by the Emperor in person, Czar Nicholas II. chose General Alexeieff to be, under him, the effective head of the Russian armies in the field.

German Foreign Mission

At the General Synod of the Prussian Lutheran Church, held in Berlin, a remarkable resolution referring to foreign missions was accepted which deserves the attention of Church circles in this country. The resolution was as follows:

In the difficult situation in which German missionary enterprise in the colonies and in foreign countries finds itself, the General Synod expresses its pain and regret that at a time when the co-operation of all Protestant missions throughout the world seemed assured, and the highest point of their development had been reached, there should have arisen danger and destruction to these missions and their stations in a shape hitherto deemed impossible. This has been the work of European Kultur-States which in this respect have given a fatal example to the heathen.

The General Synod associates itself with the German missionary societies and with all friends of missions throughout the Fatherland in praying that God the Lord may speedily heal these wounds, may give to German missions new prosperity, and with the extended position in the world which the German Nation is assuming, may grant German Christianity a new and a great task and renewed missionary power. It is the wish of the General Synod that in the national interests, and also in the interests of the Kingdom of Heaven, the nation may be stirred to new effort.

On the Russian Battle Front

By Constantine Shumski

Translation by Charles Johnston

This article is translated from the Russian *Neva* (The Field) of Petrograd.

BY the middle of October, all along the eastern front, there set in a complete "strategic calm."

The enemy was evidently getting ready for a prolonged stay in Winter quarters, in the positions which he had occupied, in order to make preparations for a new active major movement at the beginning of Spring—for a movement which, in the opinion of the Germans, will bring the war to a victorious conclusion in their favor.

Only the northern sector of the front, namely, the sector occupied by General Bülow, moved restlessly about directing alternate attacks now against Riga and now against Dvinsk. We have already had occasion to note that Bülow's army, operating on a very extensive front, from Riga to Dvinsk, was relatively weak for the accomplishment of such a grandiose operation as the conquest of the wide Western Dwina and the strongly fortified points of support of the Dwina-Riga and Dvinsk. The total of this army, which has been constantly reinforced, has evidently never exceeded five or six army corps and a few cavalry divisions, amounting, therefore, in a rough approximation to some 250,000 or 260,000 men.

At the same time the rest of the eastern front, even in the middle of October, (that is, after the diversion of a part of the German armies to the French and Serbian fronts,) was occupied by much more considerable Austro-German armies. Thus, between Dvinsk and the Pinsk marshes, that is, in the centre of the whole eastern front, were stationed, as before, the Second Army of Eichhorn, the Eighth Army, which had been commanded by Gallwitz, the Tenth Army of Scholz, the Ninth Army of Prince Leopold of Bavaria, the Eleventh German Army, formerly commanded by Mackensen, and the mixed Austro-Ger-

man Army of Linsingen, in all, on a moderate estimate, more than a million men.

Finally, on the south, that is, from the Pinsk marshes to Rumania were stationed the armies of Bothmer, Pflanzer, and different considerable Austrian sections, in all, more than a half million men.

Consequently, of the three divisions of the eastern front, the northern, the central, the southern—the northern section was much the least strongly occupied, because only Bülow's army was there, of from 250,000 to 260,000 men; that is, in all 15 per cent. of all the enemy forces on the Russian front. The enemy's movements against Dvinsk were marked by special obstinacy. Here the First Reserve Corps under the German General, Morgen, was active, this corps not consisting of two divisions, as is usual in the German Army, but of three divisions—that is, the corps was stiffened up to a total of 60,000 bayonets and sabres. Besides this this corps was exceedingly liberally supplied with both heavy and field artillery.

"For more than three weeks," wrote Morgen in his orders, "this corps has been directing an uninterrupted attack against Dvinsk. Thanks to a cruel fire, we succeeded in wresting from our obstinate enemy a series of fortified positions. Eight times we attacked the intrenched enemy with the bayonet and drove him back to the river. These successes, which showed remarkable determination and high excellence, are in complete conformity with the brilliant actions of the First Reserve Corps in the first year of the war. I feel a desire to express my gratitude to all my soldiers, the First, the Thirty-sixth, and the Seventy-eighth Reserve Divisions. At the present time it is imperative to reach a decisive result: to throw the already

weakening enemy from his last strongholds, across the Dwina."

However, this high and mighty order evidently had, as its main object, to raise the spirits of his soldiers, which had fallen after three weeks of unsuccessful attacks on Dvinsk. This order in no way indicated a real intention of the German enemy "to take Dvinsk at any cost," since from the strength already counted, and amounting to only three divisions, it is evident that this force was inadequate. Further, the capture of Dvinsk would necessarily mean also the crossing of the Dwina by the enemy, whereas Morgen only asked his soldiers to "throw the enemy across the Dwina," and said nothing about taking possession of the opposite (right) bank of the Dwina.

In general, it is impossible not to see that the position under Dvinsk is entirely secure, and that the enemy is being compelled to carry on a hopeless attack against this position. Toward the middle of October, the situation under Riga was developing in the same way, as indeed along the whole of the western Dwina. In addition to General Morgen's three divisions, Bülow's army consisted of six or seven divisions with cavalry: that is, 150,000 to 180,000 men, who occupied the front along all the rest of the Dwina, including Jacobstadt, Friedrichstadt, and Riga.

II.

It is, therefore, evident that there were other reasons which compelled Bülow to make a continuous attack against both Dvinsk and Riga, seeing that he could not take either of these important points. To discern these reasons is not difficult, if we study the disposition of Bülow's army, and see what points on the Dwina this army occupies.

As is well known, portions of Bülow's army occupy Friedrichstadt; consequently, the centre of Bülow's army is stationed on the Dwina itself, at Friedrichstadt. But the wings of Bülow's army are quite unable to reach the Dwina and have been driven back; the left wing from Riga and the Dwina to a distance of eighteen to twenty versts, and the right wing from Dvinsk and the

River Dwina to a distance of twenty to twenty-two versts.

In this way the centre of Bülow's army reached forward to the Dwina at Friedrichstadt, but its wings were bent back at Riga and Dvinsk and enveloped. It was this extremely awkward position that compelled Bülow unwillingly to attack Riga and Dvinsk, to straighten out his position if that were possible. Here is the whole motive of his attack, and we need see no dagner either to Riga and Dvinsk in the present situation of affairs.

From all that has been said above, it is possible to see that there is no doubt whatever that the Germans have decided to "go into Winter quarters" in the positions they have occupied, and, in consequence of this, will undertake nothing of serious import on our front for a long time to come. The proposition set forth previously, that the enemy is preparing for not less than two years of war, is fully confirmed at the present time.

As a result of this, the present reveals itself as the beginning of a prolonged period of preparation, during which will be made ready all the means for the future development of extensive offensive operations, which, according to the calculations of the enemy, are to give him the power to fulfill the "program" of the second year of the war.

This work of preparations exhibits itself in the enemy, first, in the strengthening of the positions occupied and in the detailed organization of the rear of the occupied territory as a basis for future operations against our front, and, in the second place, in the subsidiary operations which the enemy is undertaking in the Balkans.

The first—the construction of bases in the rear—consists in the construction of connecting roads in the rear, in the administrative organization of the rear, and in a system of fortifications.

The network of railroads in the rear, according to information which has appeared in the press, has been to a large extent rebuilt, and in part military railroads have been built, the materials for which were stored up by the enemy even

before the war. Furthermore, the enemy is trying to keep up a connection by sea from Memel to Libava, a distance covered by steamships in ten hours. By the present route are being brought munitions, horses, and men. Owing to danger from our submarines, the enemy sends small steamships, with small sections of troops, for example, a battalion at a time, calculating, evidently, that in case of attack by a submarine no large body of troops would be lost, but only a small number.

And in addition to this the military administrative organization of the rear consists chiefly in the establishment of a system of stations, with stores, hospitals, concentration points, and so on.

Finally, the system of fortification carried out by the enemy evidently consists of several lines of defense along the front occupied by him, from the Baltic Sea, through Wilna, Lida, Baranovitch, the Pinsk marshes, Volhynia, Galicia, to Bukowina and Rumania. In the rear of these fortifications according to information received, which has been printed, he has strengthened the temporary

fortresses at Wilna and Bialystok, has rebuilt the fortifications of Kovno, Grodno, and Ossovetz, establishing a chain of forts, which means that the enemy is trying to create real chains of fortifications.

The second part—subsidiary operations in the Balkans—is being carried out by the enemy with more considerable forces than we should previously have supposed likely. By reliable printed information we calculate that against Serbia are operating the Austrian army of the Hungarian General Kevesh, numbering about three army corps, and the German army of Gallwitz, numbering about five army corps, which gives a total of not less than 320,000 Austro-Germans. Besides these, according to certain printed information, which is entirely trustworthy, there is a Landsturm division of not less than 20,000 and various units of cavalry. Thus there are up to 340,000 Austro-Germans, and, counting not less than seven divisions of Bulgarians—that is, up to 210,000 men—we have a total opposed to Serbia's army numbering 300,000, of about 550,000 enemies.



No Peace Now for France

By Émile Boutroux, French Academician; Stephen Pichon, Late Minister of Foreign Affairs; Alfred Capus, French Academician; Gabriel Hanotaux, Academician and Late Foreign Minister; Mme. Daniel Lesueur; Gustave Rivet, French Senator; Adolphe Carnot; Professor Charles Richet; Joseph Reinach; Paul Adam; M. David-Mennet; Abbé Wetterle; Victor Bérard; Admiral Blenaine, and Rear Admiral Degouy

Of thirty or more prominent persons interviewed by the *Revue Hebdomadaire* of Paris, in its November issue, not one was found to be in favor of peace at this time. Statesmen, professors, writers, representatives of the army and the navy uttered the same thought: "We must endure to the end." Below appear some of these representative utterances of France.

A LONG WAR

By EMILE BOUTROUX

Academician, member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, director of the Thiers Foundation, philosopher, and historian.

THE wise thing to hope for is a long war. However marvelous may be the task already accomplished, however certain we may be that our progress will continue, we cannot deduce from that that we are approaching the end of our efforts. We must persevere to the end; the patience of the nation must be unlimited. To my mind peace means that France shall resume her place among the nations. It must be confessed that she had not quite recovered the prestige lost in 1870. Even now in certain circles we are considered as playing an accessory part in the war. People refer to the Russo-German conflict, to the Anglo-German war, forgetting that we are bearing the major part of the burden. Germany tried by the Treaty of Frankfurt to annihilate us as a great power. Peace can come only when we are able to re-establish the European equilibrium.

PATIENCE

By STEPHEN PICHON

Late Minister of Foreign Affairs, Director of Le Petit Journal.

I have never believed that the war would be a short war; I have always said that it would be long; I do not believe now that it will end soon. Peace

will be acceptable only when it can guarantee to France the strength, prestige, and prosperity of the victor, liberty and independence, a durable tranquillity, the end of the menace of armaments and the possibility of general disarmament. That is worth the patience that we are preaching.

NO "LAME" PEACE

By ALFRED CAPUS

Academician, Editor in Chief of Le Figaro.

By the beginning of 1916 we can be certain that Germany will have lost 4,000,000 of her children. That is a terrific total, such as has never before been seen in history. When it is said that a people will fight to the last man we know it is a fiction; the bigger an army the more men must die before the last is reached. Germany will not wait until she is annihilated before asking for peace; she will do so when she feels her inevitable inferiority. That will be the time to talk peace.

To my mind, moreover, there can be no question of anything but a definite peace. I cannot see the possibility of a "lame" peace. The German character is opposed to it; the Germans will obtain what they want or they will have to accept our terms. A "lame" peace would leave them the chance of victory by a new effort. They are too well disciplined, too stubborn to treat for peace before making that new effort; they will give in only when they have reached the end.

WAR OF ATTRITION

By GABRIEL HANOTAUX

Academician and former Foreign Minister.

In principle this is a war of attrition. Let us prepare for that. Let us remain true to our compact with our allies. As a matter of fact the real end of this war is, according to the German military doctrine, the destruction of the enemy. We have already killed two or three million Germans and Austrians; since it seems that that is not enough we shall keep it up until the survivors see reason.

The Allies have superiority in numbers, solidity, resources; let us not expose this superiority to the chance of a fault or an imprudence. The fate of the world depends on the wisdom of all, as well as on the valor of our army.

This war is not merely a clash between peoples, it is a conflict between Kultur and civilization. The future course of the history of the world depends on this prodigious conflict. The stake is worth the venture. The work of the diplomatists can be useful only as the crown of the efforts of the army.

WOMEN OF FRANCE

By MME. DANIEL LESUEUR

Distinguished French Writer

One of the reasons which have impelled the women of France to view undismayed the prospect of a war to the end is their solicitude for the future of the children. "We do not want our children to go through such a hell" is their cry. They but echo the words of their husbands. In how many letters from the front have we not read those words! They have gone to the heart of the young mothers, they remain fixed there and now they all exclaim: "We will accept any suffering that may be necessary, but we will win for these innocent children a future in which such a horror will be impossible."

They are not acting in ignorance of what their decision means. A peace which would bring Europe back to the instability of the days before the war cannot be considered. We do not even desire a peace which would be simply honorable for us. No; they might offer us Alsace-Lorraine—which we are not yet

in a position to demand—and we would refuse, for our task would not be yet accomplished. Dear to us as is that part of the national territory torn from our motherland it is not that which concerns us most now. France is fighting to defend Europe against the tyranny of German militarism. She is fighting, and will continue to fight, for the vital interest, the supreme interest of the nation and of the civilized world.

"The sublime heroism of our soldiers has won more than territory. It has won pure glory, the esteem of the world, the magnificent hope of a France again at the head of civilization. The road is hard, but we distinguish clearly the end. Who among us could give up the fight now? Not one, not a single Frenchwoman. Let our unconquerable heroes know this: Their women are with them.

BEAST OF MILITARISM

By GUSTAVE RIVET

Senator, President of the Franco-Italian League

Who dares talk of peace at this time? Peace can not, must not, come until German militarism is definitely broken. The German dream of universal dominion is a menace to our very existence. Whoever does not wish to be a slave must fight on to the end. We must struggle to the last man.

The Allies know the danger that hangs over their heads and we are confident that the combined effort of the Quadruple Entente will bring about the downfall of the central empires and the end of this intolerable German pride. Nobody would have the courage to accept at this moment a peace which could mean nothing more than a momentary suspension of hostilities. Before Europe lays down arms the ferocious beast must be placed in such a condition that it can menace us no more. We must be able to give to the world peace—not a peace, but peace.

VICTORY AHEAD

By ADOLPHE CARNOT

President of the Republican-Democratic Alliance, Grandson of the "Organizer of Victory" of the French Revolution

There are several reasons for believing

that the war may come to an end soon, but it is impossible to give even an approximate date for the peace preliminaries. Everything now points to victory for us. The co-ordination of the allied forces gives us an assurance of final triumph and we shall then be in a position to dictate peace. It is not for us to talk about peace until then.

FRANCE THE REBUILDER

By PROFESSOR CHARLES RICHTER
Member of the Academy of Sciences

The advantages of even a victorious peace seem to me mediocre in comparison with the blood which has been shed and the sacrifices made. I would have given up all the treaties in the world to have kept France and Europe peaceful.

Nevertheless, the direction of affairs in the new Europe, even if it be a ruined Europe, must not be left in the hands of Germany. The question is for me as follows: On which nation will the task of rebuilding Europe rest? What nation will be able to place Europe again on the path toward progress? What nation will guide a lost civilization and a worn-out world toward the rebirth? For the well being of all that nation must be France. That is the decisive reason for fighting to the end so as to prepare for the resurrection, probably a long way off, of human intelligence.

As for the real advantages of peace it will be very long before the world can enjoy them. War is a millstone on the neck of intellectual development. The nations which are vanquished will think only of revenge. No nation will want to be exposed again to the danger of attack, and preparation for the new war will be the universal preoccupation.

I do not doubt for a single instant that humanity will in the long run reawaken and take up again its march toward the light. But even the great-grandchildren of our children will not see that day. It is, however, to hasten that day that France must fight energetically and spare no effort to gain a complete victory. The triumph of her arms will be the prelude to the triumph of her generous ideas. If she, like other nations, has

to feel the countershock of this terrific conflict, it must be expected of her that she will prepare civilization for prosperous morrows. The liberty of peoples and individuals will enable us to reach this result. Perhaps, also, we shall be aided in this task by a German revolution—perhaps.

RESERVE FORCE

By JOSEPH REINACH
Former Deputy and one of the editors of *Le Figaro*

We have entered into the period of the war where the decisive factor is patience, tenacity, obstinacy. "Victory," says a Japanese proverb, "belongs to the nation which has a quarter of an hour more of patience." We are now in that "quarter of an hour." I have seen a letter from a German intellectual in which he says the world of letters, law, medicine in Germany is suffering from a feeling of pessimism. "But," he adds, "we shall be saved by the nervous exhaustion of France." He is counting on the idea that the reserve force of moral courage, patience, and tenacity of France is inferior to that of Germany.

There is an example of the lack of judgment of the Germans. The civilian population of France will hold out to the end, all the more since they are warned that it is on their "nervous exhaustion" that Germany is basing hopes of victory.

GERMANY IN STRAITS

By PAUL ADAM
Novelist and writer

Calculations based on indisputable facts indicate that the economic situation of the central empires will begin to be very serious during or at the end of the present Winter. It must not, however, be deduced from this that peace will then be in sight. Even though our enemies may be in sore straits financially they can continue to fight, facing as best they may the constant diminution of their moral and physical resistance.

We must win a definite victory which will reduce Germany to impotence for an unlimited time, which will permit us to make her industries work for us to

give us the fifty or sixty milliards of francs due as indemnity for the war and its consequences. For the achievement of this aim we must never allow a weakening of the courage, the patience, the moral strength necessary to victory. Logically we can think of peace only as a distant dream. We must first drive the Germans out of France and then pursue them into their own territory, where it may be expected that they will struggle on with grim determination to guard their independence. Each of these operations will take at least a year.

If the course of events induce us to accept a "lame" peace I believe that Europe would have to face a new series of wars. The years to come would see nothing but the preparations for new conflicts until one of the opposing sides was entirely vanquished. I see no sign that such a thing will come to pass.

AN OGRISH PROSPECT

By M. DAVID-MENNET

President of the Chamber of Commerce of Paris

Men are constantly returning on leave from the front who before the war were employed by commercial firms in Paris. When they are asked about the hard life in the trenches, about the prospects of a long campaign, they reply: "If we yield to the Germans we'll be eaten up." These familiar words express a profound economic truth. If we were weak enough to accept a hasty peace before we have won a decisive victory we would place ourselves in a position of commercial vassaldom which would lead rapidly to the ruin of individuals and the bankruptcy of the nation. We would be "eaten up."

Recalling the immense labor which was necessary to pay off the indemnity of "cinq milliards" which France was forced to pay after the war of 1870-71, M. David-Mennet said:

Today the indemnity will not be five billions, but ten times that amount. Of that enormous sum the greater part will fall on the nation which first lays down arms. In 1871 and the succeeding years it needed all the skill of M. Thiers and his eminent collaborators to save the en-

tire money market of France from disorganization.

It would be impossible to meet the indemnity which a victorious Germany would demand today without utterly ruining our commerce and industry. That is what would happen if we concluded peace now, in view of the fact that a large part of our territory is in the hands of the invaders and we are, in that respect, in the position of a vanquished nation. Such a peace is not to be thought of. We must continue the struggle until new armies are sent into the field. We shall thus march on to victory, to the economic freedom and prosperity of our country. We don't want to be "eaten up."

GERMAN FINANCES

By ABBE WETTERLE

Formerly Deputy from Alsace-Lorraine in the Reichstag

The financial situation of the German Empire will soon be desperate. Big commercial failures are frequent, the war loans are covered only by fictitious Treasury operations, and the gold reserve is insufficient. The Frankfurter Zeitung has admitted that if an enormous indemnity is not assured to re-establish the finances of Germany the country will be ruined.

It is certain that the Germans, who are still crying victory, will go to smash suddenly. Pessimists here in France do not take sufficiently into consideration the moral element of this struggle. The German is boastful during success, but he sinks under adversity.

Cost what it may, we must go on to the end. War until the complete destruction of Germany is accomplished is an absolute necessity.

PEACE CRIMINAL

By VICTOR BERARD

Professor at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes

I say that it is criminal to talk of peace now. Would Germany consent to give us back Alsace-Lorraine? At what price? On condition that we recognized her annexation of Belgium! Can such a thing be imagined! Can you think of such a bargain without indignation? There is another condition of Franco-

German peace—the economic alliance of the two countries. For the German an economic alliance has always meant an offensive league.

The Germans have never formed a league among themselves or with their neighbors except against somebody. Against whom would we be expected to ally ourselves with Germany? Against England. That is a monstrosity, a madness, that cannot be conceived without dishonor. Thus, peace is impossible; we must continue the war, we must continue it to the end, whether that end may be tomorrow or several months or years hence.

END WORTH THE PRICE

By ADMIRAL BLENAIME

Late Chief of the Naval Staff

It was not, in the words of President Poincaré, "to win a precarious peace, a truce filled with anxiety, between one war and a more terrible war, that France rose up in mighty grandeur to the accents of the 'Marseillaise.'" It was to have an end once for all of the menace which the German fury of dominion caused to weigh so heavily on us and on the rights of small nations to develop themselves according to the principles of justice and liberty on which the future of civilization depends.

The end is worth the price. They know that at the front. It justifies all our

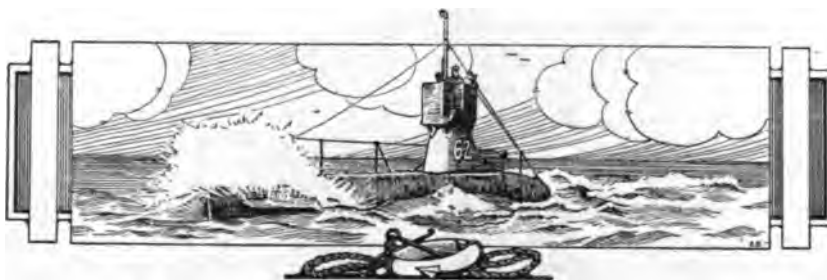
patience. We are ready for even more sacrifices to assure that "organized and powerful effort which alone can give us victory," referred to in the letter of a German intellectual recently found in the pocket of one of his army friends who fell into our hands.

FRANCE'S TURN NOW

By REAR ADMIRAL DEGOUY

We must not examine the possibility of a "paix hatarde" on the basis of the statu quo ante bellum, which would leave Germany sufficiently strong so that fifteen or twenty years hence she would be in a position to resume her old dream and throw herself against us again. No; too much blood has already been spilled, too much ruin has been piled up to permit us to entertain any thought except that we must so act as to enable us to hand down to the next generation an edifice worthy of our immense sacrifices and one which will give them an opportunity to live in peace and tranquillity.

To do this we must have a victorious peace, completely victorious, a peace signed only after the annihilation of the enemy when he is crying for mercy. I know the intense pride of the German. He will yield only when he recognizes that he is fighting a superior foe. To the victor belong the spoils. Our enemies had that experience in 1871. It must be our turn now.



History's Greatest Massacre

By A. Williams, M. P.; T. P. O'Connor, M. P., and Lord Robert Cecil

I.

The Armenian Woe

By A. Williams, M. P.

The speeches on the Turkish massacres of the Armenians, presented below, are abridged from the report of proceedings in the House of Commons on Nov. 16, 1915.

ON the 6th of October of this year there was a discussion in the House of Lords which, it is no exaggeration to say, sent a wave of horror not only over this country, but over all civilized countries. The great majority of reading and thinking people realized then for the first time that the greatest massacres in history had been taking place during the last five months. In that discussion, initiated by Lord Cromer, and in which Lord Bryce, Lord Crewe, and others took a notable part, there were laid bare the facts of a horror such as the world has never seen. There have been great conquerors who have slaughtered many thousands and perhaps up to a million men, but those occurrences have been spread over a great number of years. The Turkish authorities within the little time of five months proceeded systematically to exterminate a whole race out of their dominions. They did so not in thousands or tens of thousands, but in hundreds of thousands. One estimate states that five hundred thousand persons were killed within the five months, while according to another estimate the number was as many as eight hundred thousand killed. There have been massacres of the Armenians before this last one. Ten years ago thirty thousand were massacred, and ten years before that a hundred thousand. But those massacres, which made the world shudder at the time, shrink into insignificance beside these massacres which we have been unconsciously living through in the last six or seven months.

Since that debate took place later details have come in from many sources, from German and Swiss missionaries, from escaped refugees, from Europeans in Asiatic Turkey, and from sources of all kinds, and all supporting one another in the most astonishing way, so that the facts all hang together and so that, while perhaps it is impossible to be certain of this or that detail, there is no doubt whatever of the broad lines of the occurrences. They are not general statements, but are statements from different quarters, describing what happened at particular places at particular times, with the names of the people who suffered and with the names of the people who inflicted those horrors.

Therefore it is quite certain that the broad facts of the case are established and the broad facts are these, that in the month of May or thereabout orders were sent through the executive authority—that is, the "gang," as Lord Bryce called them: the gang of ruffians who call themselves the Government of Turkey at the present time—systematically to nearly all the centres in Turkey where there was any considerable Armenian population. I believe I am right in saying that these orders can be traced as having been sent to some fifty places, and a uniform procedure was adopted. The Armenians of the particular centre concerned were collected together at short notice, sometimes within a few hours. In some instances where a time had been fixed the gendarmes arrived before the time, and the Armenians were h d

out of their beds. Sometimes a little longer, up to ten or twelve days, but I believe never more than a fortnight, was given. It was not men of military age that were taken to be interned. Not at all. The Armenians of military age were already serving Turkey as soldiers in the ranks, except those who were exempted under the laws of Turkey. At this time the men from 15 to 70 who had not been taken as soldiers were collected together, and for the most part shot. The older men, the women and the children were ordered to prepare to go away to a great distance. This did not take place simply in one town, but in practically every town where there was an Armenian population of any importance. It did not occur owing to the fanaticism of one particular magistrate or one particular population. It is what took place in obedience to the orders sent around from the central authorities.

These people were marched away, under the control of gendarmes to some extent, but to a large extent under the control of jail birds—criminals who had been taken out of the jails for the express purpose of being put in charge of these parties of Armenians. The people were allowed to take very little money with them, and very little food was given them on the journey. In some cases they were allowed to hire carts, in which either to ride themselves or to take their few belongings. In many cases these carts were turned back after a few hours or a few days of the journey had been accomplished, and the people were obliged to go on on foot. Sometimes, when they had gone a few days' journey, they were abandoned by their guards and told that they might go on by themselves. Then, when they had gone on a few miles, Kurds or other brigands fell upon them, robbed and murdered them, violated the women, took the children, and committed every kind of outrage and horror upon them. Sometimes they were not abandoned, but the gendarmes and criminal guards worked their will upon them in every form of brutality and lust. When they came to towns they sold women and girls to the harems, sold the children to Turkish families who wanted boys or

girls to work on their farms and to be brought up as Mohammedans, and even sold the children to brothels. So they went on, driving them along, the people dropping by the way from hunger, women going absolutely naked in many cases, having been robbed of their clothes; babies were born by the roadside, and the mothers were told to get up and go on, until they died. At night women were violated by thieves and ruffians who came to the encampment; and finally, when they reached the River Euphrates, the women in many cases threw themselves into the river in order that they might escape by death from man's inhumanity.

Thus perhaps one-third, or less than one-third, of those who set out came to their destinations. What were those destinations? They were humorously called by the Turkish authorities agricultural colonies. They were, as a matter of fact, places in horrible swamps, or in some cases desert places where there was no water and no possibility of cultivation, where even the miserable Arabs, who had existed there from time immemorial, often perished from hunger. There they arrived in a perishing condition, and there those who are not yet dead are probably dying rapidly. This was the fate of the Armenians in the scattered towns. I am not talking of the Armenians in Armenia. There is a very great difference. The Armenians in the scattered towns are, for the most part, artisans, merchants, shopkeepers, or professional men. They are very largely educated people, brought up in a degree of refinement, extraordinarily in advance of the Mohammedan population of the country. They felt all the more the sufferings inflicted upon them, having been accustomed to a refined, educated, and, from a material point of view, comfortable life. The Armenians in Armenia were in a different position. They were in their own country, to a very large extent they were agriculturists, and those who remain are agriculturists still, cultivating their fields and living on the produce.

The Armenians who have been subject to deportation, hardships, and the gradual wastage of death, as I have described,

port, numerous patrol boats and coast steamers for guarding the coasts, and a number of merchant ships available as auxiliary cruisers. America is considering a big naval program which has the general support of the people. The European war has heightened the responsibility of the Government to the same extent as it has embittered the attacks of the Government's Pan-American opponents. If the English attempt to restrict American trade is pressed, one may expect Secretary of the Navy Daniels, who pointed out the necessity of a merchant marine for war purposes in a speech on Oct. 20, to adopt counter-measures immediately. Last year, when the President wished to create an American merchant marine with Government money, and proposed the acquisition

for that purpose of neutral vessels or vessels in course of construction in America, Congress refused to make the requisite appropriation. At that time there was no talk of increase of the navy and of preparedness. But now it is quite a different matter, and it may very well be that England, by her latest move on the international chess board, may bring about consequences of which she has not the remotest inkling.

Hence, the American note not only paves the way for the demand for the freedom of the seas, but ushers in an era of conflict with England, unquestionably destined to end advantageously for those upholding the law. We in Germany cannot but help along this conflict if we conduct ourselves during its course with calm, justice, and dignity.

"The Chant of the German Sword"

In a dispatch dated Oct. 7, 1915, the Berne correspondent of The Pall Mall Gazette declared that Germany's "Hymn of Hate" has been supplanted by "The Chant of the German Sword," a composition brought out in Leipsic within the fortnight, which had already run into half a dozen editions. This is what its anonymous author makes the "German sword" say:

It is no duty of mine to be either just or compassionate; it suffices that I am sanctified by my exalted mission, and that I blind the eyes of my enemies with such streams of tears as shall make the proudest of them cringe in terror under the vault of heaven.

I have slaughtered the old and the sorrowing; I have struck off the breasts of women; and I have run through the bodies of children who gazed at me with the eyes of the wounded lion.

Day after day I ride aloft on the shadowy horse in the valley of Cypresses, and as I ride I draw forth the life blood from every enemy's son that dares dispute my path.

It is meet and right that I should cry aloud my pride, for am I not the flaming messenger of the Lord Almighty?

Germany is so far above and beyond all the other nations that all the rest of earth, be they who they may, should feel themselves well done by when they are allowed to fight with the dogs for the crumbs that fall from her table.

When Germany the divine is happy, then the rest of the world basks in smiles; but when Germany suffers, God in person is rent with anguish, and, wrathful and avenging, He turns all the waters into rivers of blood.

A Holy Legacy of the Fallen Heroes

By Professor Ferdinand Jakob Schmidt

Of the University of Berlin.

This article appeared originally in the *Illustrierte Zeitung* of Nov. 18, 1915.

WHO among us Germans was not a friend of peace, deceiving himself in the belief that we were strong enough always to down the demons of war? So far as we were concerned, there was no need for peace associations and peace congresses in order to convince the world that nothing was further from the thoughts of the German Nation than the desire to crush the liberty of other nations. What we wanted was to make a determined effort to reach the position due us among nations, by means of the economic and spiritual progress of our national powers, thus fulfilling our historical destiny in the service of mankind.

Yet a remarkable thing came to pass: it was peace that brought upon us the most fearful of wars! Not the strength of our arms but the superiority of our peaceful labor brought on this war of nations.

So the blind powers of destruction were let loose and we experienced their gigantic might more terribly than ever before, as the war of nations raged around us. All was menaced; our life, our freedom, our honor. But the power of our enemies did not overcome us and the iron scales of world destiny inclined to our side. Not

for us, but for our hate-filled opponents, were those annihilating "mene tekell" words—"weighed and found wanting"—written in letters of flame on the walls.

Their men have fallen. But we have achieved this victory only at the cost of a huge sacrifice demanded from us by cruel fate. Whose heart is not torn in his bosom at the thought of all the splendid men who have died for the Fatherland?

These men have left to us a splendid legacy for which they gave up their lives. What is our inheritance from these fallen heroes? None other but the duty to devote ourselves to the great cause of crowning our national German unity.

No matter what else this war may bring to us, its loftiest and greatest result is that from it must come the spiritual unity of the nation. For that there must arise a new type of man, a man who must be three men in one: a man of new faith, a new citizen, a new creator of freedom. And the unifying power for this has come to us from the midst of our terrible struggles. A new life spirit has been born from the sacrifice of the lives of our heroes.

That, then, is the holy legacy of our fallen heroes.



Why Not on the High Seas?

By Count E. Reventlow

The article presented below appeared first in *Die Hamburger Nachrichten* Nov. 14, 1915.

THE principal points of the American note to the British Government were touched upon in these columns a few days ago. Despite its great detail, the note fails strangely enough to devote a word to an important and interesting chain of cause and effect. I allude to the complaint of the American Government that American merchant vessels are forcibly conducted by English warships into English harbors in order that their cargoes may be examined, although, according to the general practice hitherto sanctioned by international law, such a search should be conducted on the high seas and should be confined entirely to inspection of the ship's papers and placing of the Captain and crew under oath. The note protests against this unjustified British high-handedness, but says nothing about the cause and earlier history of the British mode of procedure. This is certainly interesting and dates back about one year.

Let us recall how, in the early and late Autumn of 1914, Great Britain made her war zone declaration regarding the North Sea; and let me remark, by the way, that we Germans unfortunately forget at times that not the Germans but the English were the pioneers in setting apart certain portions of the seas as war zones. At that time Great Britain declared portions of the North Sea a "military area" which merchant vessels might use only at their peril. At the same time, the Admiralty announced that it had laid a mine field, about 4,000 square kilometers in extent, at the southern egress from the North Sea—in other words, in the northern part of the English Channel. This mine field completely barred the entire width of the English Channel. The Admiralty also announced that, in order to protect the merchant marine to some extent against the treacherous German methods of warfare, all vessels wishing to enter or leave the North Sea must

navigate close to the British coasts. All this served as a hint to every merchant Captain who might desire to shape his own course.

The British Admiralty based its procedure on the unprecedentedly wicked German method of conducting warfare with mines and submarines, which bound Great Britain to take especially energetic countersteps in order to give navigation of the North Sea even a fair measure of security. It was stated that there had even been cases of German minelayers doing their nefarious work under neutral flags; that, as it was necessary to destroy such craft without delay, it was not advisable that genuinely neutral vessels should enter those waters. For these reasons the declaration and creation of a war zone barred to all merchant vessels became a necessity.

But, in reality, the situation was as follows: The success of the German submarines against the British Navy has filled England with alarm. English cruisers searching passing merchant vessels and guarding the North Sea war zone had again and again been destroyed by submarines and it was foreseen that such losses would constantly take on more serious proportions. The final decision as to what to do was doubtless made by Great Britain after that fateful morning when *Weddigen* sent to the bottom near the Dutch coast the three cruisers of the *Aboukir* class. It was realized then that the only way to bar commerce from the North Sea entrances and at the same time keep up the search of merchant vessels on the high seas by vessels on the high seas lay in mechanically closing the North Sea exits by war zones and mine-fields. Only thus could the stream of neutral ships be forced to navigate close to the English coast, under the pretext of concern for their own safety, and British cruisers be saved from exposing themselves to Ger-

man submarines. In reality, though, the danger from German submarines existed solely for English warships, not for neutral merchant craft.

The British Admiralty was guilty of a similar perversion of the facts in the matter of mine warfare. It maintained that the Germans had jeopardized peaceful merchantmen most seriously by laying numerous mines and entire mine-fields in the North Sea—in the open sea, in fact—for which reason Great Britain, desiring to protect these peaceful craft, was constrained not only to search them in British harbors, but to require that they navigate close to the coast as far north as the Faroe Islands, on the British east coast.

In reality, the situation was quite the opposite. The Germans had not and, since then, never have laid such mines in the open portions of the North Sea; it was reserved for the English to initiate such a practice by laying the big mine-field mentioned above. At various times the German Government has publicly declared that German mines had been and would be laid only on hostile coasts; proof to the contrary has never been adduced despite most zealous efforts. Therefore, when neutral merchant vessels were obliged by the British Admiralty to navigate close to the English coasts, where the German Government had acknowledged laying mines, such a course meant not the protection but the serious jeopardizing of these neutrals. The British Government was not concerned in the slightest with the protection of the neutral merchant marine from submarines or mines, but solely with safeguarding its own warships. It did not wish to expose the latter to the German submarines, and, by requiring foreign merchantmen to run along the British coasts, where there were German mines, it made of these neutral vessels excellent mine-seekers for Great Britain entirely free of cost. As a result, neutral vessels, for many months, were sunk in great numbers by mines, while steering a course along the British coasts, which were alleged to be safe.

But the main thing was that the British Admiralty had achieved its object

and needed no longer to expose its warships to German submarines at the exits from the North Sea. Instead, by means of the above lies, it had obliged the entire neutral merchant marine to forego its rights. Neutral merchant vessels have been obliged for an entire year to waive their historical rights, and, by the mere casting upon them of the baseless suspicion that they were carrying contraband, have been taken into English harbors for the purpose of being overhauled, thus losing an amount of time out of all proportion to the necessities of the case and being forced to make all sorts of disbursements during this illegal period of seizure.

The American note rightly protests against all this. But why does it not touch upon the earlier history of the matter, sketched out above, which is rich in lessons? This history shows most conclusively the complete arbitrariness of the British Admiralty, and shows, moreover, that it dates back some time. It shows that the high-handed British restriction and overpowering of neutral trade had, and has, nothing whatever to do with merchant vessels as such, but is based solely on the desire to protect English warships from German submarines and to relieve these warships of the dangers incident to stopping and searching merchant vessels on the high seas. The English press has been wise enough so far not to dilate on this delicate question. The Times said recently, in a general review of the American note, that Washington must be well aware that, owing to the complicated nature of present-day naval warfare, search of vessels on the high seas was not as feasible as before, and that the English method had been adopted solely for safeguarding neutral navigation. One may well be curious as to what the British Government will say in its reply to this note. To the trained observer, the British mode of procedure is typical in its unscrupulousness toward neutrals and its crafty perversion of facts and motives. The result has been so far entirely successful. The British Admiralty has protected the ships of the British Navy from German submarines.

On the Road to India

By Dr. Paul Rohrbach

This article appeared originally in Die Woche Nov. 13, 1915.

BY getting control of Egypt, England, on the one hand, greatly strengthened her position as a world power, but, on the other hand, she made herself vulnerable on land. It was supposed before that England's weak spot, her tendon of Achilles, was India. But after she proved during the Boer war that she could transport an army of hundreds of thousands of men over great distances by sea, and keep them supplied, the probability waned of a Russian attack on India. Russia could hardly transport over the difficult mountain roads of the Pamirs and Afghanistan the number of men required for overrunning India, even if she had at the outset the sympathies of a part of the natives.

But it is otherwise with Egypt. From the earliest days to which we can go back in history, the rulers of Egypt, from the first of the Pharaohs, have, on account of the geographical peculiarities of the frontier between Asia and Africa, always tried to strengthen their hold on their dominions by getting control of the territories lying on the other side of the Isthmus of Suez—Palestine and Syria. And strong Asiatic empires, for their part, who numbered Syria among their provinces, have coveted Egypt. As soon as England acquired Egypt it was incumbent upon her to guard against any menace from Asia.

Such a danger apparently arose when Turkey, weakened by her last war with Russia and by difficult conditions at home, began to turn to Germany for support.

And now war has come and England is reaping the crops which she has sown. England, not we, desired this war. She knows this, despite all her hypocritical talk, and she fears that, as soon as connection is established along the Berlin-Vienna-Budapest-Sofia-Constantinople line, the fate of Egypt may be decided. Through the Suez Canal goes the route to all the lands surrounding the Indian Ocean, and, by way of Singapore, to the western shores of the Pacific. These two worlds together have about 900,000,000 inhabitants, more than half the population of the universe, and India lies in a controlling position in their midst. Should England lose the Suez Canal, she will be obliged, unlike the powers in control of that waterway, to use the long route around the Cape of Good Hope and depend on the good-will of the South African Boers. The majority among the latter have not the same views as Botha.

However, it is too early to prophesy, and it is not according to German ideas to imitate our opponents by singing premature paeans of victory. But, anyhow, we are well aware why, after we took Belgrade, anxious England already sees us on "the road to India."



The American Need of Defense

By Hilary A. Herbert and Mary Roberts Rinehart

Hilary A. Herbert takes a position on preparedness for war in an article appearing originally in THE NEW YORK TIMES of Nov. 21, 1915, which is diametrically opposed to the attitude of William J. Bryan. President Cleveland's Secretary of the Navy reviews history in maintenance of his belief that readiness for defense is a preventive of war rather than a provocative element. Mr. Herbert's remarks are herewith presented in part.

IN the Revolutionary War our chief cities, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, and Savannah, were, by comparison, mere villages. The British took them all, but no matter; we had no railroads, not even the good highways Mr. Bryan advocates now, along which had they then existed British armies might have marched, and so we prolonged the fight for eight years, and finally, with the help of our allies, won the victory. In that war when and where warring fleets were to find each other depended as much on weather conditions as on seamanship. Now swift armor-clad fleets can go straight to whatever port they may select. With modern artillery, aided by aerial squadrons, they may bombard any of our cities that are on or near the sea.

In Savannah, Charleston, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, the capture of all of which signified but little in our war for independence, there are now altogether millions of inhabitants and billions of dollars of wealth. Germany, soon after she had prostrated neutral Belgium, imposed on its capital city, Brussels, a fine of many millions of dollars. German Generals levy fines on or shoot selected noncombatants in every Belgian town that is in their power any of whose inhabitants violate orders issued by their commanders, and even on towns whose German garrisons have been fired on by passing aeroplanes of the Allies. That is modern war. So now an enemy, dominating any one of our seacoast cities, could levy tribute at will. From New York City alone he could collect in five days more money than the President proposes to expend for defense within the five years to come. And yet Mr. Bryan says why people in the East should

clamor for preparedness, and talks about the "atmosphere of the Manhattan Club" and the "Mammon worshipping" people that meet there!

Mr. Bryan himself lives in Nebraska, fully fifteen hundred miles from the Atlantic or the Pacific, or the Gulf of Mexico.

Better far, Mr. Bryan thinks, to spend \$500,000,000 in five years on good roads, some of which would be in Nebraska, than to expend it quieting the fears of Mammon worshippers, many of whom dwell in cities by the sea.

Mr. Bryan has no fear for the people or their property. Our people should by no means go to war. It is a "challenge to the spirit of Christianity." So thought Mr. Bryan's predecessors, the Quakers of long ago. They refused to help our ancestors win their independence, and had the Americans of that day and since all been Quakers we should be now under the British flag.

But history has taught Mr. Bryan that our people are not all Quakers, and it is precisely for this reason he fears to trust them with the army and navy President Wilson thinks they need for defensive purposes. Preparedness will tempt our people as it has recently tempted Europe to go to war.

Years ago the Czar of Russia suggested disarmament. The trend of thought among nations was all in that direction. Most of the powers signified their assent, but they did not dare themselves to disarm while their rivals were arming. Germany by her refusal halted the movement, and Germany, better prepared, as she well knew, than the Allies, opened the present war while negotiations for peace were pending. Had Great Britain, France, and Russia, with their superior

resources, been as well prepared as was Germany, the probabilities are that, instead of a world war, we should now see already negotiated treaties looking to the peace of the world. It was lack of preparedness that brought on the present war in Europe.

Another lesson we have before us from another continent. China, before the war broke out between her and Japan, twenty years ago, was the most perfect specimen the world has ever seen of what Mr. Bryan would have the United States to be, an example to the world of a peace-loving people, spurning all preparations for war. For centuries, ever since the days of her philosopher Confucius, who long antedated all our American pacifists, she had cherished the romantic idea of perpetual peace. Public sentiment in all that wonderful country put the soldier down on the very lowest social grade. But, isolated as she and her 400,000,000 of people had long been, steam and electricity had at length brought her into close contact with the world. She had already had troubles with the English and the French. Her little neighbor, Japan, was becoming warlike. China waked up out of her dream. She tired of having foreigners regulate trade within her borders, and in 1894 had prepared for herself a modern but small navy. To defend herself against invasion by land she relied chiefly on the power of numbers, but even for these she had no proper supply of arms or ammunition. When war with Japan came in 1894 two defeats of her navy, one off of Azan and the other at Yalu, ended the power of China on the water. The issue on land was practically decided on Sept. 16 and 17 at Ping Yang, where 22,000 Chinese, though they fought bravely, were utterly defeated by 60,000 Japanese.

The flower of her army was gone, and, though many thousands volunteered, armed as they were only with improvised implements of war, China could never afterward withstand anywhere the thoroughly equipped and well-trained Japanese armies. Peace was made on Japan's own terms.

Since that war China has been helpless, completely at the mercy of even any

second-rate power that might choose to make a demand.

Coming back now to our own history. The one lesson taught there at every step is that our people are not all Quakers, as Mr. Bryan would have them to be, and when wronged they fight, whether prepared or not, and no matter whether they get their Scripture from the Old or the New Testament they make up their minds when war becomes necessary to take the consequences, and these have sometimes been uncomfortable.

The first hostile encounter of the United States with a foreign foe was with our old ally, France, 1798-1799. France was angry because we did not come to her aid in her war against Great Britain. French ships repeatedly attacked ours, and at last Talleyrand, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, demanded, while we were negotiating with him for peace, a bribe of \$220,000. Thereupon Charles Cotesworth Pinckney spoke the words that have ever since been the watchword of the American people, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." An army was ordered to be created, with Washington as Lieutenant General, and the President was authorized to appoint a Secretary of the Navy and to build twelve new ships of war. One or two naval battles occurred, and thus was ended our "quasi-war" with France. Actual war was prevented by preparedness. France yielded.

Our next foreign war was when Thomas Jefferson, often referred to by Mr. Bryan as the apostle of peace, was President. One of his first acts as President was to begin war against Tripoli because he was unwilling that we should continue paying, as we and European nations were then doing, tribute to the piratical Barbary powers for the privilege of doing commerce in the Mediterranean. This war, because we were ill-prepared for it, lasted four years, but Jefferson brought the Barbary powers to terms. We have never since paid tribute to any nation, and this greatly enhanced Jefferson's popularity.

Mr. Bryan's exact words are that nations should "influence others by example rather than by exciting fear." That

they should "win respect as an individual does, not by carrying arms, but by an upright, honorable course that invites confidence and insures good-will."

We tried that on Great Britain for years prior to 1812. We turned one cheek when the other was smitten; we actually laid embargoes on our own commerce. But our submissive, "upright" course, instead of winning the respect brought us the contempt of Great Britain. The wrongs she heaped upon us became intolerable and, knowing well that we were unprepared, we declared war. Except in the duels on the ocean fought by the ships we had prepared many years before, and the battle of New Orleans, we of course won little credit in the War of 1812. Our Capitol was burned, and the right of search, the chief question involved, remained unsettled when the war closed. But by fighting we did win back the self-respect we had forfeited by submission. Again. In 1860-61 eleven of our States seceded from the Union. The States remaining in the Union fought for four years to bring them back. Nobody was prepared. Nearly twelve months' drilling and preparing were required before either side was ready for real war. If the General Government had been ready with an army comparable to that of other nations the eleven States might possibly not have seceded at all, and if they had, unprepared as they were, they probably could not have held out for a year. As it was, 3,500,000 were enlisted on the two sides, and the sacrifices on both sides were immense.

Never, except in our own war between ourselves, has the President of our country been in a more trying position or more needed, in order that he might safely guide the nation in a crisis, the undivided support of all Americans, than has President Wilson since the 2d day of August, 1914. Within these fifteen months he has been beset with difficulties growing out of circumstances essentially like those that beset the Administrations of George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and James Madison from the beginning of the French Revolution down to its end at Waterloo in 1814.

When England, with her sea power and her allies on the one hand, and on the other powerful forces and leaders of the French Revolution were at war, the mighty blows they aimed at each other again and again fell upon neutrals. The United States, with its ships often searched and delayed, and its commerce harried by one device or another, sought earnestly during all that long period to be neutral, while preserving its rights, but it was in vain. We were driven, as we have seen, in 1798-9 into a quasi-war with France, and in 1812 into an actual war with Great Britain.

The situation now is the same as then, the attitudes of nations considered; but the task of President Wilson is far greater, and the problems confronting him are vastly more difficult than were those of his predecessors. The present European war is more terrible; new engines of destruction have made it more horrible than were the wars of the French Revolution. Now the retaliatory measures of belligerents involve not only the property but the lives of neutrals.

The war is still flagrant. Horrors accumulate. No one can tell what outrage against the rights of neutrals, what crime against the laws of humanity, tomorrow may reveal.

Our President has preserved, with honor, peace with all belligerents, in spite of dissension in his Cabinet. If he was able to accomplish this in a crucial case only because it became clear that his people were at his back, where is the Congressman of his own party or of any party who will become responsible for divisions that will weaken our President's arm, as he tries to hold the rudder true in the storm that is still raging? Where is one who can really believe that, because the Captain of our ship, while a hurricane is raging, has spoken encouraging words to his passengers and crew, "there is really no danger ahead"? Who could expect President Wilson, though he might visualize a possible future conflict with some particular belligerent, to offend that power by specifying the conditions pointing to such a contingency?

Wars come that none can foresee. There were for years beforehand mutter-

ings of a coming storm, but only a few, until it was close upon us, believed possible our dreadful war between the States. No one foresaw the blowing up of the Maine in Havana Harbor, and the storm of indignation that swept the peace-loving President McKinley into the war with Spain. And it was the Congress immediately preceding that war which refused the demand of our Secretary of the Navy for an increased supply of ammunition. The consequence was that when the war came our agents were scouring the markets of the world, not only for more ships, but for munitions of war, some of which, at least, would have been on hand but for those Congressmen who "did not see the necessity."

Outside of this hemisphere we own the Philippines. Many of us regret that we do, but no self-respecting American should be willing to see a foreign nation take those islands from us, as Japan took Kiao-Chau from Germany—because Germany had no fleet at hand that could protect it.

On this hemisphere we own Alaska, the Panama Canal, and Porto Rico, none of which can be defended without a formidable navy, and beyond these is the Monroe Doctrine, the outcome of a proclamation by President Monroe sanctioned by his adviser, Jefferson. The Monroe Doctrine was intended to secure peace in this democratic hemisphere against the incursion of kingly prerogative as idealized by the Holy Alliance. England was already too democratic to join that alliance, and the British Premier, influenced somewhat, no doubt, by the desire of protecting British trade with Central and South America, suggested the measure. The British Navy might then have helped us to defend it. But no European nation, not even England, now fully acknowledges the Monroe Doctrine as international law, and if its authority is to be upheld it must be by the navy of the United States.

What that doctrine is and the profound attachment of the American people to it will be made clear by a study of the Venezuela controversy with Great Britain, 1895-6. For forty years a boundary dispute had been pending between British Guiana and Venezuela, and,

though often requested by the United States, the Mistress of the Seas had continued to refuse the request of the little South American republic. In June, 1895, Secretary Olney, by direction of President Cleveland and with the unanimous approval of the Cabinet, in a letter to the British Premier, after an able and exhaustive discussion of the Monroe Doctrine, demanded arbitration.

The reply of the British Government came about the 10th of December. It denied our contention and refused arbitration. On the 17th of December Mr. Cleveland sent in, accompanied by Mr. Olney's dispatch and Lord Salisbury's reply, a message that will ever remain as a landmark in our political history. Its reception by Congress marked a high tide of patriotism. It has often been said that it was President McKinley who first brought the South and the North together, after our fratricidal war, by his recognition of Southerners in the Spanish-American war. But it was President Cleveland who, by appointing alike to high office, during both his first and his second Administrations, Union and Confederate soldiers, and who, by this ringing appeal to the Americanism of all his countrymen, gave them an opportunity to demonstrate to the world that we were all again one people.

In his own trenchant words, the President reiterated the contentions of Mr. Olney, and concluded by asking from Congress authority to appoint a commission of our own, that we might, as Great Britain had rejected arbitration, investigate for ourselves the merits of the Venezuela boundary question. For the first time in the history of our country since 1861 Southerners and Northerners, Democrats and Republicans, now stood together on a great national question. Within four days the President approved a bill giving authority he asked for, and eleven days later, Jan. 1, 1896, he appointed the members of a commission that was to "investigate and report upon the true divisional line between the Republic of Venezuela and British Guiana."

Great excitement and serious financial derangements, both in this country and

Great Britain, followed this action, but the British Government finally yielded, first by consenting to furnish evidence to be used by our commission, and finally by signing a treaty with Venezuela, Feb. 2, 1897, under which eventually the arbitrators in their findings sustained the larger part of Venezuela's claims.

If those who are to pass upon the

President's program in the next Congress wish to understand the Monroe Doctrine and to know what place it holds in American politics, they will study Mr. Olney's letter, President Cleveland's message, and a little volume issued by the Princeton University Press in 1913, lectures by Mr. Cleveland, entitled "The Venezuela Controversy."

Enforce the Monroe Doctrine

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Mary Roberts Rinehart, the novelist, spent weeks in the trenches on the western battle front. She was the first person to visit the British lines, the first civilian to enter the ruined City of Ypres, and she was one of the four executive officers of the Belgian Red Cross Society, privileged as such not only to go to the front, but to stay there. Coming back to America, her talk is not of war-time tragedy and devastated villages, of courage or of suffering, but all of national defense. Her statement is taken from an interview appearing originally in *The New York Times* of Nov. 21, 1915.

THE one greatest thing that I have brought back from Europe is my sense of our own need—our need to defend ourselves.

The effect of the war will be to place the United States in a position of commercial supremacy over all the rest of the world. We shall hold the economic balance, and be able to swing it. It is the most natural thing in the world that this should make us the object of jealousy.

No matter which side wins or which side is defeated, we stand to lose, by the very force of our "advantages." Not racially, or because of any fault of our own, but through chance, we shan't have a friend in the world when peace is declared! It isn't because we are a greedy nation—I don't think that we are that—but simply because the conditions of the world's affairs at present are such as to force us into this position of commercial supremacy, that the other nations will be jealous of us. That is one thing we must remember.

In the second place, this is a commercial war. All wars are commercial. That is one of the things I have come to see. Rivalries in commerce and in economic ambition are what drive nations to fight. That will be the basis for "the next war," and it is the basis for the menace of war.

And no matter how this war turns out, the new alignment when peace is declared must bring up the question of colonies. The European nations are turning covetous eyes on South America already. We, above all others, ought to keep this in mind.

For we have the Monroe Doctrine, and we have got to do something about it. We must either be able to defend the Monroe Doctrine, or be willing to abrogate it. I am myself a firm believer in Pan-Americanism. I think it is our duty to live up to the Monroe Doctrine, to prepare to defend it and all it means, including the fullest possible protection for the South and Central American States. And what does it say?*

We ought to be ready to live up to the assertion "as a principle in which rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents are not henceforth to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power."

I want to make it perfectly plain, in the first place, that I am very strongly pro-ally, and, in the second place, that I have the very greatest possible sympathy with

*A sentence from that famous President's message of Dec. 2, 1823.

Great Britain. I believe that Great Britain and the United States are basically friends. But I do not for an instant believe that even our close relationship with Great Britain can protect us from her jealousy. I think that we have overestimated "the power of a common tongue." I don't think it would mean much in a matter of commercial rivalry or jealousy. In fact, President Wilson has pointed out somewhere that a com-

mon language may be not a tie but a barrier—each nation knows too well what the other is thinking and saying. With nations that do not speak the same language the show of the clenched fist is necessary to make an impression! But, at any rate, I am convinced that the time has come when we must really do something about the Monroe Doctrine—be ready to enforce it, or else give it up; one or the other we have got to do.

National Guard Day

By ELLA A. FANNING

Mimic? Perhaps! But it's more than a
show,
These men, prepared for a possible foe.
Earnest of purpose, to sacrifice fired,
Each by the noblest of motives inspired.
Citizen-soldiers! Their equal pray
find—
Shoulder to shoulder, and all of one
mind!

They're no hired legions, at any one's
call—
Braggarts, a-thirst for a foray or brawl!
'Tis not excitement that leads them to
band,
Calm are all pulses and steady each
hand.
Volunteers, serious, solidly lined—
Shoulder to shoulder, and all of one
mind!

Not for the love of adventure they're
here—
They're not mere soldiers of fortune,
that's clear.
'Tis for the homes and the land they've
at stake,
These stalwart Guardsmen their disci-
pline take.
Holy the ties which these brave com-
rades bind—
Shoulder to shoulder, and all of one
mind!

Will there be croakers, to question their
aims?
Doubtless! that thought every patriot
heart shames!
Nevertheless, as they mobilize here,
There'll be some thousands to sympa-
thize, cheer,
Watch their advance, though fond
tears eyes may blind—
Shoulder to shoulder, and all of one
mind!

(Sept. 25, 1915.)

The Duties of Patriotism

By Professor Sieper

Of the University of Munich

The following article appeared originally in the *Berliner Tageblatt* of Oct. 30, 1915:

THERE is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," we are told in "Hamlet." One might limit this saying as follows: "Nothing is virtuous in itself; it depends on how it is handled." Just as there is something of good in evil, a virtue may lose its worth through one-sidedness, exaggeration, and wrong construction. Virtues have their duties. The holy virtue of patriotism is no exception.

As I intend to deal with these duties, may I be permitted to recount a personal experience? Once I spoke before members of the Association of German Teachers on the tendency of literature. I endeavored to ascertain to what extent the tendency in literature, especially in the literature of school books, could be sanctioned. In the ensuing discussion a well-known pedagogue declared that, in the years after 1870, a large amount of mediocre literature devoid of good taste had crept into school readers under the guise of patriotism. "Many books," he said, "were thrown open too willingly to scholars simply because they were patriotic in tone." This is a case of pure patriotism being disfigured by lack of critical judgment and good taste. Greedy authors and publishers did not try to make a virtue of necessity, but a profit from virtue.

It is likewise true that much written since the beginning of the present war by poets and prose writers should be rejected simply because it is lacking in taste and literarily worthless. What can be said for verses such as these by the Karlsruhe poet, Vierordt:

O Germany, hate with icy blood,
Slaughter millions of the devil's brood,
Even if smoking flesh and human bones
Are piled high up to the clouds.

In foreign lands also lack of taste combined with greed for profit have disfigured patriotism. A well-known Eng-

lishman once said: "The worst effect of our patriotic newspapers of the stripe of The Daily Mail is the demoralization of English taste which has become so alarmingly apparent of late years."

Shakespeare once wrote the famous words: "There is no darkness but ignorance." One might apply this to universal truth by saying: "There is no virtue without truth." I think that every patriotic activity must, above all else, be imbued with truth, reality, and justice. Unfortunately, when the waves of patriotic enthusiasm run high, it becomes especially difficult to be moderate, and to be just to foe as well as friend.

In the first months of the war many a pertinent and inspiring word was said by earnest, thinking men concerning the thoughts and feelings which overwhelmed us at the outbreak of the tremendous conflict. And who would dare deny the greatness of those hours, when our own affairs seemed so small and insignificant, when hundreds of thousands of young, strong, hopeful men marched forth willingly to danger and death?

But, on the other hand, the devastating spiritual influences of the world war later became more and more apparent. Not all of the war literature of our day will seem creditable to future researchers.

This is especially true of the defamatory stuff, void alike of critical worth and good taste, which has been written about England. A common method is to place England in an unfavorable light by showing what her own leaders and reformers have written—by collecting the utterances of those men who have undertaken to fight deceit, baseness, and hypocrisy in order to make their fellow-countrymen nobler, wiser, and better. Even before the war this far-too-cheap method was attempted. Others, especial-

ly authors with an eye to pecuniary gain, seek to flatter national pride by emphasizing contrasts. "Merchants and Heroes," "Shopkeepers and Warriors," "Cowards and Men"—with such antitheses applause is sought and found. Fortunately, prominent Germans have protested against this sort of warfare. In still other works the attempt is made to trace England's national development, her rise to world power, and her position in the world war, by ascribing to the character of the country and its inhabitants, combined, of course, with other important factors. These works are to be judged primarily from the point of view of whether the picture given by them of the country and its inhabitants is correct. A conscientious test of such works does not always bring satisfactory results. As a case in point, the much-spoken-of book on England by Eduard Meyer, the well-known Professor of Ancient History at the University of Berlin, is little likely to increase respect for German knowledge, because of its false generalizations, bias, and exaggeration.

Our political writers who honestly love their Fatherland should make it a duty to be not only strictly accurate but also cautiously reserved and moderate. The widespread lack of culture in matters of world politics is apparent in many speakers and writers who are too little concerned with the effect necessarily made by their statements on other parties and nations. It has been said that you can tell a political writer by what he conceals. Sympathy for opposite views, clarity of vision which seeks to appreciate far-away effects as well as those near to hand, calm deliberation, sense of proportion—all these cannot be neglected with impunity by a political writer who wishes to be truly useful to his country.

The thoughtless utterances of certain persons and the "unrestrained talk of power by superpatriots" have contributed for years toward awakening fear and distrust even in those nations not hostile to us. When the war broke out foolishly exaggerated statements of opinion, well-meant but one-sided and short-

sighted announcements by German savants and learned bodies, useless denunciatory articles in daily papers and magazines, played into the hands of the war party in foreign lands. This intemperate conduct also hurt and misled those whose honest sympathy for Germany was unable to stem the tide of national passion. It was this sort of thing that transformed the cabinet war of political intriguers into a war between whole nations. All who experienced this are convinced in their hearts that he who counsels moderation and prudence and demands that justice be extended to include the enemy is a better patriot.

Naturally, a real patriot will apply that same justice which he demands toward the enemy to his own fellow-countrymen. Respect must be extended also to those holding opposite views. Only thus will the unity and determination of national consciousness and of our national will be preserved without diminution. It is proper to expect of every worthy man that he serve his fatherland to the best of his knowledge and with full satisfaction to his conscience. Of course the roads traveled by individuals in the service of their country must vary, according to their natures. It is easy to cast suspicion on those who differ with one in politics and accuse them of falling short in love of their country. But ever since the Kaiser said: "I know no more parties," ever since our Social Democrats showed their willingness to sacrifice property and life for the great Cause, it must be admitted that the careless voices which branded whole classes and groups as hostile to the Fatherland have been stilled. Nevertheless, certain people take pleasure in throwing the suspicion of lack of patriotism over men who are unwilling to bow to the yoke of other people's opinions. We have been forced to witness the spectacle of men who had successfully worked throughout their lives for their fatherland in responsible positions being branded by certain newspapers as traitors to the State. Yet in a time of great excitement men who keep their equilibrium and independent judgment are doubly welcome.

I consider Giolitti a better patriot than

Sonnino or d'Annunzio; and certainly the warnings of a MacDonald, Bertrand Russell, and Keir Hardie are better for the real interests of England than the vainglorious words of Lord Curzon and Churchill.

Living energy is impossible without consciousness of self and self-criticism; without these virtues power and influence cannot be lastingly maintained. This is true not only of individuals, but of nations. When our German Fatherland shook off the yoke of serfdom to

the Franks in the wars of liberation, Max von Schenkendorf exhorted it in these words:

"Yet once again must ye struggle in bitter spiritual conflict and crush down the last of the enemies who threaten ye from within. Hatred and distrust must ye curb, and arrogance and envy and wickedness. Then, only then, canst thou find peace, O Germany!"

May our generation, too, have such counselors when we have at last won the decisive victory on the battlefield!

Turkish Speech From the Throne

The new German Ambassador to Turkey, Count Wolff-Metternich, made a state entry into Constantinople, and on Nov. 13 Parliament was opened with a speech from the Throne. The main passages of the speech run:

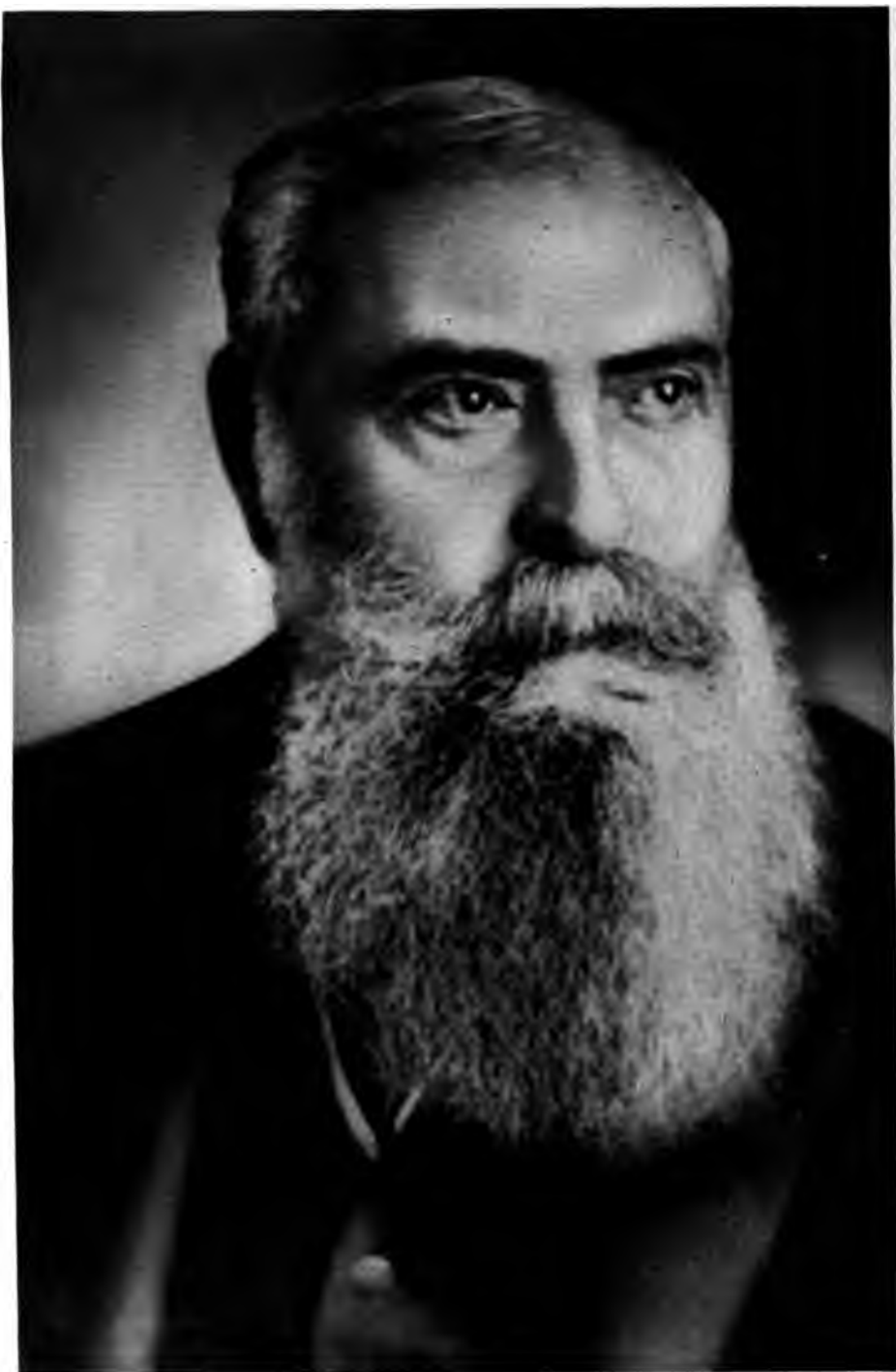
The violent attacks which have been directed against the Dardanelles and Gallipoli by the land and sea forces of the English and French in order to facilitate the realization of the intended invasion of Constantinople and the strait—an object stubbornly pursued by the Russians for the last two and a half centuries—have been repulsed by the resistance and the devoted enthusiasm of my army and my navy. Both army and navy have added new glory to the deeds of our ancestors, and have won the admiration of the whole world.

Our enemies have suffered enormous and terrible losses. The defeat of our enemies has produced everywhere the conviction that the road to Constantinople cannot be conquered, and has compelled our proud enemies to seek help among the Balkan States. The defeat has served to dissipate all the intrigues which had been spun in the Balkan Peninsula, and has made it possible for our mighty allies to drive the Russian Army out of the Carpathians, to force it back through Galicia and Poland, to conquer all the fortified places of our hereditary enemy, and to destroy all hope which the Triple Entente had placed in the Russian Navy. Full of gratitude I cast myself down before the Almighty. He has given the Turkish Army the opportunity so brilliantly to recover glory and honor. To Him I give all thanks, and I pray that He will also vouchsafe the final victory to my other glorious soldiers, who are protecting the boundaries of our fatherland on the other fronts.

When the glorious armies of our allies, with wonderful organization and courage, had taken all the fortified places and broken the offensive power of the Russian Army, and then turned to the Balkans, the Bulgarian Army joined them. This remarkable event, which changed the Triple Alliance into a Quadruple Alliance, has hastened the realization of the final victory. In order to facilitate and to assure this development of the Balkan situation in our favor, we have consented to a rectification of the Turco-Bulgarian frontier. The treaty which has been concluded is submitted to our assembly for approval.

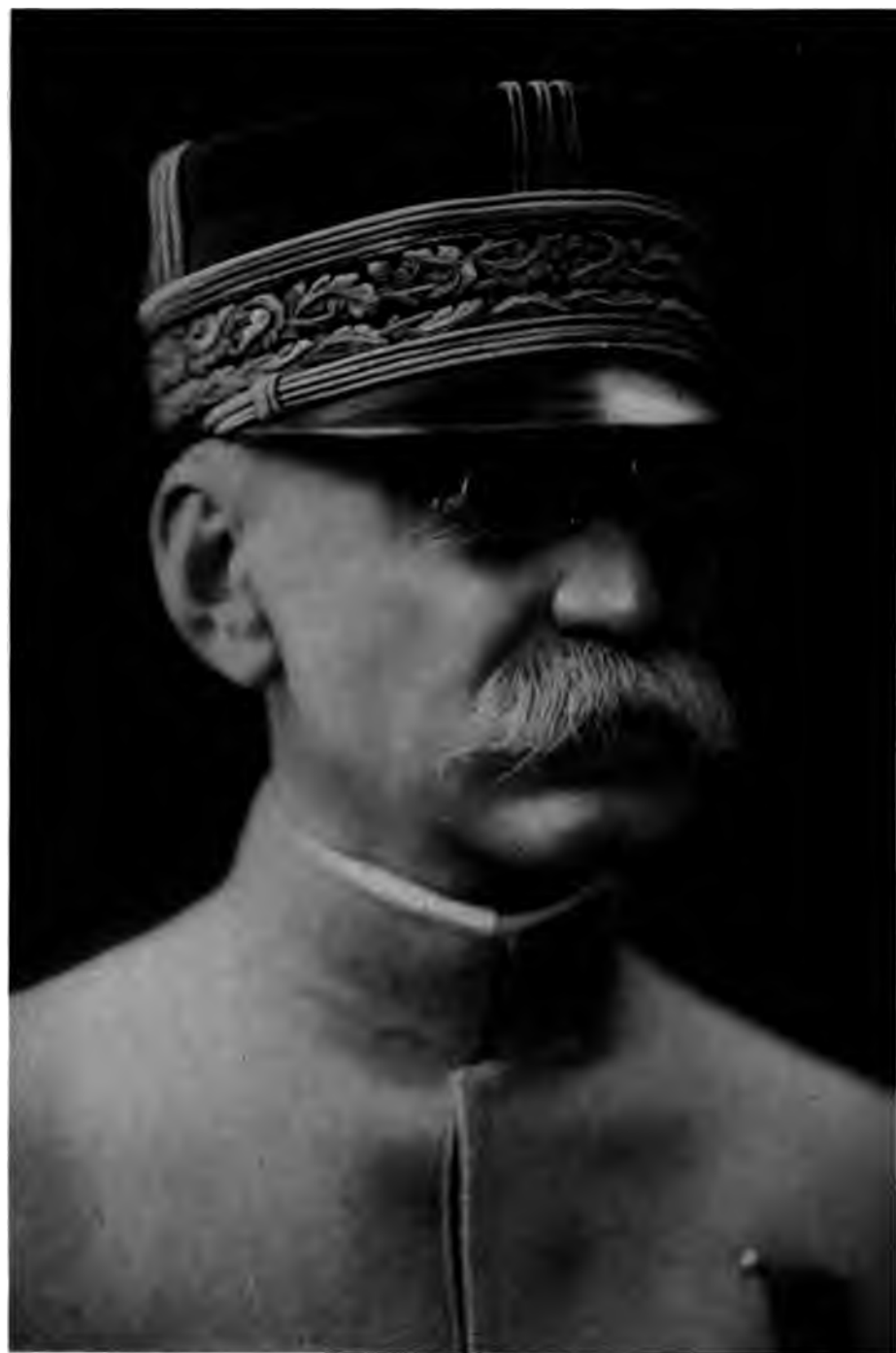
The criminal perjurer Serbia is today occupied by the armies of the Allies, traffic on the Danube has been secured, and the road from Berlin to Vienna and from Vienna to Constantinople has been opened. Thanks and glory be to God for the happy establishment of these communications, which guarantee to the allied peoples victory in war and in peace progress and prosperity.

Our political relations with our allies are based now and forever upon the mutual confidence which is growing every day, and upon the greatest mutual sincerity. Our joint policy toward our enemies will be to support one another upon all fronts, and in all things to endure, until we can win for our States and our peoples the advantageous peace which makes possible the full development of all personal and natural resources. Our relations with neutral States continue to be sincere and friendly.



STEPHANOS SKOULODIS

Premier of Greece. He Succeeded Premier Zaimis on Nov. 7, 1915
(Photo from Bain News Service.)



GENERAL GALLIENI
Minister for War of France
(Photo from P. S. Rogers.)

flattering ourselves if we said the attitude of the French toward the United States was friendly. There were reasons why they should regard us at least with tolerance.

We were very good customers. From different parts of France we imported wines and silks. In Paris we spent, some of us spent, millions on jewels and clothes. In automobiles and on Cook's tours every Summer Americans scattered money from Brittany to Tours. They were the natural prey of Parisian hotel keepers, restaurants, milliners, and dressmakers. We were a sister republic, the two countries swapped statues of their great men, we had not forgotten Lafayette, France honored Paul Jones. A year ago, in the comic papers, between John Bull and Uncle Sam, it was not Uncle Sam who got the worst of it.

Then the war came and with it, in the feeling toward ourselves, a complete change. A year ago we were almost one of the Allies, much more popular than Italians, more sympathetic than the English. Today we are regarded not with hostility, though after the war it may grow to that, but with contempt.

This most regrettable change was first brought about by the letter calling upon Americans to be neutral. The French could not understand it. From their point of view it was an unnecessary affront. It was as unexpected as the cut direct from a friend, as unwarranted, as gratuitous, as a slap in the face. The millions that poured in from America for the Red Cross, the services of Americans in hospitals, were accepted as the offerings of individuals, not as representing the sentiment of the American people. That sentiment, the French still insist in believing, found expression in the letter that called upon all Americans to be neutral, something which to a Frenchman is neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring.

We lost caste in other ways. We supplied France with munitions, but, as a purchasing agent for the Government put it to me the other day, we are not

losing much money by it, and, until the French Government protested, it was found that some of our manufacturers were supplying shells that could not be persuaded to explode, and shoes made of pasteboard. I have seen the cross section of a shoe "Made in U. S. A." of which 80,000 pairs had been ordered, the main deck of which was brown paper. When an entire people, men, women, and children, are fighting for their national existence and their individual home and life, to have such evidences of Yankee smartness foisted upon them does not make for friendship. It inspires contempt.

This unpleasant sentiment was strengthened by our failure to demand satisfaction for the lives lost by the *Lusitania* and by the unfortunate announcement that we were "too proud to fight."

This latter struck the French not only as proclaiming us a cowardly nation, but as assuming superiority over the men who not only would fight but who were fighting. And as several million Frenchmen were at the moment fighting, it was natural that they should laugh.

The change of sentiment is shown in many ways. To detail them would not help matters. But as one hears of them from Americans who, since the war began, have been working in the hospitals, on distributing committees, in the banking houses, and in official posts, that our country is most unpopular is only too evident.

It is the greater pity because the real feeling of our people toward France in this war is one of admiration. Of all the Allies, Americans who respect efficiency probably hold for the French the most hearty good feeling, affection, and good-will. That through the Government at Washington this feeling has been ill-expressed, if not entirely concealed, is unfortunate. Mr. Kipling, whose manners are his own, has given as a toast: "Damn all neutrals." The French are more polite. But when this war is over we may find that in twelve months we have lost a friend of many years.

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Exchanges of Wounded Prisoners

By Fritz Engel

In the subjoined article the correspondent of the Berliner Tageblatt in Stockholm describes how the exchange of German and Russian soldiers seriously wounded, was effected on Swedish soil.

LONG trains are now carrying the invalided German soldiers toward their homes. They have to traverse the entire length of Sweden. The telegraph has already reported how a small company of Germans went as far as Hallsberg, four hours' distant from Stockholm, to the west, to meet their countrymen. Those leading the party were Freiherr von Lucius, the German Minister to Sweden; the Military Attaché, Major Aveyden, and his wife, and the Legation Counselor, Baron Freys.

Then we waited for the fortunate unfortunates. Even though they appeared tired and unfit for any further military service, they made the impression of genuine German warriors. When some foolish persons threw anti-military pamphlets into their train the soldiers were quick to tear these things to pieces. The returning fighters were in better humor than we who were ready to console them. They were filled with the intense longing for home, and, despite their injuries, they were joyful to know that soon their long travel would be at an end.

The moment the German soldiers touched Swedish soil they began to realize their freedom from Russian captivity. Gathered together from various hospitals in interior Russia, and after making the long journey through Finland and along the eastern shore of the Sea of Bothnia, their exhausting trip commenced along the western coast country through Sweden to Malmö. In Haparanda they reached Swedish territory. Up there in the north, not far from the polar circle, where the homeless Laps with their reindeer travel between Russia and Sweden and where stern nature is inexorable, there was shown in the present instance the evidence of that love for man which

is the highest expression of culture. We Germans must never forget what the Swedish people have done and are doing to facilitate the exchange of incapacitated prisoners from Russia that there will be no delay in getting them forwarded.

One must understand the topography of Sweden to fully realize what it meant to organize for the exchange of prisoners in those distant parts. The Swedish Red Cross did great service in this direction. Prince Carl, a brother of the King, is not only an official representative of the organization, but he is in reality one of the principal workers who in his villa in the Stockholm Djurgården had arranged most of the details later put into execution. Assisted by Herr Wilhelm Didring, Prince Carl's plans worked out splendidly. With the first arrivals in Hallsberg it was evidenced that everything would come off as planned. It was indeed a great pleasure to grasp the hands of our brave comrades and serve them with the tempting meals that waited for them. Alas, many of them were minus hands! But there stood the Red Cross nurses, the splendid Swedish women, and assisted wherever the men were unable to help themselves. We bow in gratitude before them.

To the Germans who now traverse this country the present hospitality has also another meaning. I do not mean the friendly attitude toward Germany is to be pointed to, for official Sweden is very careful to stay neutral, and the Russian prisoners that return home from German camps are accorded identical treatment. No, I mean to say that this orderliness, this discipline, has a touch of familiarity. What we Germans term "German order" the Swedes may well claim to be of their qualities also.

Danish Authors On the World War

By Sophus Michaelis, Valdemar Roerdam, Palle Rosenkrantz, and
Thit Jensen Fenger

The Copenhagen Dagens Nyheder recently asked leading Danish authors to tell what special effect the great war was having on their work and productivity in general. The subjoined replies indicate how variously the stirring events abroad have affected some of these writers.

I.

An Eclipse of the Soul

By Sophus Michaelis

TO any one who, like myself, works best and happiest when all is still and the sun shines—when flowers unfold themselves—the war must necessarily have looked like a hopelessly over-drawn horizon. To any one who, like myself, believes that to write requires the most ennobling soulfulness, the war signified the storm that darkens all around and makes each hour heavy and joyless. The mind within ceases its song; existence becomes a nightmare.

A world catastrophe like the one we are experiencing burns into the soul like an eclipse. A chilling and ghastly yellow shadow creeps over all that we used to love. Primitive peoples believe that the sun is darkened because the dragon of the deep tries to swallow up the great luminary. War's eclipse is the worst of all the dragons of the earth. No one knows when it will let go its hold.

In comparison with the spiritual injury sustained by me in this war, the material damage is of slight consequence. Our little neutral land once more has to look to itself. Export is at a standstill. The warring nations have use for nothing but war literature. The cultures of the smaller countries that had found entre in the centre of the Germanic Empire are once more thrown upon their own resources. And there they are likely to remain for a while. Germany has more than enough to concern it—its own writers, even the best of them, find no circulation for their productions, except they cultivate the most unadulterated war poetry. The same may be said

of England and France. My last book, "Hellenic and Barbarian," which as yet has appeared only in Danish and Swedish, my German publisher keeps under cover until the proper times arrives. Likewise some English translations of certain of my earlier works abide a more propitious hour. No one can tell when that will be.

My play, "The Physician," the performance of which had previously been prohibited in Germany out of friendly regard for Russia, now, that no such sentiment any longer exists, is again scheduled for the German scene. But it is a question whether, after all, it will pass the censor, who never did care to see the topic People vs. Monarch treated dramatically. For the present German theatres are permitted to present nothing but the tamest farces and comedies; of course, apart from that which treats the war patriotically.

Here do we stand, then, on the brink of that flaming abyss that runs across Europe and separates race from race, nation from nation. The national hatred cuts deep into the open wounds where frontiers are. Even the most clear-thinking minds have been seized by this war insanity and brutality. The enemy is a beast that must be exterminated. Barbarism is being fought with barbarism. Killing is the highest conception. Even a poet like Kipling returns from the front filled with the holy and stubborn idea that the "Boche" is an animal to be struck down. The brave soldiers have but the task "to kill when and how

they can, and they attend to their work." No one knows how long this "pretty" work is to last. But the fissure will become more and more aflame and a fearful abyss will be created between peoples that formerly stood in close cultural association to each other. Under such conditions existence for the neutral mind becomes some sort of inferno. The day-time is strewn with evil dreams in the form of war telegrams. There is something sardonically jocular about it all. But we mind our own little circles while the earth beneath us keeps a-trembling. We become unfeeling to the point of numbness. We cling to the most trifling things so as to forget that all the world around us is seething lava. The disap-

pearance of a 2-year-old child a few days ago made more of a commotion among us all than the thought of the millions that at the present time are being killed or translated into cripples. What are Europe's invalids to us so long as they do not exhibit their deformities on our own streets? Our imagination has become bankrupt. We neither think nor feel. Everything may happen, and nothing will surprise us. We had almost forgotten our ancestry. Now we have had the reminder. The "Boche" is an animal that must be killed. We had forgotten what war was. The Napoleonic era was the purest romancing in comparison. Now we know that war is to kill when and how we can manage it.

II.

Denmark Already Defeated

By Valdemar Roerdam

HONEST dreamers and political self-seekers in all countries have denied existing facts by declaring that lasting peace had arrived; that war between civilized nations was unthinkable out of economic, cultural, moral considerations. They are the same people who declare the identical thing today; they admit reluctantly that Europe is at war, but the next war—why, that is quite impossible!

Some few persons in Denmark, I among them, and many persons in other parts of the world not touched by the war, had to interpret the signs of the times—war on earth and misunderstandings among mankind. We expected, we predicted, not only a constant shifting as between peace and war, but a war far greater in its dimensions, more violent than all preceding wars. This because intercourse between nations and races had increased so vastly, and because the economic-military preparations were on a scale of such immense proportions. In the course of the past ten or fifteen years we expected and predicted with increasing certainty the war which arrived and now is on—the world war.

Here in Denmark neither the Administration, the Crown, nor the people themselves cared to listen to such unpleasant predictions, nor did they, therefore, perceive the signs of the times.

Now, as to the question what the war means to me, my answer is that in the first place it is a volcanic confirmation of my previous views of life's demands; the same requirements for nation and individual. Power makes its exactions; these lead to strife, war, attacks, defense. It may be done with the weapons of intellectuality, those of application and shrewdness. Likewise with gold, with blood, as in the days of Attila. Those who refuse to go upward must go down.

I see in this war mankind as I saw it before—in myself—of my own time, and of all time. But I see it much plainer than ever before. Dreadful and beautiful, miserable and glorious, like creeping worm and eagle, as Pascal says; animalistic and angelical. As an individual, the experiences of this war have increased my weariness of life and added to my desire to die.

But as a Dane? The German diploma-

cy reckoned with England's neutrality; hence it was Belgium first, and not Denmark. So far as we are concerned that was lucky for us. With considerable skill our Government has managed to keep us beyond the conflict. As we are situated, we should neither strive after nor wish for anything different.

But, also, because we are situated as we are we should be prepared against being drawn into the war against our wishes. We ought to make every material effort to stand ready to meet every possible eventuality. But that is not the case with us.

It is true that the Government has, contrary to its own convictions and the majority in Congress, in certain directions very materially strengthened the defenses of the country. But in other directions, again, there has been great neglect. The work, therefore, is but half done, with wasted money and effort.

Sticking close to its program, the Government and its majority have weakened, undermined the people's moral power to defend themselves and do battle. The party of the Left, the party of the Right, the King, the people, all have submitted themselves to

this. And all this despite the war and its experiences.

This I had not expected. This is the deepest, the most bitter of the many disappointments suffered by me as a citizen of Denmark.

I still believe that the moment war is our lot—and this may happen most any time—the entire people, the Rigsdag, the press, the Cabinet Ministers, will arise in defense of liberty and fatherland. But then it will be too late to gain anything for the cause of freedom or the nation. The will to do must prevail first and last; first, to produce the means; later, so as to be able to rise above conditions when the means are exhausted.

We stand outside the war, and yet we are defeated. We have caused our own defeat. If we are to have a future, we must seek after it together with others who possess what we have not. This we can still do with honor, because what the others are without that we possess.

This is what the world war means to me. It has both rent my writing asunder and mirrored itself in what I have written.

III.

A Serial Riddle of History

By Palle Rosenkrantz

BEFORE a phenomenon like the present war the individual stands helpless. We do not seem to know what it is all about, and that in spite of the fact that in reality it is part of us.

To begin with, the war struck me as a vast unreality. There I stood, in this beehive of soldiers and civilians, of people running hither and thither, questioning, seeking to get support and consolation from others during the great uncertainty. On a very grand scale was this. It were as if one stood secure enough on shore within the circling bay and stirred expectantly outward where the breakers rolled higher and higher, threatening a storm that might sweep

over all. Suddenly everything concerned the military. The peaceful avenues with their handsome homes became filled with patrols. The military kitchens stood in the open, making ready the meals for the soldiers. The men in blue were the hope of the citizens. The entire territory became a camp.

And from without came the reports about the enormous armies engaged in battle, the thunder of the cannon; about untold cruelty and awful destruction. In the beginning of the war my confusion was unbounded; I understood nothing and felt the whole to be an evil dream.

My oldest son was an officer in our own

army, my daughter was in Switzerland. I had a brother in France and another in England. The telegraph was our only means for communicating, and it took longer to send a message than a letter before the war. Every event was connected with the only event—the war.

Only toward the Fall did the war become a matter of normal existence that instinctively belonged to the background of life itself. And thus the war remains. Perhaps, after all, it is the same world about us, only in changed form with far-flung causes and effects to which we are gradually becoming accustomed. The chief motif is its incomprehensible complexity.

Whether the war, as now in effect, really impresses itself on my productivity, that is something which is not quite clear to me. I cannot say that I am directly affected by it. My life seems to pass along as usual. I write my plays, my novels, my articles for the magazines, exactly as before. My work itself has nothing to do with the war. I have lost a good friend, Grunau, my German publisher in Leipzig. The family informed me last November that he died a hero's death in Flanders. My connections with the other countries are as they were before the war. I have seen something of a country in war dress during my trip to Russia, but even there the war appeared chiefly in reports.

I believe it is because we get everything through reports that the reality fails to touch us deeply. This apparent unreality, then, takes later the form of history. In times of peace we experience history-making only in episodes of considerable magnitude. When there is war, history is a matter of the moment; the telegraph is the daily historian. We swallow the news while the ink on the paper is not yet dry. But we miss the key to the mystery. We cannot possibly confirm our observations, we distrust the author, and cannot even guess what is to be continued in the next chapter or installment. When we now read about the Napoleonic wars we know Waterloo and St. Helena; we are sure in advance what the end is to be. Here we know nothing.

And the anticipation is nullified by the concern as to what the finish will be. My own interest is purely academic. Through a veritable sea of newspapers, white books, green books, pamphlets, &c., the war has become to me some literary performance that I may observe and absorb for my own benefit. The moment I transfer my thinking to the world of reality I stop short because I know nothing, cannot value correctly nor judge, can scarcely feel properly for all this suffering and killing, all this destruction and conflagration.

And for this reason I look upon the war as a history published in serial form with a completely unknown continuation. In the most absolute meaning of the word I am neutral. I have the greatest sympathy for German culture and my German friends in whose circles I have spent some of my happiest days in earlier years. I hold the warmest friendship for my English mother's relatives and friends, and for England's history and literature. From my youth English has been my dearest reading. I retain in fullest measure my remembrances of my friends in England; the splendid people I learned to know among them.

The two nations I place on an equally high plane. I cannot understand that they are murdering each other; I, who for many years have been as a sort of go-between between Englishman and German. I have praised the English to the people of the German Empire, and tried to get the English to understand and appreciate the greatness of Germany.

England and Germany are to me the great riddle of this war. Everything else is to me subordinated. I cannot understand this chapter of history until I see the final page. I am always ill at ease when reading a book that I do not understand, and yet I was of the opinion that from my childhood I understood so readily.

This is my impression from the war. It is a curious impression, I grant, with a flavoring of the study; an impression I cannot grasp. To me mankind itself does not seem at stake; only names and numbers. History!

IV.

Spiritual Life of Authors

By Thit Jensen Fenger

WHAT does this world war mean to the authors of Denmark?

Everything—and nothing!

It has furnished a number of writers material with which to work—to others it has furnished food for thought!

We must differentiate between two kinds of authors—those who have become writers from necessity and those who write because they consider themselves called. The first named are authors of worldliness, the latter are authors of godliness. I mean nothing derogative by calling the others worldly authors; I merely desire to say that they became writers for purely material reasons.

I shall speak here about those writers of godly tendency; not as to how their economic existence is affected by the war, but how the war has touched their spiritual life; how the war came to them as the tempter in the desert.

An author of this kind believes from his earliest youth that his ability is a gift of God. This ability carries responsibility. It exacts of him that he must aid in improving mankind—that is why this ability was bestowed on him. Of course, he knows that he alone cannot do anything of consequence; but he believes that God placed all the small candles in the great author candelabra, that each light should shed its own refulgence over some particular spot; to divulge what is right and what is wrong. Together they accomplish something.

Such an author acts as he believes is right; despite poverty and disappointments he continues to write and labor in the direction that he thinks will lead him to the goal.

But in order to be able to improve mankind such a writer must first of all feel sure that it can be improved. He convinces himself, therefore, that at the bottom of each individual there is something worth while. Just as the individual from childhood is being taught many useful things, so also should the individual

from the earliest days be instructed to cultivate good and loving thoughts. It is beyond dispute that people generally know much more today than they did in former days—why then should it be so difficult to develop the aims for doing good, to make one love his neighbor as himself.

The war has revealed the skeleton of mankind's way of thinking. It is the naked I. And what does it want, this naked, bony I? Everything for itself and nothing for the other. It is the same motive power that ruled man in the earliest ages when he struck right and left in order to carry on an existence. The only "development" today is that man strikes about him to get more than is essential to his existence.

It is then that the tempter arrives in this desert of hopelessness.

"Fool, you who believed in a better and nobler and more loving humanity! Just see how they cut down each other like grain before the reaper! A life is not worth as much as a stalk of wheat. No one reckons with the sorrow in the heart of woman; what has been written and preached year in and year out, "You Must not * * *" concerns no one. In time of peace they cover themselves with a varnish of only ethical value. When war breaks out martial paint corresponds quite naturally to the eternal inner man, the skeleton, the naked, brutal I! Have you not seen that it is impossible to improve, that all that may be done is to develop the ability to put on more varnish? Is it not then better to at once lower the banner of idealism, and employ your talent for the purpose of gaining profit?"

Such is the hopelessness and the temptations of an author in the time of war. It furnishes everything that can be furnished to strike an idealist to earth—yet, as a matter of fact, it furnishes him nothing, for, unfortunately for himself, an idealist cannot be struck down by anything whatsoever.

The Age of the Shameless

By G. K. Chesterton

This article constitutes an attack upon the spirit of this age. It appeared originally in The New Witness.

THE infantile mystification I once described in these pages, which I felt on seeing "Practical Chimney Sweep" written over a house, was as nothing to the intellectual shock I received when I first encountered another inscription. I could, indeed, write a curious record of impressions produced by shop signs and names. I had a habit of reading them absent-mindedly in their most mystical sense; I remember that I always read the expression "Job Master" with a long o in the first syllable; so that it was environed with the whirlwind and wheel of stars which encircles that patriarch, the first master of the mysteries. Also I took the inscription "Hope Brothers" to be an inspiring appeal to humanity not to accept despair; and was so exalted by it that the more agnostic expression "Hope, Limited," a little further down the street, failed to drag down my soaring soul. But all these bemused mistakes were nothing compared with the crash of astonishment with which I saw in some quiet corner the quiet inscription "Robinson and Son, House-Breakers." I have since discovered that it has a tame and law-abiding meaning, and only refers to some arrangements for the removal of disused timber or other rubbish. But for the time it seemed as if I had come upon a place more incredible than fairyland. I stood in a city of fantastic candor; where men lived in glass houses, under the crystal minarets of the Palace of Truth. I expected to see next some sober and seasoned lawyer's office, lined with dark oak and baize and bearing on its front the legend "Matthew Straight, Forger." On the chemist's, above those bottled sunsets which intoxicate the infant eye, would run the simple words, "Pilson and Sons, Poisoners"; while the busy emporium of "Minns, General Assassins," would fill the street with life—and death.

But it is not sufficiently realized that this is an age of such extravagances. Ruskin and the paler romantics used to rebuke modernity as mean and drab; but it is rather monstrous, and covered with crude and cruel colors like an Egyptian idolatry. Its parallels are to be found on the insane heights of history. For instance, I call it monstrous that a Roman Emperor should make his horse a magistrate. But I call it equally monstrous that a magistrate should consider the tragedy of the horse and disregard the tragedy of the man; for all the world as if the magistrate really were a horse, instead of a human donkey. And many, probably most, of our magistrates do this. I call it monstrous that the Italian aristocrats of the Renaissance should be able to get their enemies poisoned by private chemists who existed for the sole purpose of poisoning them. But I call it equally monstrous that citizens of the American democracy should be able to get their enemies shot by private detectives, who exist for the sole purpose of shooting them. I think it monstrous that the State tolerated men in the livery of some feudal lord, openly evading the law that protected shopkeepers from pillage. I think it more monstrous that the State tolerates men in the livery of a private club, openly evading the law that protects children and old women from the deathly speed of motorists. In both cases the law permits an open plot against the law. What on earth should we say if we found a man standing in a splendid uniform at the corner of a slum and discovered that he was there to warn pickpockets of the proximity of the police? Yet some of the motorists so warned are not pickpockets, but murderers.

The cause of their immunity is naked and not in dispute. They wear an armor of gold, inside which this very Golden Age allows them to do anything.

But what I wish to remark is that the note of our time is one especially emphasized by the old Roman satirists, the note of shamelessness. In what is said there is indeed much euphemism and evasion; and I do not doubt that when Nero fiddled over burning Rome the contemporary press said that his interest in clearing the congested districts of the metropolis did not prevent his finding time for his old interest in music. But in what is done there is no shame whatever. And what is done is of a piece with Tamberlaine driving Kings instead of horses. We shall best understand the events of our time if we reduce them to plain stories about persons.

There is this great difference between economics and finance, as they call it, that economics may be a dull story, but it is a story; an account of what happened; whereas finance largely consists of things that don't happen. Economics turns a penny into a penny bun; but finance turns it into a penny promise. Observe the remote language used in the munition problem about "social service" and further "taxing profits." The fact is that there is a great heap of goods, things to eat and drink, in the middle of the street, quite accessible to the King and his Captains; but it must not be touched because a merchant's servants have made it for the merchant alone. The town may be besieged, the foe may be battering all its gates, the streets may be full of famine, and the skies full of fire; but this heap must not be touched because the merchant wants it for himself. The servants say they would be willing to go on working for the King and town; but the merchant says they must go on working for the heap—that is, for him. But he regards it as a very handsome patriotic concession to say he has no objection to his servants being made to go on working for him. That is all.

Realize these mere facts and then turn to the torrents of trash that pour out every day, not only from a press now suspect, but from honest old Tory papers which on other subjects are chivalrous enough in their way. There is the same old notion that a strike is a sort of

picnic. There is the same grumbling from dear old doctors and lawyers against the bare existence of the Trade Union Rules, which in their own very ruthless Trade Unions the dear old doctors and lawyers would die rather than break. I read in a very respectable little Unionist rag a prodigious piece of bluster about the working classes, if they resisted conscription, being as easily dealt with as the mutineers of the Nore. Before remarking on the peculiar mentality of the outbreak, I may observe that I do not believe for a moment that the working classes would rise against legal conscription, even if it were dragged down with all the dead weight of Mr. George's luckless reputation. Our middle-class writers cannot see the working man; because they are always trying to understand him. The secret of the working man is one which can be seen at a great distance, when he stands on the remotest summit of a wild Welsh quarry; that he is a man. He is against the Germans because they are in the wrong. He is against his employers because they are in the wrong. But he is not such a fool as not to see that the greater evil includes the lesser; and that he must save England in order to reform her. And he would not submit to a national humiliation imposed by the Kaiser, even for the sake of that wild industrial emancipation which he would obtain from the Krupps.

But let us reflect, not without tears, upon the minds of those who tell all the manual workers of Britain that it would not take much to hang them as traitors and mutineers. Exactly what it would take to do it, in men and munitions, I do not know. But one feels a sort of medical curiosity about such men. Is it possible, by any chance, that they are actually mad? Their formula for conscription seems to run as follows: we have so few soldiers engaged in the foreign war in France that we can quite afford to bring some of them back to begin a civil war in England. The helpless in the clubs, who say this sort of thing, evidently suppose that large numbers of men can be arrested and executed by machinery; if a button is

pressed by a poor quavering old boy in a smoking room. I remember him during the great strikes, and how he wanted to have the miners all shot because nobody else could work in the mines. But then, at least, he was not firing wild while an enemy was firing straight. He has surpassed himself in his new model of an expeditionary force, in which we are to waste large numbers of our actual soldiers in shooting as many as they can of our possible recruits. I suppose such hog's wash, accompanied with appropriate profanity, really goes down in Pall Mall. But if this capitalist project for a civil war ever travels beyond this island, I fancy that the army swears more terribly in Flanders.

It is exactly as certain as that Christ-

mas comes in December that no strikes would occur in nationally vital industries today if the employers gave up their profits altogether. It is equally certain that every one of them could give up all their profits tomorrow morning. The Government may not have the pluck to ask them; but there is no reason to think they would have the madness to refuse. I do not share the moral philosophy of the wretched pacifist who lately expressed an abject wonder at a young and happy man going to fight and fall. I know that life is not worth having if it is not worth losing. But if we are to rebuke such, what shall we say of the shamelessness of old men, who cling to that which is baser than life when they near the grave?

M. Denys Cochin

[From The Times of London]

M. Denys Cochin, Minister of State in the new French Cabinet, now on a mission to Greece, has received the freedom of the City of Athens. In this generation the honor can scarcely have been more worthily bestowed.

Denys Marie Pierre Augustin Cochin was born in September, 1851, in Paris, where, too, he was educated. His studies were interrupted by the Franco-Prussian war, in which he took part as a Sergeant in the Eighth Lancers and later as standard bearer to Bourbaki, who recommended him for the coveted Military Medal. This decoration, which he still wears, he wore on the day when, after the Commune, the examination for degrees in the University of Paris was once more held. Egger, one of the most brilliant scholars who ever occupied the Greek Chair at the Sorbonne, examined him. "Your Greek prose," said Egger, "is pretty poor; but I see you wear the Military Medal. You may proceed to your degree!"

While law was his prescribed study, his natural inclination led him toward scientific research with Pasteur and Schutzenberger. The fruit of these studies is to be found in the book, "Evolution and Life," which he published in 1888. In this and later works he took up the cudgels against Spencer, and to this day the study of first principles has been his hobby.

In 1881 he followed in the footsteps of his father and offered himself for election to the Municipal Council. In 1893 he entered Parliament. In these two spheres he has ever since worked untiringly for Paris and for France.

In the Chamber foreign affairs claimed his chief attention. On foreign questions no French politician has greater competence or is listened to with greater pleasure. As a Catholic the question of the maintenance of the French Protectorate in the Levant found in him a sturdy champion. Greece and the Hellenic cause have ever possessed his warm sympathies, which the Greeks for their part have readily recognized. He is a Commander of the Order of the Saviour.

His speech is singularly fluent and persuasive. Simple and conversational in style, his utterance is that of a man who has words to choose from and knows how to choose them. His election to the Academy three or four years ago was a fitting acknowledgment of his mastery of French and of form.

The quality of his patriotism may be measured by the fact that he, a practicing Catholic and a life-long Conservative, should have consented to join M. Briand's Ministry. Honesty and kindness distinguish his actions, and among French public men today none better than he is qualified to interpret to the constitutional King of the Hellenes the sentiments of France and of the French democracy.

Broadsheets for Soldiers and Sailors

Sir Walter Raleigh's Passages From the Great English Writers

An immense circulation has been attained in the British Isles by the envelopes filled with broadsheets, ready for mailing to soldiers and sailors, which have been edited by Sir Walter Raleigh and published by The London Times. It is of singular interest that the British people in their present state of exaltation should look to the inspiring passages in their rich literature with which to hearten their men at the front. A reproduction of the printed envelope of Series 1 is shown below, together with a few of Sir Walter Raleigh's selections.—Editor CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE.



Best English Literature for British Soldiers and Sailors in Broadsheets,
Published by The Times of London.

Wordsworth

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speaks the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

Shakespeare

King Henry. By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
 God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me
 For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart; his passport shall be made
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say "Tomorrow is Saint Crispian":
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
 And say "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember with advantages
 What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
 For he today that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition;
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

King Henry V., iv., 3.

Milton

Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving
 To the Spirits of just men long oppress'd,
 When God into the hands of their deliverer
 Puts invincible might,
 To quell the mighty of the Earth, th' oppressor,
 The brute and boist'rous force of violent men,
 Hardy and industrious to support
 Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
 The righteous and all such as honour Truth!
 He all their Ammunition
 And feats of War defeats
 With plain Heroic magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigour arm'd;
 Their Armouries and Magazines contemns,
 Renders them useless, while
 With winged expedition
 Swift as the lightning glance he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who, surpris'd,
 Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of Saints, the trial of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own Deliverer,
 And Victor over all

That tyranny or fortune can inflict,
 Either of these is in thy lot,
 Samson, with might endu'd
 Above the Sons of men; but sight bereav'd
 May chance to number thee with those
 Whome Patience finally must crown.

Samson Agonistes.

The English Expeditionary Army in Spain, A. D. 1367

From Lord Berners' Froissart, Ch. 237

THE Prince of Wales, at the breaking of the day, was ready in the field arranged in battle, and advanced forward in good order, for he knew well he should encounter his enemies. So there were none that went before the marshals battles but such couriers as were appointed; so thus the lords of both hosts knew by the report of their couriers that they should shortly meet. So they went forward an hosting pace each toward other; and when the sun was rising up it was a great beauty to behold the battles and the armours shining against the sun. So thus they went forward till they approached near together: then the Prince and his company went over a little hill, and in the descending thereof they perceived clearly their enemies coming toward them: and when they were all descended down this mountain, then every man drew to their battles and kept them still, and so rested them, and every man dressed and apparelled himself ready to fight.

Then Sir John Chandos brought his banner rolled up together to the Prince, and said, "Sir, behold here is my banner; I require you display it abroad, and give me leave this day to raise it; for, Sir, I thank God and you, I have land and heritage sufficient to maintain it withal." Then the Prince and King Dom Pedro took the banner between their hands and spread it abroad, the which was of silver a sharp pile gules, and delivered it to him and said, "Sir John, behold here your banner; God send you joy and honour thereof." Then Sir John Chandos bare his banner

to his own company, and said, "Sirs, behold here my banner and yours, keep it as your own": and they took it and were right joyful thereof, and said, that by the pleasure of God and St. George, they would keep and defend it to the best of their powers. And so the banner abode in the hands of a good English squire, called William Dalby, who bare it that day and acquitted himself right nobly. Then anon after the Englishmen and Gascons alighted off their horses, and every man drew under their own banner and standard in array of battle ready to fight: and it was great joy to see and consider the banners and pennons and the noble armory that was there.

Then the battles began a little to advance; and then the Prince of Wales opened his eyes and regarded toward Heaven and joined his hands together and said: "Very God, Jesu Christ, who hath formed and created me, consent by your benign grace, that I may have this day victory of mine enemies, as that I do is in a rightful quarrel, to sustain and to aid this King, chased out of his own heritage, the which giveth me courage to advance myself to reestablish him again into his realm." And then he laid his right hand on King Dom Pedro, who was by him, and said: "Sir King, ye shall know this day if ever ye shall have any part of the realm of Castile or not: therefore, advance banners, in the name of God and St. George." With those words the Duke of Lancaster and Sir John Chandos approached: and the duke said to Sir William Beauchamp, "Sir William,

behold yonder our enemies: this day ye shall see me a good knight, or else to die in the quarrell": and therewith they approached their enemies.

Pericles to the Athenians

From Thucydides

I HAVE dwelt upon the greatness of Athens to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than are those who enjoy none of our privileges, and to make clear proof of the merit of the men whom I am commemorating. Their loftiest praise I have already recorded. In magnifying the city I have magnified them, and others like them, whose virtues made her glorious. Of how few Greeks can it be said, as it can be said of them, that their deeds, when weighed in the balance, are equal to their fame? I think a death like theirs gives the true measure of a man's worth; sometimes it is the first revelation of the virtue on which it puts the final seal. Even those who come short in other ways may redeem themselves by fighting bravely for their country; they blot out the evil with the good, and benefit the State more by their public services than ever they injured her by their private actions. None of these men was enervated by wealth; none hesitated to resign the pleasures of life; none put off the evil day in the hope, so natural to the poor man, that he might one day be rich. Holding the punishment of their enemies to be sweeter than any of these things, and knowing that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honorably avenged, and to leave the rest to fate. They resigned the uncertain hope of happiness, and in the face of death resolved to rely upon themselves alone. When the moment came they chose to resist and suffer rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from the name of dishonor, but on the battlefield their feet stood fast, and in an instant, at the height of their good fortune, they passed away from the scene not of their fear, but of their glory.

Such was the end of these men; they

were worthy of Athens, and the living need not desire a more heroic temper, though they may pray for a less fatal event. The worth of such a temper cannot be told in words. Any one can tell you commonplaces about the merits of a brave defense. Instead of listening to him I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, till you are filled with the love of her, and when you are overcome by her glory, reflect that this empire was made by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it, and who, if ever they failed in what they undertook, would not have their virtues lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest holiday offering to deck her feast. The sacrifice which they offered in common was repaid to them singly; to every one of them was given a praise that never grows old and the noblest of all sepulchres—I do not mean that in which their remains are laid, but that in which their glory lives, and is proclaimed for ever, on every fitting occasion, both in words and deeds. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; they are commemorated not only by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands also, and by memorials graven not on stone but on the hearts of men. Take them for your example and, knowing that courage is freedom and freedom is happiness, do not be too careful in weighing the perils of war. The wretch who hopes for nothing from the future has more reason to cling to life than the happy and prosperous man, who at any time may encounter a change for the worse, and to whom the reverses of fortune come as grave disasters. To a man of spirit fear and disaster are bitterer than the death which strikes him unaware when he is full of courage and buoyed up by the general hope.

Liberation of the Lesser Nations

By Dr. J. Stübben

Dr. Stübben is a German educator whose close study of the smaller nationalities under the government of the great powers is embodied in the following article from the *Koelnische Zeitung*, forwarded to *CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE* by Dr. Stübben.

IT is emphasized by the Quadruple Entente that it is battling for the liberation of the small nations. It may be taken for granted that thereby is meant only those small nationalities under the government of the Teutonic allies. It is out of the question that either Russia, England, France, or Italy will extend freedom to those racial or national divisions that come under their own control. And yet they all have good ground for observing the beams in their own eyes before they look for the mote in their brothers' eyes.

Russia dominates in Finland over both Finns and Swedes; in the Baltic Provinces over Lettish, Lithuanians, and Germans; along the Bug and the Vistula over Poles and Jews; in the south over Ukraines, Rumanians, and Greeks. There is no reason to add here about conditions to the east. As a matter of fact, of Russia's 150,000,000 inhabitants, only 70,000,000 are real Russians. Is it the intention of the Quadruple Entente to give the 80,000,000 non-Russians freedom from the domination of the Czar?

No! Neither does England purpose to liberate the Irish or the Boers, the East Indians or the Egyptians, the inhabitants of Cypress, Malta, or Gibraltar.

France is just beginning to exercise in earnest its control of the Flemish in the north, the Italians in Nizza and Corsica, the Africans of Morocco, Algiers, and Tunis. And Italy? Will it let go of its own free will either Tripoli, or the French-speaking Val d'Aosta, in order to give liberty to foreign peoples?

In truth, if the desire is really there, the powers of the Entente have excellent opportunity to begin at home with liberating foreign peoples. There would have been no occasion to war against the central powers to achieve this result. At the same time it is both instructive and entertaining to examine who are the sub-

jugated nationalities that give the Quadruple Entente such concern.

We have, then, within the German Empire some 240,000 French in Alsace-Lorraine, 140,000 Danes in Schleswig, and 2,500,000 Poles in the eastern provinces of Prussia. In fact, in so far as concerns Alsace-Lorraine, the announced effort of the Entente does not confine itself to the deliverance of the small number of French, but it includes as well the 1,500,000 Germans of Alsace-Lorraine now under the sceptre of the French Republic. One may gather how thoroughly German the whole of Alsace is when one reads the names of some of the places mentioned in the war reports—Sennheim, Sondernach, Hartmannsweilerkopf, Schratzmaennle. No Frenchman would ever give their surroundings names like these. The freeing of the 140,000 Danes from German jurisdiction cannot be any concern of the Entente, but of Denmark itself which stands completely outside the war. And to bring the Prussian Poles under the despotic rule of the Russian Czar is just the opposite to deliverance. The action of the Quadruple Entente points more in the direction of subjugation of lesser nations than their freedom.

To Austria-Hungary, the aim of the Entente in this war would mean the destruction of the Hapsburg monarchy. In order to realize the plans of conquest of Russia, Rumania, Serbia, and Italy the century-old political makeup of the peoples within Austria-Hungary is to be disrupted. Since the Poles of Galicia could only be handed over to Russia against their will, and as the same condition holds good relative to the Southern Slavs, who are to fall to Italy, certainly here there is no sense in speaking about a "deliverance."

Wherever one looks it is clear that the battle cry regarding the liberation of t

smaller nationalities is a big untruth. But just as hypocritical is the above statement when one reads that many millions of Germans in France and Belgium and East and West Prussians in Russia are the concern of the Quadruple Entente in this war.

In the case of Germany and Austria-Hungary, the only reason assigned from the beginning as the cause of the war has been the fact that they aim at maintaining their national existence. Neither Germany nor Austria-Hungary has purposely extended its boundaries. Even though the war has favored the central powers, there has been no change in their program. But obligations have come along that do concern the freeing of oppressed people. Primarily this is the case with Poland; in the second place, regarding the western frontiers of Germany and southern borders of Austria-Hungary; and also regarding the freedom of the seas.

The Imperial Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg, has publicly declared that the Poles are to be freed from the mismanagement of the Moscovite rule and that plans are making for the solution of the problem, so that there shall be an end to the long-existing national quarrel between Poles and Germans. It is entirely too early to speak now of the details touching the new freedom. It is sufficient to know that the central powers obligate themselves to discharge the task that the Quadruple Entente falsely gives as one of its aims in waging war.

For the greater security of the German west front, Belgium and France will come in for consideration. Except for a rectification of the frontier question, there is slight reason to believe that Germany has any annexation plans. At no time

and on no occasion has the German Government mentioned anything about annexing the occupied territories of Belgium and Northern France. The political status of the conquered fortresses and the coast of Flanders at present in possession of the German military forces will remain a part of the national independence of the countries in question. But France, in order to regain its lost territory, must be satisfied to give in exchange colonies as well as money.

It will probably become a necessity to improve the strategical frontiers of Austria-Italy as well as of Hungary-Serbia. Apart from this arrangement it follows as a matter of course that Italy must be punished for a treachery that cries to Heaven, and Serbia for the murder at Serajevo.

England will be compelled to return the German colonies, to make free the oceans, at least in regard to the inviolability of private property at sea, and to pay over many milliards in indemnity. These demands are in keeping with every national expectation of the central powers.

Finally we have Turkey. How can the Quadruple Entente speak of bringing deliverance to peoples when it means to turn Constantinople over to the Russians and Asiatic Turkey is to be despoiled for the sake of France, Italy, and England?

But we have said enough. Neither the Entente nor the central powers entered this terrible war for the sake of bringing liberty to other people. Each power fights in its own interests, not for foreign ones. If, however, freedom should come to subjugated nations as a result of this war—there is, besides Poland, Finland, Egypt, and Macedonia—this will not be due to the Quadruple Entente, but to the Teutonic allies!



Naval Defenses of the United States

By Captain Albert P. Niblack, U. S. N.

At the annual meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, held in New York City, Captain Albert P. Niblack, U. S. N., the Vice President of the society, read a paper, given below in part, on "The Maintenance of the Fleet," in which he discussed from an entirely new angle the naval defenses of the United States, particularly on the Pacific Coast. Captain Niblack is one of the navy's most distinguished line officers, and is now commanding the dreadnought Michigan of the Second Division of the Atlantic Fleet.

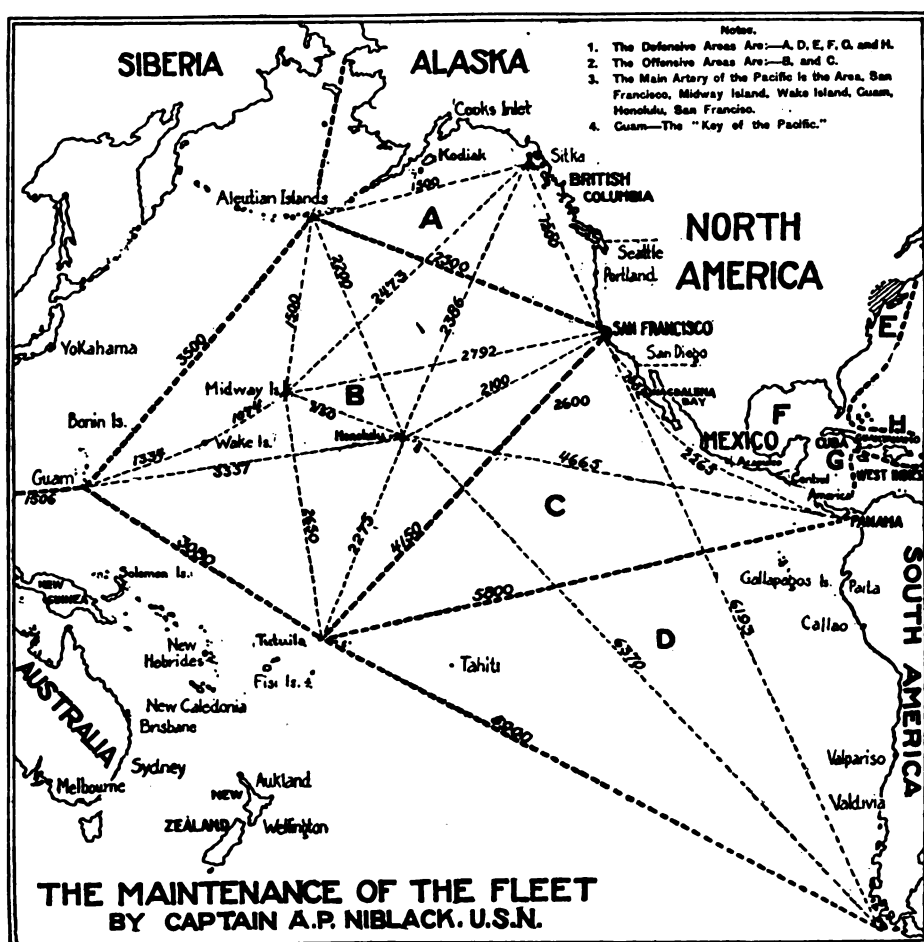
THE first line of the national defense is diplomacy, which, for safety and to avoid misunderstandings, should be in the hands of skilled if not specially trained men. Due to our geographical position, our second line is the navy, which must ever be prepared to act on the offensive, as its chief value lies in mobility and initiative. The third line is the sea coast and other fixed defensive, with a mobile land force to protect the land approaches. From its immobility this third line is essentially defensive. The fourth line is the regular army, which, like the navy, is essentially offensive. The fifth line is the trained reserve, and that we have not. As patriotic and as self-sacrificing as are the individuals who compose the militia, no thinking person, with knowledge of the facts, can count the militia as a trained reserve. For all that it is, we should, however, be deeply thankful. The sixth line is the reserve of equipment—guns, ammunition, clothing, food and fuel—together with the manufacturing establishments to turn out whatever additional is needed, from a button to a battleship. Untrained men, as a war asset, are like ore in the mine, cotton in the bale—simply a valuable raw material.

Whatever legitimate differences of opinion we may have as to our national policies as a world power, it would seem to be best, instead of discussing the subject of the maintenance of the fleet on the high plane of patriotic or civic duty, to apply the acid test of business, or what pays best in the end.

In the first place, geography has placed a large ocean on either side of us, between us and our powerful neigh-

bors. Looking across the Atlantic, we have always accepted a defensive rôle, and talked, and thought, and built to repel an enemy if he should come. This habit of thought, of waiting for something, of holding back, of expecting things to come to us, has almost destroyed our initiative, has kept back our foreign trade, and almost driven our flag from the ocean. We have reasoned that our fleet would give us time to bring up our supposed reserves and enable us to raise an army of volunteers. Facing this comfortable solution, we have turned our back upon the Pacific.

Geography, acquisitiveness or destiny has presented us in the Pacific with Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, Tutuila, (Samoa,) Midway Island, and Guam, as stepping-stones across the Pacific, and, by their possession, imposed upon us the same policy as if they were actually in the hands of an enemy or rival, because they exist and cannot be sunk; and if we fail to make the right use of them geography will turn them against us, just as it turned them away from others and to us. The Pacific permits to us no defensive policy such as we have softened ourselves to in the Atlantic. Our coast line extends to Guam, even if we should scuttle in the Philippines. We can wiggle, and squirm, and make a wry face over paying the bill, but we can never evade ultimately the cost of adequately fortifying a naval base in the island of Guam, and in a lesser degree in the island of Tutuila, in the Archipelago of Alaska, and on Midway Island, just as we have already begun the good work in the Hawaiian Islands and at Balboa at the Pacific end of the Panama Canal,



This Map Shows the Offensive and Defensive Areas of the Pacific, with the Supply Bases That Dominate Each.

the reason being, if there were no other, to prevent their being used against us as commercial supply stations or naval bases by an enterprising rival or enemy. Besides, it will pay us to do so.

Suppose that on Jan. 1, 1916, there should be assembled off Panama, in the Pacific, a fleet to make a leisurely voyage to Manila and return by way of Honolulu, Midway, and Guam. Let us assume that this fleet consists of thirty battleships, twenty of our largest cruisers, (now mostly out of date because deficient in speed,) forty destroyers, twenty colliers, three supply ships, and the fleet repair ship Vestal. In order to state the problem of supplying this fleet

in its simplest form, the speed is ten knots, no bad weather is encountered, there are no delays from breakdowns, and the time to overhaul machinery, &c., is placed at an absurdly low figure. As the stretch from Panama to Honolulu is 4,665 miles and would necessitate towing some of the ships of lesser coal endurance, and, as touching at Magdalena Bay would only be 125 more than the direct route, this stop is made. Stopping at San Diego, Cal., instead, would have made a difference of 436 miles.

We have at Balboa a fine refueling plant and an embryo naval station, and the fleet is supposed to sail from there full of coal and fuel oil. The assump-

tion is a very liberal one that eighteen tons of coal and three and one-half tons of oil per mile will cover the fuel consumption of the battleships, cruisers, and destroyers at sea at a speed of only ten knots, and that 1,000 tons of coal and 160 tons of oil will cover their daily consumption in port. According to London Engineering, the average collier or freighter will burn one-sixth of a ton of coal per mile, (or one-eighth of a ton of oil,) and will burn about twelve tons of coal (ten tons of oil) in port per day. Our battleships carry nearly forty days' fresh provisions, and five months' dry provisions, and the three refrigerator supply ships *Culgoa*, *Glacier*, and *Celtic* may be emptied on reaching Guam, proceed to Sydney, Australia, (3,000 miles,) to fill up, and return to Guam to meet the fleet on its return voyage.

The following is the calculated coal consumption for the outward voyage:

	Sea miles.	Coal, tons.	Oil, tons.
Panama to Magdalena Bay	2,265	49,000	8,500
In port 5 days		5,000	800
Magdalena to Honolulu. 2,543		55,000	9,500
In port 5 days		5,000	800
Honolulu to Guam, via Midway	3,450	74,700	13,000
In port 10 days		10,000	1,600
Guam to Manila	1,542	33,500	5,800
In port 10 days		10,000	1,600
Total	10,000	232,200	41,600

Taking from the "Naval Pocket Book" the bunker capacities of all the ships enumerated as comprising this fleet, adding to it the carrying capacities of coal and oil of the twenty colliers, and comparing the sum with the consumptions of fuel in the foregoing table, we have:

	Coal, tons.	Oil, tons.
In bunkers	129,000	16,900
As cargo	120,000	38,100
Total	249,000	45,000
Consumed as per table	232,200	41,600
Margin	6,800	3,400

It should be stated that the two new oil carriers, *Kanawha* and *Maumee*, now ready for service, are included in the list of colliers. These two help swell the figures for oil by 18,244 tons. The mar-

gin remaining as above is uncomfortably small, and we are at once confronted with the problem of 240,000 tons of coal and 40,000 tons of oil required to get the ships back to Balboa. The bunker coal for the colliers can be gotten from Singapore or Australia, but only "Welsh" or "Pocahontas" class of coal serves for naval use. The problem, as elementary as it may seem, is extremely complicated even in time of peace. What it would be in war is another matter, but it illustrates the profoundly gratifying fact that we have wisely given our ships a large steaming radius, and, more wisely still, gone in for Government-owned colliers and supply ships, while every other navy in the world has to rely on chartering. With adequate supplies of coal and oil at Honolulu, Midway, and Guam, we may attain the desired mobility of the fleet even in war, provided we adequately fortify Guam and Midway. The cost would not exceed that of one battleship.

In time of war the high speeds required in scouting and protecting would increase enormously the demand for fuel, and the ten knots speed for the fleet shows how narrow is the margin, as it gives the very minimum, easily increased by leaps and bounds under stress of weather or war operations. It is estimated that probably 200,000 tons of coal a month would be required along this route in time of war. Two things stand out clearly in this problem, viz., the necessity for adopting the system of towing and coaling at sea, so ably and so often advocated in the meetings of this society, and the need of replacing our old colliers, supply ships and cruisers with newer, larger and faster ones. These colliers, repair and supply ships, fitted with 5-inch and 6-inch guns and officered and manned by regular officers and men, should be able to give a good account of themselves in time of danger and would not need the sheltering and shepherding that must be given to a heterogeneous lot of chartered and irresponsible craft, none too reliable under the most favorable circumstances. This leads up to the question of either purchasing additional colliers and suppl-

ships, or building them, as we cannot rely on chartering because we will need all the available merchant ships for other purposes, viz., our expanding foreign trade, and maintaining what we have. A purchased ship will require at least two months to overhaul and adapt her to Government requirements. During the "war with Spain" we purchased colliers having a gross tonnage of 42,500 at a cost of \$76 per gross ton. Economy and serviceability point to the entire desirability of building ships for the special service required

In supplies are included reserve ammunition, medical stores, fresh and dry provisions, clothing, equipment, fresh water, "canteen" stores, both afloat in supply ships and at the naval bases. Fuel means the ability to deliver the blow without delay. Delay means the loss of the initiative. Operations can only be based on available means, and, in modern war, you cannot plan and then assemble stores to execute the plan. After war is declared it becomes a question of supplies and weapons at the front, or else falling back on the defensive and trying to gather from every source the supplies needed even for the defensive. With fortified island bases each would become a stepping-stone to the next, and a centre from which to sally

forth, attack and harass, and to which to return for supplies, rest and overhaul. Our real coast line would become, as it were, more remote from our enemy as these obstacles in his path hindered his free movements, and, on the other hand, these island bases would have the effect of extending our coast line out into the ocean for our own forces. As sources of supply they are as valuable to the enemy as to us, unless we fortify them adequately.

All this sounds like the stock language of the rampant militarist looking for and bringing on trouble, but is simply the cold business of insurance against and avoidance of trouble through provision and provision. There is, moreover, no reason in forbidding business in foreign relations, or diplomacy in making for markets and trade opportunities. Tutuila, Midway, and the Aleutian Islands come into the question of island bases as auxiliary centres of supply and security, or as centres of scouting and offensive, not to mention commercial operations. Over and above all lies Guam in its position of unique, commanding and supreme importance, the "Key of the Pacific." On what we do there depends our future on that ocean, and as a peaceful, law-abiding and properly respected member of the community of nations.

Montenegrin Fighters

A description of Montenegrin fighting qualities is given by the special correspondent of the Berliner Tageblatt with the Austrian troops. He says:

The Montenegrins themselves do not understand so much about artillery as about other arms, in the employment of which they are past masters. Their speciality is not the complicated modern war, but the partisan warfare in the mountains, the real Indian war. One hears them shouting something to one another on the bare, black mountains; then they glide down into the valley in groups of two or three, jump in their soft felt shoes from stone to stone, conceal themselves in the holes which are hidden by the evergreen bushes, and suddenly they all collect at one spot in the rear or at the flank of our patrols. Woe to these patrols if they allow themselves to be surprised! The Montenegrins give no quarter to anybody, not even to the wounded. On the other hand, it is next to impossible to capture Montenegrin soldiers. Wherever a warrior goes or stands there also is his wife, and when he falls she jumps to his side and drags him away. No dead or wounded are found after a battle.

The Uses of Adversity

By Ignatius George Kelly

Editor of The British Review

This remarkable article by the editor of *The British Review* includes a discussion of the adverse conditions under which Great Britain and her allies labor in their contest with Germany, which was originally published in that periodical.

THE most arduous period of the year is approaching, Winter, bringing to those upon the battle front hardships almost intolerable, to those at home who are elderly and infirm the fear that they may not see another Spring, and to all our minds a season which may be called, more truly than ever in history, the Winter of our discontent. All Belgium and the richest provinces of France are still firmly in the enemy's power. Attempts to dislodge him have been costly and unsuccessful. At a time when, according to our last year's prophecies, his treasury should have been depleted, his people starving, his army a skeleton, we have seen him embark upon an advance five times greater and more difficult than his attack on Paris and press it home with a speed and accuracy almost incredible. The armies of Russia roll back, and their Generals strain every nerve not to achieve a decision, but to avoid it. The counterattack upon Constantinople is at present no more than a lesson in the impotence of valor, and if the German menace from the west bears fruit we may yet see the expedition abandoned and left with no claim to greatness save the enormity of our loss and the gallantry of those who fail. Our intentions have gone awry, our expectations are withered, save for the stubborn hope that the enemy's strength must at last desert him before he becomes the master of us all or enforces at least an indecisive peace.

Looking upon the organization of their own State and the still unprepared powers of its opponents, there is no end to the ambition of a people already confident and overbearing to the pitch of insolence. They doubtless see re-enacted in themselves the antique example of Rome. They anticipate the time when

the name of German shall be more awful than ever was *civis Romanus* in provincial ears; they look to a new world of their own making and fit upon their doings the imperial utterances of Virgil's "Aeneid." Their Generals capture works of art as Mummius looted Corinth of its statuary, secure in the confidence of a civilization which was to prevail. They are bringing new blood to a spent and luxurious earth. They will make other laws and invent fresh graces for us, crowding our old beauties into the museums of antiquity. Rome itself, indeed, will be outdone, for she at least was content to leave to the Greek his softer arts wherewith, in the end, he might reconquer an empire. But Germany will deny us even that poor eminence and promises that beneath her table there shall lie no crumb that she herself has not bestowed.

It ill becomes us to sneer at this ambition without first giving thought to the refutation of it, for, superficially at least, the analogy of history is strongly founded. The days of Roman conquest were not the days of her ultimate greatness, but of crude preparation. Her civilization was for centuries a material civilization only, resting upon her disciplined troops, her fortified places, her roads, over which we can still pass safely, her bridges, aqueducts, and walls. Her cultured victims scorned her for her rudeness, but succumbed. A German historian, looking upon his country's roads and railways, her industry and plodding science, her disciplined and machinelike legions, must be pardoned if he think of Livy as his model. He may go further still and not outrun just speculation. He may cast his memory back upon the races over which Rome marched and compare them with some accuracy to those against which his own forces are

in arms; Greece the anarchical, Carthage the mercenary, Gaul the vast and disorganized, have for unfriendly eyes their counterparts in modern Europe. To the biased vision of a Heidelberg professor the scandals and revolutions of France are on a level with the perpetual upheavals which disgraced the latter years of Greek republics until the firm hand of Rome imposed stern order. The very art of both is subject to a comparison, however unjustly drawn, which should magnify the evidence of decadence. In the numerous and diverse provinces of the vast Russian Empire, linked together by a common head and otherwise only by an impalpable unity of spirit, Germany sees the hordes of northern tribes on whom at last the imperial troops branded the impress of the Roman eagle and the insignia of Latin culture. Even in peace, German merchants and engineers had all but made that empire their own.

Lastly, there is England, the greatest and most dangerous, as she thinks, of all her foes. Carthage was a merchant State, with a maritime empire; so, too, is England. Carthage relied upon her fleet; so, also, does England. Carthage had a mercenary army; so, in another sense, has England. Carthage was wealthier than Rome by as much as England is wealthier than Germany, yet Carthage fell. A Carthaginian General upon the crest of victory once sent despairing messages for munitions and men, and was refused by a supine and luxurious people; an English General asked the same to stave off defeat, and still awaits his answer. *Gott strafe England!* is a foolish saying; but what of old Cato's reiterated *Delenda est Carthago*? To each of her foes it must have seemed inconceivable that Rome should bear away the palm which they so long had worn, but the result of this war or, if need be, this war and those which shall succeed it will rank with Salamis and Zama in the history of men.

It is from reflections of this color that Germany takes heart and bids us think long of all these writings on the ancient walls of time. If we are wise, we shall take up the challenge. We are not justified in mocking the great preten-

sions of those who, as all the world admits, have at least in the practical sphere proved themselves a people of wonderful powers, for, though laughter is said to kill, no hollow cartoon can destroy the united wills of a determined nation. There is, to be sure, an easy opening for criticism of a negative kind to show that in her imperial wars it was usually the part of Rome to suffer defeats at the outset and only to win after long tribulation. Moreover, Rome conquered the world piecemeal, and did not ever take arms against the united powers of her day. Like England, she acquired an empire by accident. She acquired it because behind her material strength she harbored an ideal, or the germ of an ideal, which was worth more than those of her enemies; in the highest sense of the words, she was justified by the event. She hired no advocate-philosophers. But the majestic calm of her assemblies in face of destruction may have warned her opponents that this confidence reposed on something stronger than the force of arms.

Germany claims that she possesses assurance not less high. But we also, even in defeat, have never doubted that we stand to represent something greater than our own estate. We are not Carthage, nor is Russia Gaul; and France is growing greater than ancient Athens, nobler than she herself has ever been in history. To Germany's analogy of Rome we reply by the analogy of Napoleon, who believed that in the triumph of post-Revolutionary France lay the future of the world. We say that the European empire is dead because Europe herself is now alive; she is of age, let her speak for herself. She is no longer an impulsive, uncertain body, ready to fall to the will of the next autocrat who would make her his slave, but fully conscious of herself and the unity of her children who have the charge of her civilization. She cannot brook the destruction of one of her nations and remain the same; most surely she could not submit to German ideals and continue to exist at all.

It is precisely upon this point that the German argument fails, since it presumes that in all Europe there is no sound State

but Germany. If all the nations were rotten to the core, her claim might be just, though we, perhaps, were better advised to die for the ideal which we had lost than submit to her dictation. But Germany herself can now hardly say that her enemies are what she has proclaimed them. She has, indeed, disproved her own case. Her attack has roused a France and a Russia of which she never dreamed; and as for the English mercenaries at whom she still must be gibing, these despicable creatures have at least earned the compliment of her detestation. There is disloyalty and selfishness in England, and many who should be fighting are striking for halfpence, secure of their reward from an embarrassed Government. But let Germany, or, indeed, France, Russia, or Italy, ask themselves this question: Had they been islands equipped with superb fleets and subject for centuries to a complaisant Constitution, would their citizens have done more than ours? There is only one answer which can be given. The groundlings of the nations are much alike.

They are much alike, until there comes a day when they realize that their existence depends upon their superiority to the groundlings of neighboring States. Then, though not till then, the mettle of their pasture is shown, and in the crass and vulgar rabble itself there flame up the cardinal virtues of a great people. The very men who now sullenly proclaim their right to profit from our extremity or cynically ask what measure of difference in their estate can be created by allegiance to the enemy may yet lay down not their profits only, but their lives, rather than forsake a losing cause. Our honorable men are dead or facing death. But honor is the privilege of rare spirits and it does not follow that, when it has thrown its stake, there is not a residue of courage, of endurance, of sober love for home, to carry on the conflict when once the spur is driven home.

If the advisers of Germany are wise, they will know that the critical moment of their fortune has arrived when they believe that they have at last beaten England to her knees. It is a country

which rarely becomes really formidable until the moment when its power seems on the point of extinction.* For us the war is in its infancy. Our morale has not been tested. The danger which hovers so threateningly above our eastern allies is no more than a speck to the eye of those who dwell in the island peace of England. The very futility of air raids and fugitive bombardments enhances the sense of our security and appalls the citizen no more than the news that a desperate criminal is at large. It is, perhaps, a pity that Germany cannot make her terrors more effective, for it would certainly be the prelude to her downfall. Nor is it easy to understand how a people of such competence in war should first waste their energy to no purpose and then should think that their reign of terror, if it were successful, could do aught but deprive them of their best ally, the apathy of the still sleeping mob.

Hot-headed men have wished that our recalcitrant workmen might see German soldiery reveling among their homes and working their will upon the wives and children at present subject to no ill-treatment save such as flows from a husband's and a father's privilege. So drastic a remedy would have too many attendant risks. But there is yet beneath the suggestion a substantive truth which should render us less apprehensive of adversity, if it should come, since it seems that no other goad than positive ill-fortune will stimulate the great mass of the disinterested public. The British Government is apparently as ignorant of this fact as is the German, for otherwise it would certainly replace the vulgar mirth of its recruiting advertisements by sombre pictures of dying men. The proper course with English laggards is not to soothe their spirits but to depress them. And when to the groans of the professional pessimist can be added the actual sting of a genuine and palpable calamity, there is hope that some life

*"I always thought they were bad soldiers," said Soult after his defeat at Albuera, "and now I am sure of it. I had turned their flank and pierced their centre, but they did not see it and would not run!"

may stir in the prone limbs of the sufferer.

For us, therefore, the gloom of coming Winter may prove to be the Indian Summer of our strength, bringing to fruition much of the energy that now supinely watches the achievements of spirits more susceptible. In any event, the war has reached a stage at which it may be said that for the future it will be a conflict less of material than of moral forces, pitting one against the other the stubbornness and endurance of the two opponents. It has been clearly proved that certain resources are needed, and before long we may see them supplied. But more than resources is required steadfast endurance in the soldier and in the

patient men and women at home who watch the life-blood of their families drain away and contemplate the ruin of great hopes without result, who bear in silence the strain of anxious days and sleepless nights and, perhaps the heaviest of all, the dull monotony of war. They are the steel of the nation and know that they must neither bend nor break. When, therefore, Germany makes boastful analogies between herself and the Roman majesty, it is to the more enduring and less dramatic aspect of antiquity that we may liken ours, and remind her that the patience of a Fabius and the honor of a Regulus did more to found her greatness than any triumph that ever blazed upon her ancient Capitol.

Germanic Supplies From Turkey

A writer in Die Post of Berlin, while agreeing that a great deal may be expected from Asia Minor in the way of raw materials for German industries and food at some indefinite date in the future, warns his countrymen not to expect too much from the Ottoman Empire for the time being. He says:

The advantages of a clear land route, connecting the Central Empires and their friends with the Golden Horn, are quite obvious. What Turkey lacks in the way of industrial products will henceforth be supplied to her from Germany; and we shall receive from her in return as much raw material as may be required to render our economic situation easier. In this regard, however, we must not allow ourselves to be deceived by any fantasies based on what may happen in the future. Turkey, of course, is not so far removed from us as she once might have become. But we are not in a position to avail ourselves, at the present day, of anything she may be able to let us have in the future. Before our dreams of "Berlin to Bagdad" become a reality, we shall first have to await the results of a few decades of German labor and millions of German capital. Then our theory of a self-supporting economic region, closed to outsiders, stretching from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, will be translated into practice. Our successes in the Balkans are taking us no nearer to the cotton crops, worth millions of marks, which are not yet growing in Asia Minor. Let us, therefore, for the time being, keep our eyes fixed on our military battles in the Balkans. The hopes which we are founding on their successful outcome should not be allowed to distract our attention from the remaining theatres of war.

The Serbian Soldier

By Stanley Naylor

This word picture of the Serbian fighter, his patriotism, his hopes and problems, was printed in The London Chronicle of Oct. 19. In it Mr. Naylor tells why the Serb is called "The Irishman of the Balkans."

WHEN, a few days ago, I left Serbia after constantly traveling up and down the country over four months, I carried away with me many different impressions. Some of these impressions, it may be, are curiously confused and conflicting, for Serbia is by no means an open book to be read by all who run as soon as they reach her gates. Like the rest of her Balkan neighbors, she is to some extent a paradox—a nation of warring truths. But one impression that I early formed has remained with me so long that it is now among my ripest convictions. On one point I am proof-positive. Today there is no fighting man in the world more wonderful than the "Tommy Atkins" of Serbia.

Wonderful is a big word, but it is not too big to fit the men in the rank and file of the Serbian Army. They are wonderful, first of all, in the stoicism—one had almost said gayety!—with which they have borne the heat and burden of four years of war. They were wonderful again, when, now nearly a year ago, under superb generalship, they successfully drove over 500,000 Austrian invaders from their territories and took 62,000 of them prisoners into the bargain. And they are still more wonderful at the present moment, when, after ten months of masterly inactivity, they "stand like greyhounds in the slips straining upon the start" for—well, whatever betides!

"Don't forget that when the time comes to strike, Serbia will be ready," M. Pasics, the veteran Prime Minister, told me proudly at Nish as far back as last May. And in view of the fact that, five months earlier, our ally had purchased her victory over the Austrians at a cost of 100,000 lives, this was certainly no mean boast. Even at that incredibly early date Serbia, after having been in

the interval ravaged by pestilence and disease and riddled by shot and shell, was once more back at her old fighting strength, with her forces completely reorganized and better equipped than ever before! Since that time, too, ammunition making has been proceeding apace. If Serbia, with her army of 400,000, was ready to strike in May, we may be quite sure she is more than ever ready to strike today.

There has been something impressive and grand in the picture of these stout-hearted men of Serbia, massed round the little nation's borders—waiting, always waiting. For several hours nearly every day during the past ten months many a Serbian "Tommy Atkins" has known what it is to stand rigidly on guard, glued like an automaton to his post, his face stolidly inscrutable, but his heart yearningly aflame to be once more up and doing. "I'm dead sick of having to wait," a private told me when I talked with him while off duty through an interpreter who, having lived in America, was able to translate very racily. "If only we could have another whack at 'em! I'm just longing for the war to end. You see, I haven't seen my wife and children for three years. My home is so far away and we have been so everlastingly fighting, or expecting to fight, that I have never had a chance to go back."

And if this has been the lot of some of Serbia's first-line soldiers still in their prime, what of those veterans of the third and fourth lines who are to be found guarding the remoter places less liable to attack? These grizzled warriors are generally cheerful. Yet, for them also, life holds more than its fair share of irony. "Of course, I'm only scrap-iron—too old for the firing line," one of them lately confessed to me. "I'm 50, and I've been in the army thirty-three

years. In Serbia, you know, we start serving at 17 and finish at 55." * * * "Then, in another five years you will be free?" I ventured encouragingly. * * * "Yes, in another five years I shall be free all right," he replied bitterly. "But please don't forget, Sir, I shall also be 55!"

But not for nothing has the Serb been called "the Irishman of the Balkans." His temperament is mercurial, and these moments of depression soon slip away. Although occasionally discouraged, he is seldom seriously downcast. Difficulties never daunt him. Instead they fire his blood. "If only we could have another whack at 'em!" That is the spirit in which he goes forth to meet and beat his foes. To him the thought that Serbia should be vanquished is simply unthinkable. For with him his country ranks as God. Patriotism, an all-consuming love of the land of his forefathers, is practically the only religion he knows and understands. Provided he holds fast to his faith in the salvation of Serbia he feels all will be well. Inevitably his enemies must go to the wall. * * * This is the firm belief of every true Serbian peasant. And maybe—who knows?—it is because perhaps he clings to it so tenaciously that he fights so valiantly and well.

"Victory is not won by shining arms, but by brave hearts," runs the Serbian "Tommy's" guiding maxim. And in his case, it is literally true. When you reflect that many of the Serbian officers contrive to cut quite a formidable dash on £70 a year, it follows that the uniforms of the men in the ranks are not exactly glittering. The only allowance they get is a very few dinars a month, together with one loaf of bread and a round of ammunition a day. And unless they are first-line soldiers they fight in their peasant dress. As a rule the peasants have only two suits of clothes—one for Winter and one for Summer. Each is firmly stitched on to him, ac-

cording to season, by a devoted wife—so firmly that, if left to himself, he pursues the line of the least resistance, and, such is his pagan taste for filth, changes his clothes only twice a year!

All honor, then, to the poverty-stricken men who fight under such terrible conditions. The homes from which many of them came seem too wretched to fight for. Yet they still go on fighting—for the unification of their beloved Serbia, for the glory of this one single idea. Their bravery in action is now a byword. But let me, at least, give one story for the truth of which that ardent Serbophile, Dr. Seton-Watson, vouches.

Before the superior forces of the enemy on one occasion a Serbian regiment had to retire. Of the men serving the machine guns all but one were killed and wounded; but this man, instead of withdrawing with his comrades, continued to work his gun with such fiendish energy that at last the advancing enemy, not realizing that he stood alone, and fearing a trap, retired in their turn. And so the situation was saved by the courage of one man. His exploit was duly reported to the General, who sent for him next day and said fiercely, "You're a terrible fellow! What's this I hear of you? They tell me it was a regular massacre. How many men did you kill?" The gunner, much perturbed, stammered out his belief that certainly well over a hundred men must have fallen victims to his machine gun.

"Well," said the General, frowning, "there's nothing for it but to make you a Corporal." "Oh, General!" exclaimed the man, who had expected some kind of punishment. "And now, Corporal —, I make you a Sergeant." "Oh, General!" gasped the man, speechless with astonishment. "And now, Sergeant —," the General went on, "I make you a Lieutenant." The new officer burst into tears. "And now," cried the General, "now embrace me!"

Important Books in Press

These informing extracts from important books that have not yet been placed in the hands of reviewers—which are actually still in press, although they will appear this month—afford the first anticipatory glimpses of the kind ever presented in an American magazine. They are intended to give readers better facilities for determining what the forthcoming books are about than can be found in the publishers' announcements. They present the same sort of information as may be gotten later by turning over the pages in a bookstall.

"The Crimes of England"

A SERIES of historical essays by Gilbert K. Chesterton on "The Crimes of England" (John Lane Company) will be preceded by a note about his use of the word "English" in which he will say:

I can assure the Scot that I say "England," not because I deny Scottish nationality, but because I affirm it. And I can say, further, that I could not here include Scots in the thesis, simply because I could not include them in the condemnation. This book is a study, not of a disease, but rather of a weakness, which has only been predominant in the predominant partner. It would not be true, for instance, to say either of Ireland or Scotland that the populace lacked a religion; but I do think that British policy as a whole has suffered from the English lack of one, with its inevitable result of plutocracy and class contempt.

The purpose of the book will be revealed in a mock dedicatory letter to the German professor headed "Some Words to Professor Whirlwind," which close as follows:

It could be easy to fence with you forever and parry every point you attempt to make, until English people began to think there was nothing wrong with England at all. But I refuse to play for safety in this way. There is a very great deal that is really wrong with England, and it ought not to be forgotten even in the full blaze of your marvelous mistakes. I cannot have my countrymen tempted to those pleasures of intellectual pride which are the result of comparing themselves with you. The deep collapse and yawning chasm of your ineptitude leaves me upon a perilous spiritual elevation. Your mistakes are matters of fact; but to enumerate them does not exhaust the truth. For instance, the learned man who rendered the phrase in an English advertisement "cut you dead"

as "hack you to death," was in error; but to say that many such advertisements are vulgar is not an error. Again, it is true that the English poor are harried and insecure, with insufficient instinct for armed revolt, though you will be wrong if you say that they are occupied literally in shooting the moon. It is true that the average Englishman is too much attracted by aristocratic society; though you will be in error if you quote dining with Duke Humphrey as an example of it. In more ways than one you forget what is meant by idiom.

I have therefore thought it advisable to provide you with a catalogue of the real crimes of England; and I have selected them on a principle which cannot fail to interest and please you. On many occasions we have been very wrong indeed. We were very wrong indeed when we took part in preventing Europe from putting a term to the impious piracies of Frederick the Great. We were very wrong indeed when we allowed the triumph over Napoleon to be soiled with the mire and blood of Blücher's sullen savages. We were very wrong indeed when we allowed the peaceful King of Denmark to be robbed in broad daylight by a brigand named Bismarck; and when we allowed the Prussian swashbucklers to enslave and silence the French provinces which they could neither govern nor persuade. We were very wrong indeed when we flung to such hungry adventurers a position so important as Heligoland. We were very wrong indeed when we praised the soulless Prussian education and copied the soulless Prussian laws. Knowing that you will mingle your tears with mine over this record of English wrongdoing, I dedicate it to you, and I remain,

Yours reverently,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

Near the close of the book Mr. Chesterton will say:

There may be, in the eyes of some,

a risk in dwelling in this dark hour on our failures in the past: I believe profoundly that the risk is all the other way. I believe that the most deadly danger to our arms today lies in any whiff of that self-praise, any flavor of that moral cowardice, any glimpse of that impudent and ultimate impenitence, that may make one Boer or Scot or Welshman or Irishman or Indian feel that he is only smoothing the path for a second Prussia. I have passed the great part of my life in criticising and condemning the existing rulers and institutions of my country: I think it is infinitely the most patriotic thing that a man can do. I have no illusions either about our past or our present. I think our whole history in Ireland has been a vulgar and ignorant hatred of the crucifix, expressed by a crucifixion. I think the South African war was a dirty work which we did under the whips of money-lenders. I think Mitchelstown was a

disgrace; I think Denshaw was a devilry.

Yet there is one part of life and history in which I would assert the absolute spotlessness of England. In one department we wear a robe of white and a halo of innocence. Long and weary as may be the records of our wickedness, in one direction we have done nothing but good. Whoever we may have wronged, we have never wronged Germany. Again and again we have dragged her from under the just vengeance of her enemies, from the holy anger of Maria Teresa, from the impatient and contemptuous common sense of Napoleon. We have kept a ring fence around the Germans while they sacked Denmark and dismembered France. And if we had served our God as we have served *their* Kings, there would not be today one remnant of them in our path, either to slander or to slay us.

"A Life of William Shakespeare"

THE biography of William Shakespeare, which Sir Sidney Lee originally published seventeen years ago, is this month to be reissued by Macmillan in a new shape. Sir Sidney says that the "whole has been drastically revised and greatly enlarged." He will say in his announcement:

Recent Shakespearean research has proved unexpectedly fruitful. My endeavor has been to present in a just perspective all the trustworthy and relevant information about Shakespeare's life and work which has become available up to the present time. My obligations to fellow-workers in the Shakespearean field are numerous, and I have done my best to acknowledge them fully in my text and notes. The new documentary evidence, which scholars have lately discovered touching the intricate stage history of Shakespeare's era, has proved of especial service, and I have also greatly benefited by the ingenious learning which has recently been brought to bear on vexed questions of Shakespearean bibliography. Much of the fresh Shakespearean knowledge which my personal researches have yielded during the past few years has already been published in various places elsewhere, and whatever in my recent publications has seemed to me of pertinence to my present scheme I have

here co-ordinated as succinctly as possible with the rest of my material. Some additional information which I derived while this volume was in course of preparation chiefly from Elizabethan and Jacobean archives at Stratford-on-Avon and from the wills at Somerset House of Shakespeare's Stratford friends, few of which appear to have been consulted before, now sees the light for the first time.* In the result I think that I may claim to have rendered an account of Shakespeare's career, which is more comprehensive, at any rate, than any which has been offered the public previously.

*My transcripts of the wills of William Combe the elder (d. 1611) and of his nephews Thomas Combe (d. 1609) and John Combe (d. 1614) have enabled me to correct the many errors which figure in all earlier accounts of Shakespeare's relations with the Combe family. Similarly the will of the Southwark tomb-maker, Garret Johnson the elder, has helped me, in conjunction with documents belonging to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle, to throw new light on the history of Shakespeare's monument in Stratford-on-Avon Church and to solve some puzzles of old standing in regard to it. With the assent of the Trustees and Guardians of Shakespeare's birthplace I purpose depositing in their library at Stratford, for the use of students, copies of all the fresh original material which I have gathered together in the interests of this volume.

"Man—an Adaptive Mechanism"

THE book under this title, to be published by Macmillan, written by George W. Crile, M. D., whose method of preventing surgical shock in operations under anaesthesia have given him international fame, will be read with special interest by faith healers. According to Dr. Crile's theory of the evolution of the bodily functions, every adequate stimulus awakens an ancestral memory or association, and adaptive energies follow in the physical organs. Through the brain, adrenals, liver, muscles, and thyroid the transformations adapting man to his environment work as through a mechanistic chain both in health and disease. His mechanistic conceptions of disease find this illustration:

Our studies showed that inhalation anaesthesia does not prevent the transmission of traumatic [wounding] impulses from the field of operation to the brain, and that shock is the result of the combined effect of these traumatic impulses and of pre-operative fear upon the brain. We found also that as a result of shock or exhaustion from any cause, certain histologic changes occur uniformly and constantly in certain organs—notably the brain, the liver, and the adrenals, and we discovered that both the clinical and the histologic phenomena of shock could be eliminated by the prevention of pre-operative fear and by "blocking" the nerve paths from the field of operation to the brain by local anaesthesia used in addition to general anaesthesia. These facts having been established experimentally and clinically, a *Kinetic Theory of Shock* was formulated.

The theory of adaptive transformations of energy is thus suggested:

When a boy steps upon a sharp stone there is an instant discharge of energy in a motor act of self-preservation. This act is neither a conscious reaction nor one due to the boy's individual (ontogenetic) experience, but is the result of the adaptation of his progenitors, through natural selection, throughout the vast eons required to evolve the species, during which the frequent recurrence of similar mechanical injuries resulted in the implantation of a neuro-muscular mechanism, adapt-

ed to discharge automatically, at the needed moment, the required amount of energy in the form of an adaptive muscular action.

That is a normal, healthful reaction; but if the shock is too great, acute acidity of the blood, with rapid respiration, sweating, thirst, and restlessness, show the bodily reactions to pain and fear that manifest disease. Moreover:

Emotional activation—activation by worry and fear particularly—is as potent in causing excessive transformation of energy and an excessive production of acid by-products with consequent physical impairment as are any other kinetic stimuli. It is obvious, therefore, that the absence of worry and fear may aid in stopping the body-wide activations which lead to an organic breakdown. The therapeutic value of rest, of change of scene, of diversion, and the restorative powers of happiness and success and congenial surroundings are thus explained in terms of approximate physical value.

The kinetic theory of health and disease, which Dr. Crile elaborates through the book of over 200 pages, tracing the selective influences that shape the life of the human race from the dawn of history and of its members from conception to the grave, is invoked to explain the fact that many different diseases are apparently the outcome of the same cause, and the equally puzzling fact that certain diseases may be the outcome of various causes:

It suggests the manner in which continuous activation of the Kinetic System may cause Graves's disease, neurasthenia, cardio-vascular disease, diabetes, indigestion, certain forms of acidosis and Bright's disease.

In his summing up at the end, Dr. Crile says:

The effect of fear, grief, worry, and jealousy on the physical body is seen in the changes in the cells of the brain, the adrenals, and the liver; and the resultant diseases and disabilities are many. Against man's inhumanity to man, religions and philosophies have been invoked, each of which aids in proportion to its power to substitute faith for fear. Thus in understanding the physical

basis of the action of faith and hope, as opposed to fear and grief, we have at our command a concrete force which can be efficiently used to protect the individual. * * * The knowledge that these activations not only decrease the power of the individual to do his work, but ultimately cause numerous diseases as well, will result automatically in arousing the

instinct of self-preservation, which will surround the individual with a protecting circle, through which anger, jealousy, grief, and worry cannot penetrate, just as the zone of local anaesthesia in the associated surgical operation is an impenetrable barrier between the brain and the knife, making the surgical operation shockless.

"Rights and Duties of Neutrals"

THAT the laws affecting neutrality for the next century are to be "determined largely by the attitude of the United States during the present European conflict" will be the position taken under the above-named title by D. Chauncey Brewer, (Putnam's.) Mr. Brewer will observe that a neutral nation can safeguard the rights of neutrals best and automatically "with the creation of a military and naval force proportional to its needs":

Fitted in its own eyes for defense, it becomes from the belligerent's point of view a powerful medium for offense. In this nations have all the frailty and weakness of mortals. During the time that the neutral State was of no importance from a military point of view it was ignored. Now that an army and navy are features of its sovereign life it is courted and treated with consideration.

It is curious that eminent pacifists whose hopes for the future rest upon the part assigned neutral States in world councils have given this fact so little weight.

Oppenheim, the text writer on international law, is a better observer. To him (Vol. II., Page 359) the shaping up of such resources has been a most important factor in bringing about the rapid development in the laws of neutrality during the nineteenth century. If the distinguished professor is right, and ministries involved in war are careful not to offend a powerful neutral for fear of driving it into the opposite camp, the present opportunity for the United States to win lasting advantages, not only for itself as a neutral, but for all neutral States, is one that is historically without parallel.

Mr. Brewer's contention is that the laws of neutrality are abnormal, too strongly affected by the power of war-

like nations. Discussing the law of search, he says:

That rules, operative on any sea in which the belligerent man-of-war sees fit to order a neutral trading craft to haul to and submit to such a search as pleases the boarding officer or his superior, are galling in the extreme, are unreasonable and are unfair, must occur to any one. What if there be a blockade of enemy ports or the trader carry contraband? Why should the belligerent interfere with a neutral ship in waters over which God Almighty alone holds dominion, and which may be off Kamtchatka, while the feud itself affects nations in the antipodes?

The question can have no very different answer from this. In the good old days, (which seem to be with us again,) when nations pursued war as a business, it pleased combative and ruling powers that neutrals should be "cabined, cribbed, confined," and that their convenience, trade, and very life interests should be crumpled into such space as suited the militant States.

The protection of noncombatants on merchantmen brings up the *Lusitania* case:

No better illustration can be given as to the right and the wrong course for a neutral to pursue at a moment when basic principles are under discussion than that furnished by the resignation of Mr. Bryan from Mr. Wilson's Cabinet, June, 1915.

The question before the American people, acting not only for themselves but in the interests of the race, was—righteousness or peace—which?

Mr. Bryan said first peace, and perhaps righteousness if a court provided for along lines suggested by him so provides. The President, with clear insight into the hearts of the American people, said—righteousness first, then, let us hope, peace.

Lord Redesdale's Memoirs

MEMOIRS OF LORD REDES-DALE," two volumes, (Dutton,) comprises a biographical record of many of the royalties and notabilities of the world with whom Lord Redesdale came in contact—those now living being excluded—since his entry into the British Foreign Office in 1858. He went to St. Petersburg in 1863, was appointed to Peking in 1865, was transferred to Japan in 1866, and accompanied Prince Arthur's mission to Japan in 1906. Lord Redesdale says in his preface:

Now that the midnight of life is at hand, before the last chime of the clock must ring out, I have been busying myself in writing down memories of the people who brightened its morning, its noon, and its evening. It was my fate long ago to be associated with men older, sometimes much older, than myself, and so it happens that few, indeed, of the friends of my early manhood are now left. Except where it is absolutely necessary in order to tell the rest of my tale I have not dealt with the living. To praise them might seem sycophantic, to blame them an impertinence. It would be overbold in me to write a chronicle of my own days were I not able to say with Horace:

*At me cum magnis vixisse fatebitur
usque*

Invidia.

My life, indeed, has been largely spent among men who in many lands have made the history of their time. The story of their public achievements is, or will be, written in the annals of their countries. The story of their private lives is often unknown to, and therefore put on one side by, their biographers. To rescue from oblivion here and there some intimate feature, some petty detail which may help to make known the real personalities of such men—perhaps to remove a wrong impression—is the humble object of this book, and it is to the shades of those who did so much for me that I offer it as a grateful tribute.

Here are some of Lord Redesdale's reminiscences of the late King Edward:

The invitations to Marlborough House and Sandringham were by no means confined to the butterflies of society. As often as not the Prince might be seen standing apart in earnest talk with some such man as Lord Granville, Lord Clarendon,

Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Bishop Wilberforce, one of the great diplomats, Delane, Billy Russell, the famous war correspondent; Generals, Admirals, men of science. But why dwell upon this? It is well known that it was through conversation and the press that the Prince acquired that marvelous fund of information which enabled him to hold his own in any company.

His memory was phenomenal; he seemed unable to forget. The business of kingcraft is not one that it is easy to learn. It is impossible for a King to specialize in any one subject; but he must be sufficiently posted in the trades of all sorts and conditions of men to be able to discuss intelligently the subjects upon which they have to address him. This King Edward did to perfection, and we must remember that this power was not acquired all of a sudden, like a miracle conferred upon him by anointment at his coronation; it was the result of long years of patient listening and inquiry—of those same long years which his detractors would have us believe were spent to exhaustion in the pursuit of frivolous occupations and in the selfish sacrifice of duty to pleasure. No more false charge was ever brought against a man in his exalted position.

That he was the acknowledged leader in the society of which he was the darling is perfectly true. It is also true that he spared no pains to promote the pleasure of others. But however late he might stay at some entertainment or at the Marlborough Club, he was up again at earliest dawn to attend a review at Aldershot or Spithead, or take part in a ceremonial in some distant part of the country, where he would appear as gay and as pleased as if he was fulfilling the one ambition of his life. His strength was wonderful; he knew not fatigue. That was an immense help to him. Later in life he allowed himself more rest; but as a young man he seemed to be almost independent of sleep.

It has been said, cynically enough, that a King has no friends. That might be the case with a Roi Soleil who divided mankind into three categories—royal personages, white men, and black men. Our King, on the contrary, was so full of human sympathy and loving kindness for others that he won for himself an affection such as is given to few men in any position.

Planning of City Streets and Lots

DIAGNOSING the particular needs as to plan of some thirty cities and towns scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, research studies at Harvard, a European visit that included an international town planning conference in London, where the thesis of his forthcoming book on "City Planning"—with special reference to city streets and lots—was subject to international criticism; teaching of its text in college classrooms, and progress in the "fast unfolding science and eager practice of city building" constitute the five special sources of information and stimulus leading to the production of Charles Mulford Robinson's book by Putnam's. Mr. Robinson says:

As a result of all this, the original book—published in 1911 as "The Width and Arrangement of Streets," in an edition which has been since exhausted—has been so amplified, revised, and rearranged that a reader will not be impressed by the presence of the old material. Yet it is all here—though buried under the new.

As an exponent of the cause of more rational method of street platting, the book has a definite mission:

It is designed, in insistence upon the less spectacular but more efficient phases of city planning, to help in a practical way the real estate platter—be he owner, dealer, city engineer, or landscape architect.

With respect to city planning laws, Mr. Robinson says:

The section on City Planning Legislation, which is practically all new, seemed to be necessitated by the very rapid growth in the United States of that phase of the movement, and by the effectiveness of the machinery which this phase is now making available, not only for carrying out the city plan but for insuring better plans. When "The Width and Arrangement of Streets" was published, only four years ago, very little could be said on the subject of legislation. Laws on the subject have now so multiplied that their discussion here cannot be exhaustive. Yet it is believed that the section touches upon the most essential and suggestive of those measures which are a product of the present town planning movement.

The book is to have copious illustrations with such suggestive captions as these: "Unsympathetic Plan of a Domestic Street"; "A German Type of Handsome Street"; "Sacrificing Comfort and Beauty for Width"; "Extra Space for Unused Road Leaves Little Space for Much Used Garden"; "An Inside Park in High-Class Residence Property"; "How Footpath Entrances May Be Marked," and many views of traffic areas, streets, and highways in foreign and American cities.

American Imperialism

THE American people should learn from history that the United States has not been a white dove among political hawks, Jennings C. Wise will contend in his book "Empire and Armament: The Evolution of American Imperialism and the Problem of National Defense," (Putnam's.) Dr. Wise, late Professor of Political Science and International Law in the Virginia Military Institute, says:

If I were asked to state what I believed to be the most practical method of procedure for American

pacifists, I should unhesitatingly answer, the honest writing of history for the rising generation. It may be patriotism to present the history of one's country in the best possible light, but, in the United States, we have gone beyond patriotism by actually misrepresenting the facts to our own advantage. It is just that kind of mistaken patriotism which tends to convince the American people that they have always been peculiarly just and pacific, and that fosters among them the growth and continuance of a spirit of intolerance and aggression.

Professor Wise will try to give an un-

varnished picture of American imperialism, with the intent to show that the average American is not yet "too proud to fight":

In this study of the evolution of American imperialism, it has been sought to disclose the political doctrines which gradually, step by step, led to an aggressive national expansion, and to show that between imperialism, with all its dangers, and militarism there exists no essential connection. It has been attempted, without cynicism, to stress the fact that the American people have deluded themselves into believing that, because they were not militaristic, they were not aggressive or militant in their dealings as a nation with the world.

American imperialism in all its aggressiveness I have shown to have been based on a doctrine which has long been held up as a peaceful influence, a fact which is thoroughly in accord with the anomaly of American national character; for the Monroe Doctrine, as shown by the history of its pronouncement, was nothing more nor less than an aggressive measure adroitly veiled in words of a pacific sound.

It is not in a cynical spirit, nor through lack of patriotism, that I have endeavored to picture Americans as others see us, but in the sincere conviction that an appreciation of the defects of our national character may aid us in overcoming those defects.

Philosophy of Painting

THE Philosophy of Painting," by Dr. Ralcy Husted Bell, (G. P. Putnam's Sons,) which will appear this month, is "a study of the development of art from pre-historic to modern times." The author will explain in his preface that his purposes in writing the book were:

First, to sketch the course and progress of the art in an easy perspective; second, to assemble some scattered material which is interesting and convenient to have in small compass; third, to give some results of his own reasoning, and playfully, as it were, to fly the kite of speculation from more or less solid ground; fourth, to hit some absurdities which have long been shameless bores; fifth, to correlate some relationships which reveal a tendency strong enough to be called a spirit; and, sixth, to suggest some theories which may be proved or disproved by more competent students.

In the course of his discussion he will give the following definition of the art of painting:

The development of painting as an art appears to be of an order rigidly logical and climactic to a degree equaled only in mathematics. A representation of the relations of the first two dimensions proceeds primarily from accuracy of position and contour on a plane surface; then it passes through subtle processes involving emphasis until it extends to action or character. A representation of the third dimension brings

into play delicate problems of illusion which vastly complicate the process. The expedients of linear and aerial perspective become necessary. Following the third comes one which may be called the aesthetic dimension. If this is not mastered, then the mastery of the three primary dimensions is only tentatively artistic in that it is barren of the ideals of art, although it may be rich in mechanical grace and attractive in its geometric perfection.

Having assumed, for convenience of discourse, other than the three primary dimensions as necessary to the art of painting, it may be permissible to postulate emotional and purely intellectual dimensions. What seems to be overlapping, interweaving and blending of relations between all these different dimensions, possible to the technic of painting, is really a climactic order, which in time may be reduced to a formula and denoted with symbols similarly to the writing of mathematical formulae.

When the forms and colors of a painting bear to one another ordered relationships, an aesthetic element enters into the arrangement. When the arrangement is so ordered that the forms and colors combine into a whole while yet remaining distinct and in contrast, an added value is given to the pattern which usually enables it to address the emotion.

Mere resemblance is not regarded as art, or, at least, when it is so regarded it is classified under the

most prosaic and monotonous forms of art. The paradoxical aspect of the matter is that intensified resemblance—the very essence of resemblance—is the most vital element in the higher and more poetic forms of painting. That is to say, resemblance must be intensified with accent and emphasis in order to express character and to reveal what is ordinarily called soul.

The potential beauty of arrangement and pattern for pictorial composition everywhere existent is the source from which artistic inspiration is drawn. And the sole means

of drawing this inspiration is through the emotional and intellectual powers of the mind. The artistic representations of space, and the filling of it with the harmonious relationships of color and form, of lines, masses, and tones, supported by arrangement, unified by pattern, and convincing in a resemblance which has been intensified by emphasis, all depend upon the mind, which must be able to see adequately, to feel sympathetically, and to execute efficiently. That is the art of painting in a nutshell—and without it painting is no art.

Revolution in Principles of Health

HIBBERT WINSLOW HILL, Professor of Public Health in Western University, will say in his book on "The New Public Health," (Macmillan,) that the conceptions of health, public and private, held by our ancestors, and, until very lately, by ourselves, "have undergone gradual revision, not to say revolution, in the last twenty years; changing most radically, perhaps, in the last ten." Contrasting old principles with new, Professor Hill will say:

The statement that there is a "New Public Health" may shock those who, although familiar with recent changes in scientific thought, yet have not fully realized what those changes mean; but the shock will be far greater to those who have not appreciated that changes were going on. * * *

The old principles have merged gradually into the new, in keeping with the experiments, observations, and conclusions of many investigators in many individual sciences related to general public health. Within professional public health circles, bacteriology, clinical observation, and mathematics have furnished most of the reconstruction. The bacteriologist, the epidemiologist, and the vital statistician, sometimes working together, more often alone, in the dark and even at cross purposes, have nevertheless all reached the same point, and today each finds his co-workers beside him. Much of the work done has consisted in clearing away the fallacies built up by tradition, but construction work has gone on also, and it is now possible to formulate the results.

The essential change is this: The

old public health was concerned with the environment; the new is concerned with the individual. The old sought the sources of infectious disease in the surroundings of man; the new finds them in man himself.

The old public health sought these sources in the air, in the water, in the earth, in the climate and topography of localities, in the temperature of soils at four and six feet deep, in the rise and fall of ground-waters; it failed because it sought them, very painstakingly and exhaustively, it is true, in every place and in every thing *where they were not*.

The new public health seeks these sources—and finds them—among those infective persons (or animals) whose excreta or other constituents or body contents enter the bodies of other persons.

The old public health failed to find the sources of infection; it also failed in most instances to find the routes of transmission. It is true that public water supplies were detected as at times transmitting infection; but milk was hardly suspected twenty years ago; flies, (and other insects,) suggested in 1887, were not seriously considered until the Spanish-American war; mouth-spray and hands have been only recently recognized as important. On the other hand, dirty clothes, bad smells, damp cellars, leaky plumbing, dust, foul air, rank vegetation, swamps, stagnant pools, certain soils, smoke, garbage, manure, dead animals, in fact, everything physically, sensorially, aesthetically, or psychically objectionable, were lumped together as "insanitary" without much distinction of "source" or "route," and were regarded as a sort of general "cause

of disease" to be condemned wherever found, "for fear of epidemics."

It was taught that infectious diseases "generated" in the foul, ill-smelling, unventilated, sunless hovels of the slums. In the vogue of those days, "the slum-dwellers live like pigs, and thereby invoke the coming of smallpox, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, diphtheria." When these diseases invaded the home of the well-to-do, where this explanation was not seemly, a pin-hole leak in some plumbing fixture accounted amply for diphtheria; rotten potatoes, forgotten in a dark corner of the cellar, for typhoid

fever; scarlet fever was traced to a letter bearing "scales" from a friend who had the disease months before; smallpox to unpacking books used by a patient a quarter of a century previously; manure piles gave rise to cholera; and dampness to malaria, which was not recognized as transmissible at all. Yellow fever originated in impure water and was directly transmitted from person to person—a typical example of intense direct contagion; tuberculosis was noninfectious and hereditary; bubonic plague was banished from the Egyptian Cairo "simply by improving the ventilation of the city" (!)

"Keeping Physically Fit"

WILLIAM J. CRAINE, Instructor in Physical Education in the University of Pennsylvania, will say in the book, "Keeping Physically Fit," (Macmillan):

Would you, Mr. Busy Business or Professional Man, believe that you can gain and maintain physical efficiency by devoting but eight of the 1,440 minutes of each day to simple common-sense physical exercise? Well, whether you believe it or not, I shall go on record for making such a claim. If you will meet me half way by following the instructions contained in this article, I shall by your own verdict at the end of one month prove my assertion.

Who Needs Exercise?

Every one, from the strongest athlete down to the bedridden invalid, needs a certain amount of muscular exercise. If one can do no more than practice deep breathing, then he should do so in order to assist nature in regaining his health and strength. The man who needs physical training most is he whom I addressed in opening this article, he who in his daily vocation performs much mental work, uses the mental machine almost to the exclusion of the muscular—who should aim to secure a little muscular exercise every day. He who teaches in school, he who works in the bank, the office, or leans all day over the drawing board, will surely deteriorate physically and mentally if exercise is neglected persistently. One who keeps a high pressure of steam in his mental boiler and who fails to provide a

safety valve in the form of exercise is in constant danger of becoming a victim of nervous prostration, sleeplessness, indigestion, anaemia. He sees the world through blue glasses, contracts colds more frequently, and, on account of the faulty elimination of impurities which accumulate in the system, rheumatism and other ailments become manifest. On account of vitiated air in the office the busy brain-worker is more subject to constitutional disease, such as tuberculosis and pneumonia, than the outdoor worker, and he needs exercise in order to combat the tendency and danger of these diseases. The man working in the mill, the shop, or the factory gets muscular exercise; but, as it is usually confined to a certain group of muscles, and often performed in a cramped, unnatural position, he consequently needs physical training in order to strengthen and develop parts and to correct poor posture.

In his preface Mr. Craine will say:

In 1909 The Saturday Evening Post published an article on "Fifteen Minutes Daily Invested for Health," and in 1911 The Outlook printed a paper "Investing for Health."

The commendatory letters, together with those seeking advice and additional information, as a result of these two manuscripts, from all parts of the United States and many foreign countries, has impelled me to write a series of articles on "Common-sense Exercise for Every Member of the Household." These, together with an article on physical fitness, were written and published in The Outlook. The chapter on "Deep

"Breathing" was published in *Life and Health*.

After the publication of these papers they were extensively en-

larged and revised and are now included in this volume in order that they may have a wider circulation and more permanent form.

Holders of Railroad Securities

THE full title of this forthcoming book by Louis Heft of the New York Bar (Dutton) is descriptive of its contents: "Holders of Railroad Bonds and Notes: Their Rights and Remedies: Treating Particularly of the Receivership and the Reorganization of the Road, of the Foreclosure of the Mortgage, and of the other Proceedings to Realize on the Security." In discussing the values of a railroad security Mr. Heft will say:

Generally speaking, a railroad security may be said to have three values. It has a market value, the price at which it can be bought and sold (probably) in the market. It has an intrinsic value, depending upon the solvency of the issuing company and the property or security behind it. It has a legal value, founded upon the rights and remedies its ownership confers to enforce its payment, and which entitles it by reason of its legal lien or standing to be paid out of certain property of the road or out of all its property, as the case may be, before other creditors or other classes of creditors receive anything.

Of the third value, this passage indicates the scope of the book:

The legal value of a railroad security is the foundation of both its market and intrinsic values. For its legal rank as a security, its rights to priority in payment over the other indebtednesses of the company, its form and negotiability, and such special rights and privileges that may be peculiar to that issue, affect its market value and enter materially into a consideration of its intrinsic value.

While the railroad company is paying interest regularly, and there is no apparent reason for concern, the legal rights and remedies that the security may carry with it are not given much thought. Then the price at which it may be bought or sold, and the ready market that it may have, are alone considered. But when the railroad company falls into insolvency then the safety of the security is thought of. And in the usual struggle among its creditors over its assets, those rights that enable the holders of its securities to obtain payment in full in preference to or priority over other creditors, or other classes of creditors, become of prime importance. It is this that constitutes the legal value of a railroad security, and upon which its market and intrinsic values depend.

"The American College"

HENRY HOLT & CO. will issue this month a volume on "The American College," comprising papers read by college Presidents and Directors at the centenary celebration of Allegheny College. President William H. Crawford of that institution will say in the introduction:

One of the noticeable and significant things about the conference was the strength and virility of the utterances. There was no attempt to cover up. On the contrary, there was a straightforward and open facing

of the facts, with an appeal almost prophetic for the things which make for life and character. Here is a sample from the paper of President Meiklejohn: "So far as we can bring it about the young people of our generation shall know themselves, shall know their fellows, shall think their way into the common life of their people, and by their thought shall illumine and direct it. If we are not pledged to that, then we have deserted the old standard; we are apostates from the faith. * * * We pledge ourselves to a study of the universal things in human life, the

things that make us men as well as ministers and tradesmen. We pledge ourselves forever to a study of human living in order that living may be better done. We have not yet forgotten that fundamentally the proper study of mankind is Man." A fitting paragraph to put alongside this is from the closing part of President Finley's paper: "If this multiple college is to be merely or chiefly a place of discipline, then its tasks might better be given over to the high schools, to the *gymnasia*. If it is to be a place of special preparation for life, then it would better give way to the professional, the technical school, the university. If it is to be a place merely through which to attain, in an agreeable way, social position and conventional culture, to take part in contests of bodily strength and skill, or to enjoy only the companionships and friendship of living, (that is, if it is to be a great college, country or city,

club,) it is perhaps hardly worth preserving as an American institution. But if it is to be for the many, (what it has been, thank God, for the few,) if it is to be for all the fit, a place of understanding, of rebirth, of entering the race mind, then is the college which I see in prospect the most precious of all our educational possessions."

The above quotations are included in this introduction with a twofold purpose: First, to indicate the general scope and spirit of the papers presented; and, second, to whet the appetite of the reader for what follows. If the atmosphere which pervaded the conference shall pervade, even in some small measure, the printed page, it is confidently believed that this volume will be regarded as a real and valuable contribution to the literature of the American college.

Ellen Glasgow's Next Novel

LIFE AND GABRIELLA," by Ellen Glasgow, (Doubleday, Page & Co.,) will lay its scene in Richmond, Va., and in New York. It deals with the life and vicissitudes of the daughter of a Southern family.

In the middle nineties, before social life in Richmond became both complicated and expensive, it was still possible for a girl in Gabriella's position—provided, of course, she came of "good family"—to sew all day over the plain sewing of her relatives, and in the evening to reign as the acknowledged belle of a ball. "Society," it is true, did not reach any longer, except in the historic sense, to Hill Street; but the inhabitants of Hill Street, if they were young and energetic, not infrequently made triumphant excursions into "society." Though Gabriella was poor and sewed for a living, she had been, from the day she left school, one of the most popular girls in town. To be sure, she was neither so pretty as Florrie Spencer nor so clever as Julia Caperton, but, in the words of Julia's brother Algernon, she was "the sort you could count on." Even in her childhood it had become the habit of those about her to count on Gabriella Mary. Without Gabriella Mary, her mother was fond of saying, it would have been

impossible to keep a roof over their heads. * * *

Darting past her in a flash, he bounded gaily up the staircase, while Gabriella stood facing O'Hara, who had risen and thrown his cigar away at her entrance. * * *

"Mr. O'Hara," she began firmly, with her hand still on the door, "I wish you would not take my son away from me."

He did not lower his gaze, and she saw, after an instant in which he appeared merely surprised, a look of sincere amusement, of smiling tolerance, creep into his expressive eyes. Within four walls, in his light Summer clothes, with the gauzy drift of tobacco smoke over his head, he looked larger and more irrepressibly energetic than he had done out of doors. * * * At this he laughed outright, with a boyish zest which dispelled the oppressive formality of her manner. He was completely at his ease again, and while he ran his hand impatiently through his hair, he answered frankly:

"Well, you see, when it comes to that, I didn't take any sudden fancy, as you call it—I didn't take any fancy at all—it was the other way about. The boy is a nice boy, a bully good boy, anybody can see that—and I like boys, that's all. When he began trotting round after me, we got

to be chums in a way, but it would have been the same with any other boy who had come to the house—especially," he added with a clean blow

given straight from the shoulder, "if he'd been a decent chap that a parcel of women were making into a muff."

Joseph Conrad's New Book

WITHIN THE TIDES," by Joseph Conrad, (Doubleday, Page & Co.,) consists of four short stories, whose titles are "The Planter of Malata," "The Partner," "The Inn of the Two Witches," and "Because of the Dollars." "The Planter of Malata," from which the following extracts are taken, fills nearly half the volume. Its action takes place in an English colonial city in the Southern Hemisphere and on a near-by small island where a man who had formerly been a famous explorer has started a silk plantation. Thither come from London a famous philosopher and his daughter searching for her one-time fiancé who had dropped out of knowledge.

They had been feasting a poet from the bush, the latest discovery of the Editor. Such discoveries were the business, the vocation, the pride and delight of the only apostle of letters in the hemisphere, the solitary patron of culture, the Slave of the Lamp—as he subscribed himself at the bottom of the weekly literary page of his paper. He had had no difficulty in persuading the virtuous Willie (who had festive instincts) to help in the good work, and now they had left the poet lying asleep on the hearthrug of the editorial room and had rushed wildly to the Dunster mansion. The Editor had another discovery to announce. Swaying a little where he stood, he opened his mouth very wide to shout the one word "Found!" Behind him Willie flung both his hands above his head and let them fall dramatically. Renouard saw the four white-headed people at the end of the terrace rise all together from their chairs with an effect of sudden panic.

"I tell you—he—is—found," the patron of letters shouted emphatically.

"What is this!" exclaimed Renouard in a choked voice. Miss Moorsom seized his wrist suddenly, and at

that contact fire ran through all his veins, a hot stillness descended upon him in which he heard the blood—or the fire—beating in his ears. * * * "He's the very man we want," continued the Editor. "Excuse my excitement. You are the very man, Renouard. Didn't you tell me your assistant called himself Walter? Yes? Thought so. But here's that old woman—the butler's wife—listen to this. She writes: All I can tell you is that my poor husband directed his letters to the name of H. Walter."

* * * * *

Near by the topmost pinnacle of Malata, resembling the top of a buried tower, rose a rock, weather-worn, gray, weary of watching the monotonous centuries of the Pacific. Renouard leaned his shoulders against it. Felicia Moorsom faced him suddenly, her splendid black eyes full on his face as though she had made up her mind at last to destroy his wits once and for all. Dazzled, he lowered his eyelids slowly.

"Mr. Renouard! There is something strange in all this. Tell me where he is?"

He answered deliberately:

"On the other side of this rock. I buried him there myself."

She pressed her hands to her breast, struggled for her breath for a moment. * * *

Her vengeful aspect, her poignant cries left him as unmoved as the weary rock against which he leaned. He only raised his eyelids to look at her and lowered them slowly. Nothing more. It silenced her. And, as if ashamed, she made a gesture with her hand, putting away from her that thought. He spoke, quietly ironic at first.

"Ha! the legendary Renouard of sensitive idiots—the ruthless adventurer—the ogre with a future. That was a parrot cry, Miss Moorsom. I don't think that the greatest fool of them all ever dared to hint such a stupid thing of me that I killed men for nothing."

Margaret Turnbull's "Handle With Care"

HANDLE WITH CARE," by Margaret Turnbull, (Harper,) will tell the story of a young woman who is assistant to a physician in a psychological laboratory devoted to the treatment of nervous diseases and consequent moral and mental ailments, and of their experiment upon a young man whom they hope to rescue from wild ways. The action takes place in New York and New Jersey.

"I shall not know any one here," Janet thought to herself. "I'll have my books, my work, and my kind neighbors, and that will be enough. I'll rest and get back my strength, and meantime—I shall know nobody."

Of course, this was an impossibility, and so Janet speedily found. She might retire into her shell as much as she liked, but Covered Bridge meant to know her and all about her, and Covered Bridge, like all other human institutions, was stronger than the individual.

So while Janet taught herself to cook, (she had only experimented before and for "fun," and "fun" had generally meant "fudge,") worked a little, and rested a lot, read and walked. Covered Bridge was watching keenly and making notes.

On the whole the verdict was favorable. Janet was well spoken of and well liked by that part of Covered Bridge with whom she bought and sold.

"She keeps herself to herself," was the general verdict, "but she

ain't so proud, and she ain't as queer as them artists generally. She don't spend much, being a lone woman, but what she buys she pays for, and living where she does Mis' Embury 'll look after her." * * *

Janet had paused irresolutely on the threshold. Now that she felt his steady, contemptuous look of enmity, she came resolutely forward and stood opposite him. "I know it. Yet I came."

"Why?" thundered Steve.

"To keep you from breaking your word," said Janet. "I could stand—anything—but that. So I came, and, if you want it—I have the key."

She could hear both Herman and his mother at the door huddled together, draw their breath in terror, but she neither moved nor flinched, keeping her eyes fastened on Steve, while through her slender body ran shivers of deadly fear.

"I said I would ask for it when I wanted it."

"I know," the girl replied, steadily, "but I judged from what I was told that you weren't in a state to—come for it, so I came that you might not sink too low and break your word as well as—"

"Drink," finished Steve.

And now there was a long silence, in which they eyed each other keenly, like deadly enemies; and in that silence Mother Dietz pushed her big son over the door-sill, and followed herself, softly closing the door behind her, and, still holding the door-knob, crouched in the dim passageway, ready to fly in at a word from Janet. * * *

A Novel by Rupert Hughes

CLIPPED WINGS," by Rupert Hughes, (Harper,) will deal with the complications which life brings to the modern woman who wishes to follow her individual career and at the same time does not wish to give up her career as woman and wife. The heroine is an actress who loves and marries, to find that her husband resents and is jealous of her life on the stage.

It was Sheila Kemble's destiny to pass like a magnet through a world largely composed of iron filings,

though it was her destiny also to meet a number of silver churns on whom her powers exerted no drag whatever. Her father had been greatly troubled by her growth through the various stages of her personality. He had noted with pain that she had a company smile that was not the smile that illumined her face when she was simply happy. He had begun a course of education. He kept taking her down a peg or two, mimicking her, satirizing her. Her mother protested.

"Let the child alone. It will wear off. She has to go through it, but

she'll molt and take on a new set of feathers in due time."

"She's got to," Kemble groaned. "I'd rather have her deformed than affected. If she's going to be conscious of something, let her be conscious of her faults." * * *

All this time Bert Winfield had grown angrier and angrier. Bear-baiting was one thing; but dove-baiting was too cowardly even for mob action, too unfair even for a night of sports, unpardonable even in Freshmen. He was thrilled with a chivalrous impulse to rush to the defense of Sheila, whose angry beauty had inflamed him further. * * * Fellow seniors in the box caught at his coattails, but he wrenched loose and, putting a foot over the rail, stepped to the apron of the stage. In his struggle he lost his eyeglasses. They fell into the footlight trough, and he was nearly blind.

Sheila, who stood close at hand, recoiled in panic at the sight of this unheard-of intrusion. The rampart of the footlights had always stood as a barrier between Sheila and the audience, an impassable parapet. Tonight she saw it overpassed, and she watched the invader with much the same horror that a nun would experience at seeing a soldier enter a convent window.

Winfield advanced with hesitant valor and frowned fiercely at the dazzling glare that beat upward from the footlights.

He was recognized at once as the famous stroke-oar of the crew that had defeated the historic rivals of Grantham University. He was hailed with tempest. * * * From the wings the big actor who had played the taxicab driver dashed forward with a roar of anger and let drive at Winfield's face. Winfield heard the onset, turned, and saw the fist coming. There was no time to explain his chivalric motive. He ducked his head and escaped the fist, but the actor's impetus caught him off his balance and hustled him on backward till one foot slid down among the footlights. Three electric bulbs were smashed as he went overboard into the orchestra.

He almost broke the backs of two unprepared viola players, but they eased his fall. He caromed off their shoulder blades into the multifarious instruments of the "man in the tin shop." One of his feet burst the bass drum with a mighty plop; the other sent a cymbal clanging. His clutching hands set up a riot of "effects," and he lay on the floor in a ruin of orchestral noises and a tornado of din from the audience.

Jack London's Novel

THE LITTLE LADY OF THE BIG HOUSE, by Jack London, (Macmillan,) with all its action taking place upon a huge ranch in California, contains many realistic pictures of scenes and activities upon the ranch. The master of the estate is a capable, energetic man of middle age, and his wife is a charming woman whose heart gets entangled in love for another man. The story develops the situation and pictures the efforts of husband and wife to solve the problem.

Laughter lurked in the mouth corners and eye corners, and there were cheek lines about the mouth that would seem to have been formed by laughter. Equally strong, however, every line of the face that meant blended things carried a notice of surety. Dick Forrest was sure—sure, when his hand reached out for any object on his desk, that the

hand would straightly attain the object without a fumble or a miss of a fraction of an inch; sure, when his brain leaped the high places of the hog cholera text, that it was not missing a point; sure, from his balanced body in the revolving desk chair to the balanced back-head of him; sure, in heart and brain, of life and work, of all he possessed, and of himself.

He had reason to be sure. Body, brain, and career were long proved sure. A rich man's son, he had not played ducks and drakes with his father's money. City born and reared, he had gone back to the land and made such a success as to put his name on the lips of breeders wherever breeders met and talked. He was the owner, without incumbrance, of 250,000 acres of land—land that varied in value from \$1,000 an acre to \$100, that varied from \$100 to 10 cents an acre, and that, in stretches, was not worth a

penny an acre. The improvements on that quarter of a million acres, from drain-tiled meadows to dredged-tule swamps, from good roads to developed water rights, from farm buildings to the Big House itself, constituted a sum gaspingly ungraspable to the countryside.

* * * * *

"Can't you understand?" she asked. "That I don't understand? You see, I am a woman. I have never sown any wild oats. And now that all this has happened, I don't know what to make of it. Shaw and the rest must be right. Women are hunting animals. You are both big game. I can't help it. It is a challenge to me. And I find I am a puzzle to myself. All my concepts have been toppled over by my conduct. I want you. I want Evan. I want both of you. It is not amorous adventure, oh, believe me. And if by any chance it is, and I do not know it—no, it isn't, I know it isn't."

"Then it is love."

"But I do love you, Red Cloud."

"And you say you love him. You can't love both of us."

"But I can. I do. I do love both of you. Oh, I am straight. I shall be straight. I must work this out. I thought you might help me. That is why I came to you this morning. There must be some solution."

She looked at him appealingly as he answered, "It is one or the other, Evan or me. I cannot imagine any other solution."

"That's what he says. But I can't bring myself to it. He was for coming straight to you. I would not permit him. He has wanted to go, but I held him here, hard as it was on both of you, in order to have you together, to compare you two, to weigh you in my heart. And I get nowhere. I want you both. I can't give either of you up."

"Unfortunately, as you see," Dick began, a slight twinkle in his eyes, "while you may be polyandrously inclined, we stupid male men cannot reconcile ourselves to such a situation."

Novel by Richard A. Maher

THE SHEPHERD OF THE NORTH,"
by Richard A. Maher, (Macmillan,)

will lay its scenes mainly in the Adirondack Mountains, and will appeal especially to those of the Roman Catholic religion. The "Shepherd of the North" is a Catholic Bishop and the story is concerned with his interest in two young people of that region and in the affairs of the community.

At the head of the couch knelt a young girl, her arm supporting the man's head and shoulder, her wildly tossed hair falling down across his chest.

She was speaking to the man in a voice low and even, but so tense that her whole slim body seemed to vibrate with every word. It was as though her very soul came to the portals of her lips and shouted its message to the man. The power of her voice, the breathless, compelling strength of her soul need seemed to hold everything between heaven and earth, as she pleaded to the man. The Bishop stood spellbound.

"Come back, Daddy Tom! Come back, My Father!" she was saying over and over. "Come back, come back, Daddy Tom! It's not true! God doesn't want you. He doesn't

want to take you from Ruth! How could He! It's not never true! A tree couldn't kill my Daddy Tom! Never, never! Why, he's felled whole slopes of trees! Come back, Daddy Tom! Come back!"

For a time which he could not measure the Bishop stood listening to the pleading of the girl's voice. But in reality he was not listening to the sound. The girl was not merely speaking. She was fighting bitterly with death. She was calling all the forces of love and life to aid her in her struggle. She was following the soul of her loved one down to the very door of death. She would pull him back out of the very clutches of the unknown. * * *

Suddenly the fire from below ceased. Those who had been watching the most distant of the two wings creeping around them saw these men halt and slowly begin to gather back together. What was it? Were they going to rush at last? Here would be a fight in earnest!

But the soldiers, still keeping their spread formation, merely walked back in their tracks until they were entirely out of range. It must be a ruse of some sort. The hill men stuck to their shelter, puzzled, but determined not to be drawn out.

Jeffrey Whiting, watching near the

middle of the line, saw an old man walking, barehead, up over the lines of half-burned ties and twisted rails. That white head with the high, wide brow, the slightly stooping, spare shoulders, the long swinging walk—that was the Bishop of Alden!

Jeffrey Whiting dropped his gun and, yelling to the men on either side to stay where they were, jumped down into the roadbed and ran to meet the Bishop.

"Are any men killed?" the Bishop asked before Jeffrey had time to speak as they met.

"Old Erskine Beasley was shot through the chest—we don't know how bad it is," said Jeffrey, stopping short. "Ten other men are wounded. I don't think any of them are bad."

"Call in your men," said the Bishop briefly. "The soldiers are going back." * * *

Additional Forthcoming Books

Marie Van Vorst's "War Letters of an American Woman" is to be issued this month by the John Lane Company. They are letters addressed to personal friends, chiefly from London and Paris, and descriptive of the changed life of the British and French Nations since the war began. They are inscribed to Comte Henry Dadvisard, who fell on one of the battlefields of France.

* * *

Little essays and dialogues adumbrating the great war, by Anatole France, (John Lane,) are to be published in translation by Alfred Allinson, together with the original French text, under the collective title of "The Path of Glory."

* * *

"Germany of Today," by George Stuart Fullerton, Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University, is the result of "ten months' close observation of war conditions and over thirty years' familiarity with the nation." The author claims to have maintained the "critical eye of the outsider." It is to come from the Bobbs-Merrill press.

* * *

John Macy's treatment of "Socialism in America" is to appear this month in the American Books Series of Doubleday. The book will be an "informal sketch of the Socialist movement intended for

readers who know little about the subject," and is "not a come-to-Socialism tract designed to convert non-Socialists."

* * *

Modern efficiency methods will be analyzed and applied in "The Creation of Wealth," (Bobbs-Merrill,) by J. H. Lockwood.

* * *

"Principles of Labor Legislation," by Professor John R. Commons of the University of Wisconsin and John B. Andrews of the International Association for Labor Legislation and the International Association on Unemployment, is to be issued this month by Harper's.

* * *

Macmillan will publish this month W. B. Munro's "Principles and Methods of Municipal Administration," which covers all sides of city planning and government.

* * *

G. P. Putnam's Sons has in press "West Point in Our Next War," by Maxwell Van Zandt Woodhull, A. M., late Lieutenant Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General, Fifteenth Army Corps and Army of the Tennessee, and Brevet Brigadier General of the United States Volunteers. It aims to set forth the "only way to create and to maintain an army."



QUERIES AND ANSWERS OF THE MONTH

AUTOMOBILES

C. N. S.—Will you please tell me when the automobile was first introduced as an article of commerce in this country? And from where did it come? I understand that our manufacturers were not the first.

THE most important early labors on the motor vehicle were those of an Englishman, Walter Hancock, who worked from 1824 to 1836 on experiments to develop steam vehicles. With the disappearance of these in 1836 the continued effort of developing the automobile practically ceased until 1884, although what may be called a "second period" of development came about 1860. The modern period began in 1884 with Gottlieb Daimler's gas engine; other important steps were those taken by Carl Benz in 1886 and M. Leon Serpollet in 1889.

A NOTED EXPLORER

A. J. O.—Kindly give me some information concerning Captain Robert Bartlett, the explorer, including who he is and where he lives in this country.

ROBERT A. BARTLETT was born at Brigus, Newfoundland, Aug. 15, 1875, the son of William James and Mary J. Leamon Bartlett. He was educated at the Brigus High School and the Methodist College at St. John's, Newfoundland. He passed the examination for "Master of British Ships" in Halifax in 1905. His explorations began when he wintered with Robert E. Peary at Cape d'Urville, Kane Basin, 1897-8. He was on a hunting expedition in the Hudson Strait and Bay, 1901; was Captain of a sealer off the Newfoundland coast, 1901-5; commanded the *Roosevelt* in 1905, and took part in Peary's expedition to the pole, reaching the eighty-eighth parallel; he commanded a ship on a private hunting expedition to Kane Basin in 1910. He has been awarded the Hubbard Gold Medal of the National Geographic So-

ciety, 1909; the Hudson-Fulton Silver Medal, 1909; the silver medal of the English Geographical Society, 1910; the Kane Medal of the Philadelphia Geographical Society, 1910, and the silver medal of the Italian Geographical Society, 1910. His home is at Brigus, Newfoundland, but he is a member of the City Club of Boston.

THEOSOPHY

G. S. A.—Will you kindly tell me a little about Mme. Blavatsky, Annie Besant, and theosophy?

WHAT is called theosophy at present is a modern growth, but it claims elements which have long been known in various religious cults and beliefs, in Buddhism, Brahmanism, Pythagoreanism, the Greek mysteries, the Isis worship of the Roman Empire, and the Eclectic philosophies which sprang up about the Christian Era in Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome, and particularly in Gnosticism and Neo-Platonism. Mme. H. P. Blavatsky was the founder of what we know as theosophy; she had traveled to Russia, penetrated beyond the borders of Tibet, and claimed to have received "adept" instructions in India. She came to New York in 1873, and in 1875 founded, together with Colonel H. S. Olcott and W. Q. Judge, the Theosophical Society, an international organization, of which the headquarters are at Adyar, India. The announced objects of the society are to "unite humanity in a universal brotherhood, to show the essential unison of religion, and to develop the latent spiritual powers of mankind." Mme. Blavatsky claimed intimate knowledge of various Eastern "occult" secrets. Mme. Blavatsky died in 1891. A breach occurred in the management in the United States, and the theosophical "movement" in this country has been "split." Mrs. Besant is now President

of the International Theosophical Society. She has also been prominent in labor and socialist movements in former years, and has been a member of the London School Board, (to which she refused re-election in 1890.) She did not join the Theosophical Society until 1889, and has been its President since 1907. She has founded a school and a college in Benares.

ROLLER SKATING

L. G.—Please give me some data on roller skating.

THE earliest roller skate was patented by a Frenchman in 1819. About 1864 the craze for roller skating made its first appearance in England; in 1866 the "rinking" fever broke out in Australia, and thence proceeded back to England, and then to the United States. There has been an "intermittent fever" ever since, breaking out at intervals into the roller-skating fad. The latest one, up to the outbreak of the present "attack," was in 1884 and 1885. There are, of course, various kinds of roller-skating races and championship tourneys. The roller skate is put to a practical use in the speedier delivery of messages, parcels, &c.

THE ANTARCTIC CIRCLE

H. B. S.—It seems to me that there must be annually an appreciable increase in the depth of the ice shield which covers the antarctic continent due to its great cold and elevation. Is it not possible that the continuous pressure increase on that part of the earth's surface is responsible for the alteration in pointing of the earth's axis, which, I believe, has never been satisfactorily explained? Will you tell me whether astronomers figure that there is an annual increase in the depth of the ice, and whether they believe it influences the pointing of the earth's axis?

THE latitude of any given station is not fixed but undergoes two well-marked variations, one of which has a period equal to a year, and is undoubtedly due to the change of load in the ice packs in the polar regions. This annual variation is a revolution of the pole in an ellipse about thirty feet long. There is no evidence, so far as astron-

omers at present know, which shows that there is any secular change of latitude.

INDIAN TRIBES

I. C. E. S.—Is it possible for a white man to join Indian tribes, and how is it done?

WHITE men may join the Indian tribes either by intermarriage or by definite adoption. White men have so joined the Indians in considerable numbers in the past, oftener by intermarriage than by adoption into the tribe.

STATES AND TERRITORIES

C. de S.—What are the "territories" of the United States at present? In what States have women full suffrage rights?

THE "territories" of the United States are Alaska and Hawaii. The District of Columbia, the seat of the Federal Government, is also listed as a Federal "territory." Women vote for all offices in the States of Kansas, Arizona, Oregon, California, Washington, Nevada, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Colorado, and Wyoming, and in Illinois for all offices not created by the State Constitution.

AMERICAN INDIANS

Mrs. D. A. M.—I should like information about the "Five Nations of Indians" and how they are governed in Indian Territory, and the progress of education and Christianity among Indians generally.

THE "Five Civilized Tribes," whose original domain was formerly known as Indian Territory, comprise the Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Creek, and Seminole Tribes of Indians in Oklahoma. Their total number of enrolled members and freedmen is 101,209. Of the total area of land embraced within the tribes' domain there were allotted to members 15,794,400 acres. On sales the total deposited to the credit of the Five Tribes July 1, 1898, to June 30, 1914, was \$17,099,826, and there is yet due and drawing interest at 6 per cent. the sum of \$5,623,950. The tribal form of government of the Cherokee Tribe was practically abolished at the close of the fiscal year June 30, 1914. Pursuant to previous acts of Congress applicable to all the tribes, the Choctaw, the Chickasaw,

and Seminole Tribes have been deprived of their legislative and judicial functions, retaining only a corps of executive officers for the transaction of business matters. In the Creek Nation the only work of importance looking to the ultimate disposition of tribal affairs is the equalization of Creek allotments. Of the total enrolled population of the Five Tribes the restricted class numbers 36,957. By the latest available figures the total number of Indians who have professed Christianity is 85,302; the number in 1912 was 69,529. There are 583 churches among the Indians now, as compared with 513 in 1912. The latest figures show 27,775 Indian children in Government schools and 4,829 in mission schools. The average school attendance in 1914 was 26,127; in 1912, 26,281; in 1900, 21,568; in 1890, 12,323. The number of schools in 1914 was 399; 1912, 412; 1900, 307; 1890, 246.

JULIA MARLOWE

C. R. G.—Has Julia Marlowe recovered her health? Is she playing at present? Please give any information you can.

JULIA MARLOWE, who is Mrs. E. H.

Sothorn, has been absent from the stage for more than a year, save for a benefit performance and a public reading or so. When she withdrew from the joint starring tour with Mr. Sothorn it was reported that her health had suffered seriously. Thereafter there were rumors that she would have to give up the stage, and these were formally confirmed last Summer, when Mr. Sothorn announced from their home in Connecticut that she would be unable to play again. Miss Marlowe has been in the theatre this season, but she was on the audience's side of the footlights.

CIVIL WAR STATISTICS

H. R.—Will you kindly tell me the number of individual soldiers recruited by the North, and the number recruited by the South, and the population of each side during the civil war? What I want to get at is the percentage of fighters to the population.

THE free white population of the North by the census of 1860 was 18,791,159; the total aggregate of enlistments in the

Northern armies was 2,778,304. The free white population of the South by the same census was 8,182,684; the number of recruits was, according to count, something more than 700,000; with the addition of various uncounted branches of the service, it is estimated that the Southern armies amounted to slightly more than 1,000,000. Both sides resorted to conscription early in the war; the Southern act calling all able-bodied white males to the service of the Confederacy was passed April 16, 1862, the Northern Conscription act in March, 1863; the first Northern draft was proclaimed in August, 1862. Of the ratio between male population and fighting strength in the South, George Cary Eggleston in his "History of the Confederate War," says: "The Confederate armies included practically every white man in the South who was able to bear arms. There was in effect a levy en masse, including the entire white male population from early boyhood to old age."

NATIONAL HOLIDAYS

B. F. B.—Will you kindly say whether there is a holiday in the United States that is universally observed?

THE United States has no "national holiday," but all the States observe Washington's Birthday, July 4, Labor Day, Christmas Day, and (although it is not a statutory holiday in every State) Thanksgiving Day.

HISTORY

J. C.—What is the earliest written history, and what is its source? From what sources are the Old and New Testaments derived? Are they considered the first evidence of known history?

THE first writer who is definitely acknowledged as a historian was the Greek Herodotus, who wrote in the fifth century B. C. The very earliest of ancient records, sacred and secular, are merely lists and tables of ruling dynasties, and the next step toward the development of the continuous narrative which we know as "history" is in the expansion of such lists to include events. The most notable early examples of these "historical records" are

the Old Testament Books of Kings and Samuel, which date back to the seventh century B. C., and the Book of Chronicles, which, though equally notable, was compiled three centuries later. Ancient Egypt has similar records, and there are notable early fragments of Japanese and Chinese chronicle. The first actual written narrative "history," however, is Greek. The Old Testament, as stated, goes back to extremely early Jewish records. The New Testament, which was written in Greek, is, of course, much later; much history had been written before the beginning of the Christian Era.

THE BOY SCOUTS

G. C. T.—I should like to have some information about the Boy Scouts of America. Have they a national organization, or are they merely local organizations without central direction? Who can be mentioned as a leading representative of the movement in the United States?

THE Boy Scouts of America is a national organization, incorporated Feb. 8, 1910. President Wilson is Honorary President of the organization, and Mr. Taft and Colonel Roosevelt are Honorary Vice Presidents. The Boy Scouts of America has national officers, headquarters, Executive Board, and National Council, and the local councils are organized with charters from the national organization. The Scout Master is the adult leader in the community of the Scout troop; the boys themselves are locally organized in patrols and troops. Eight boys make up a patrol and three patrols a troop. There are about 700 local councils in as many cities in the United States, and under each there are from five to one hundred and fifty Scout Masters, each in charge of a troop. Work has been started to some extent in practically every city in the country with a population of 4,000 or over; there are about 300,000 boys and upward of 6,000 Scout Masters registered in the national organization. The Chief Scout in this country is Ernest Thompson Seton of Greenwich, Conn.; the National Scout Commissioner, Daniel Carter Beard of

Flushing, N. Y.; the national headquarters are at 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Detailed questions may, of course, be asked of the national office.

"COPPERHEADS"

R. F. H.—What were the policies of the faction known as "Copperheads"?

COPPERHEADS" was the name given during the civil war to Northerners who, "deeming it impossible to conquer the Confederacy, were earnestly in favor of peace, and, therefore, opposed to the war plans of the President and Congress," although they were not necessarily advocates of the Southern cause. In 1863 in the Western States "Copperhead" and "Democrat" were almost synonymous terms.

SCANDINAVIAN COPYRIGHT

C. L. B.—In copyrighted books the publishers often print this notice: "Right of translation into foreign languages, including the Scandinavian, reserved." Why are the Scandinavian languages particularized?

THE international copyright law does not extend to Scandinavian countries, and publishing houses doing business in those countries, and holding as far as possible Scandinavian rights, use the phrase as a warning against "piracy."

THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

M. M.—Please give me the names of our Ambassadors to foreign countries and of the Ambassadors of those countries here.

THE United States maintains "Ambassadors Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary" in only thirteen foreign countries. Our diplomatic representatives in these countries are as follows: Argentina, Frederic J. Stimson; Austria-Hungary, Frederic C. Penfield; Brazil, Edwin V. Morgan; Chile, Henry P. Fletcher; France, William G. Sharp; Germany, James W. Gerard; Great Britain, Walter Hines Page; Italy, Thomas Nelson Page; Japan, George W. Guthrie; Russia, George T. Marye; Spain, Joseph E. Willard; Turkey, Henry Morgenthau. We have no present diplomatic relations with Mexico, to which country we ordinarily send an Ambassador.

Diplomatic representatives from these countries to Washington are: Argentina, Romulo S. Naon; Brazil, Domicio da Gama; Chile, Don Eduardo Suarez; France, Jean J. Jusserand; Germany, Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff; Great Britain, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice; Italy, Marquis Cusani Confalonier; Japan, Viscount Suteimi Chinda; Spain, Don Juan Riano y Gayangos. The Ambassador from Turkey, Rustem Bey, is on long leave of absence, and the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, Dr. Dumba, has been recalled.

THE ISLE OF PINES

S. R. G.—Why was the Isle of Pines turned over to Cuba after having been on the United States maps under President McKinley?

THE Isle of Pines (Isla de Pinos) was never a part of the United States. At the close of the Spanish-American war capitalists from the United States purchased large holdings of real estate on that island and began an agitation for its annexation to this country. On appeal from the Cuban Republic, the United States Government in 1905 utterly repudiated the agitators and declared the Island of Pines an integral part of Cuba. A decision of the Supreme Court to that effect was handed down April 8, 1907.

THE CARNEGIE LIBRARIES

J. D.—Kindly tell me if Mr. Carnegie donates his libraries and other benefactions outright or if he gets some income from them.

THE Carnegie gifts are made outright, but before giving money for a library a pledge is required that the citizens will contribute enough money to keep up the library. This pledge usually amounts to about 10 per cent. annually on the original gift. None of this money goes to Mr. Carnegie, but is required to guarantee the library's permanent maintenance.

THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY

SIDNEY ABELSON.—Through what States does the Lincoln Highway pass? Up to what State is it now?

THE Lincoln Highway begins in New York City and passes through the States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania,

Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, and California, ending at San Francisco. The question "Up to what State is it now?" is not quite clear. The entire distance is marked, and thousands of motorists have passed over the road this past season, though long stretches, especially between Illinois and California, are not as yet surfaced. Between Chicago and New York the greater part of the road is surfaced.

CITIZENSHIP AND SUFFRAGE

C. C. H.—Will you kindly advise the status of an alien woman married to an American citizen, either native born or naturalized? Does her marriage automatically make her an American citizen, and, if so, under a woman suffrage law would she be permitted to vote without following the same procedure as an alien male?

MARRIAGE to an American citizen, native born or naturalized, automatically naturalizes an alien woman—provided that she herself might be lawfully naturalized—and in the naturalization of her husband an alien born woman takes his citizenship. This gives her the right to vote in the States which have extended the franchise to women, although, of course, she might qualify as to residence in the State, and so on.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

H. FORTUNE.—If a man born in England comes to the United States and becomes an American citizen, is he still a subject of England?

A MAN born of English parents in England who becomes naturalized as an American citizen is still considered an English subject, under English law, if he goes back to England.

MARRIAGE AND CITIZENSHIP

C. L.—Is there any way in which an American woman who marries a foreigner may retain her American citizenship?

SECTION 3 of the Act of March 2, 1907, provides that "any American woman who marries a foreigner shall take the nationality of her husband. At the termination of the marital relation she may resume her American citizenship, if abroad, by registering as an American citizen within one year with a Consul of

the United States, or by returning to reside in the United States, or, if residing in the United States at the termination of the marital relation, by continuing to reside therein." There is no provision for special dispensation or arrangement by which an American woman who marries a foreigner may retain her American citizenship.

EXPATRIATION

R. P.—The Expatriation act of March 2, 1907, provides:

THAT any American citizen shall be deemed to have expatriated himself when he has been naturalized in any foreign State in conformity with its laws or when he has taken an oath of allegiance to any foreign State.

"When any naturalized citizen shall have resided for two years in the foreign State from which he came, or for five years in any other foreign State, it shall be presumed that he has ceased to be an American citizen, and the place of his general abode shall be deemed his place of residence during said years, provided, however, that such presumption may be overcome on the presentation of satisfactory evidence to a diplomatic or Consular officer of the United States, under such rules and regulations as the Department of State may prescribe; and provided also that no American citizen shall be allowed to expatriate himself when this country is at war."

ALIEN VOTES

L. J. L.—A claims that there are several States in the Union where an alien, who has lived only six months in the State and has declared his intention of becoming a citizen, can vote at all elections. Is that true? What are these States? I understand that Nevada, Nebraska, and Minnesota are three of them. Has such a law been repealed?

THE only States in which an alien who has declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States can vote after but six months' residence are Kansas, Indiana, South Dakota, and Nebraska. In Mississippi, Texas, and Arkansas such aliens can vote after a year's residence in the State, and in Alabama after two years' residence. Oregon has

lately repealed its law giving aliens the right to vote. The eight States mentioned above allow an alien to vote after taking out his first papers, but of course place the same qualifications of residence on all voters.

THE MORMON CHURCH

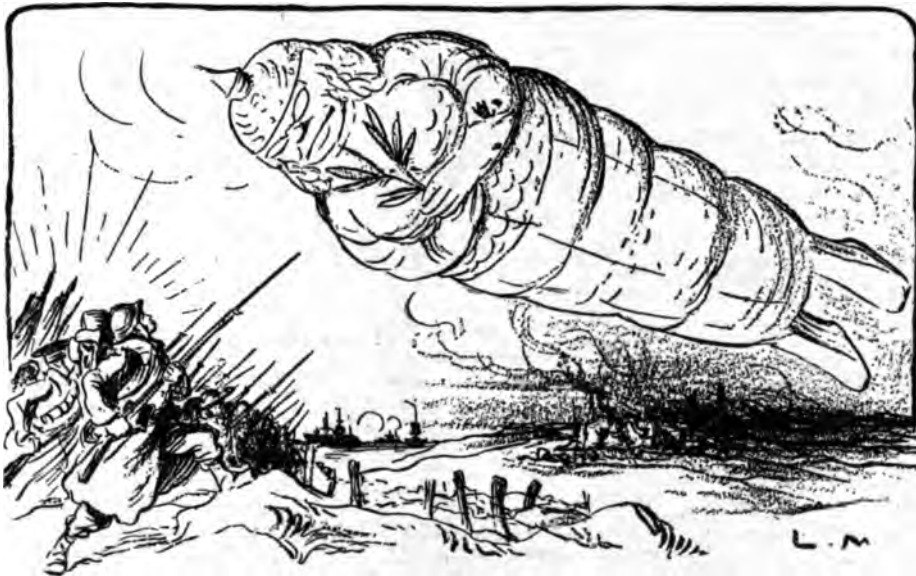
S. P. R.—Will you kindly give me information about Mormons and Mormonism as follows: Are the Mormons rapidly extending their boundaries? Are they gaining as many recruits from abroad as formerly? Are they founding congregations in Eastern States? Are they supposed to be non-polygamous? Is their political power increasing? Who is their present spiritual head?

NO movement looking to the colonization of any part of the country is being considered by the Mormon Church as a body. There are as many conversions abroad, representatives report, as formerly, and add that the numerical growth by conversion is gradual. The Mormon Church does not seek, however, to "recruit" emigrants to Utah, and the proselytes to Mormonism are urged to stay at home and "assist the missionaries." The Mormons have missionaries in the Eastern States and elsewhere. They report that there are more congregations in the Eastern States now than one year ago. The official statement on polygamy is that "any member of the Mormon Church who would dare to take a plural wife now would be excommunicated. The manifesto of 1890 prohibits plural marriages. Owing to surreptitious violations, few in number, for which the Church was not responsible, the present President in 1904 presented before the general conference of the Church a rigorous prohibitive measure which was unanimously adopted by the congregation representing the entire Church. Those who had more than one wife before 1890 were not required to cast their wife or wives adrift and illegitimize their children." The Mormon Church disclaims any political interest; its members are divided on national party lines. The present President of the Mormon Church is Joseph Fielding Smith.

THE EUROPEAN WAR AS SEEN BY CARTOONISTS

[French Cartoon]

Germany's Peace Talk



—Le Rire, Paris.

“ Trial balloons like that we puncture with bayonets.”

[Spanish Cartoon]

The Good Guide



—*Esquella de la Torratza, Barcelona.*

“The road to peace? Come with me, I’ll point it out to you.”

[American Cartoon]

Onward, Christian Soldier!



—From *The Tribune*, New York.

The Stepping-Stones to a Stupendous Conquest?

[German Cartoon]

France's Day of Reckoning



—© Ulk, Berlin.

They will soon again begin to lose their heads.

[American Cartoon]

The Modern David



—From *The New York Times*.

As Henry Ford Conceives It.

[French Cartoon]

Rumania's Attitude



—Le Rire, Paris.

With ears and eyes closed to the conflict.

[German Cartoon]

Serbia's Fateful Hour



—© *Lustige Blätter*, Berlin.

Look there, look there, Timotheus—the Cranes of Ibycus!
(Vengeance for the murder of Ferdinand, as the cranes avenged the murder of
the poet Ibycus.)

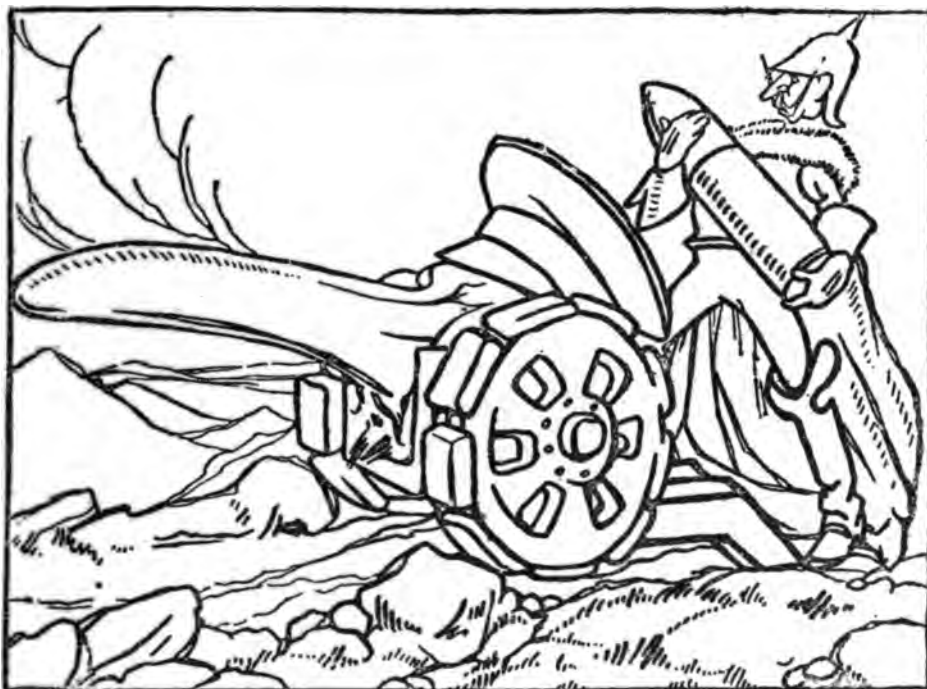
The Persuading of Tino



—From *Punch*, London.

[Italian Cartoon]

Kultur's Latest Conquest



—Travaso, Rome.

“Now we have at last the 420 cm. nose!”

[French Cartoon]

Under History's Eye



—© *Le Rire*, Paris.

The Allies are remaking the map of Europe.

[Italian Cartoon]

A Last Recourse

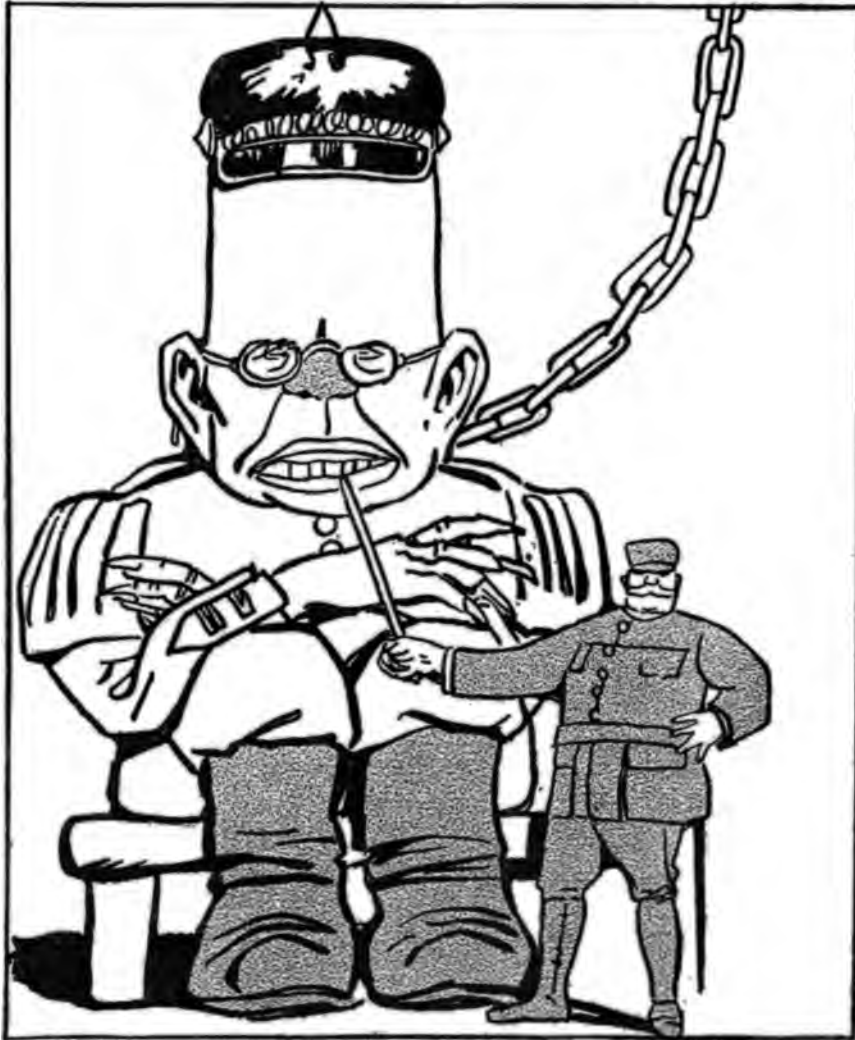


—Pasquino, Turin.

"I have tried on all the shoes of my allies; nothing left but the Bulgarian boot."

[Spanish Cartoon]

What They Said of Moltke



—Iberia, Barcelona.

JOFFRE: "If we conquer, it will be due to the German tutor."

[German Cartoon]

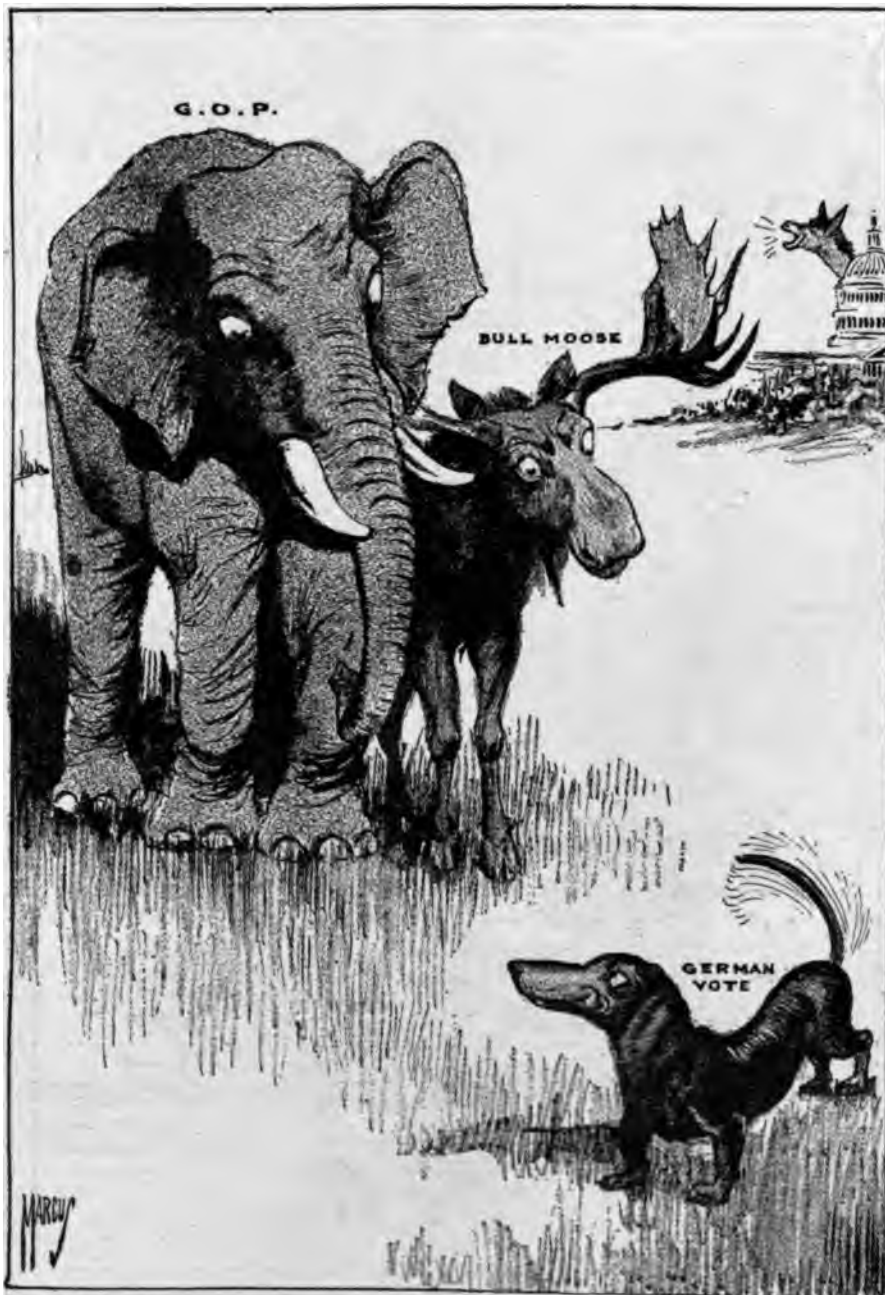
Okuma's Wish



—© *Simplicissimus, Munich.*

"We have put aside German barbarism and have returned to the culture of our ancestors."

[American Cartoon]
A Triple Alliance?



—From *The New York Times*.

THE DACHSHUND: "It's all right, boys, you can count on me."
THE OTHER TWO: "Can we? Well, we won't."

[Italian Cartoon]

To Be Devoured



—Mondo Umoristico, Milan.

"Sire, his Majesty the Kaiser sends you the dove of peace."

"Very well, have it roasted."

[Dutch Cartoon]

An Afterthought

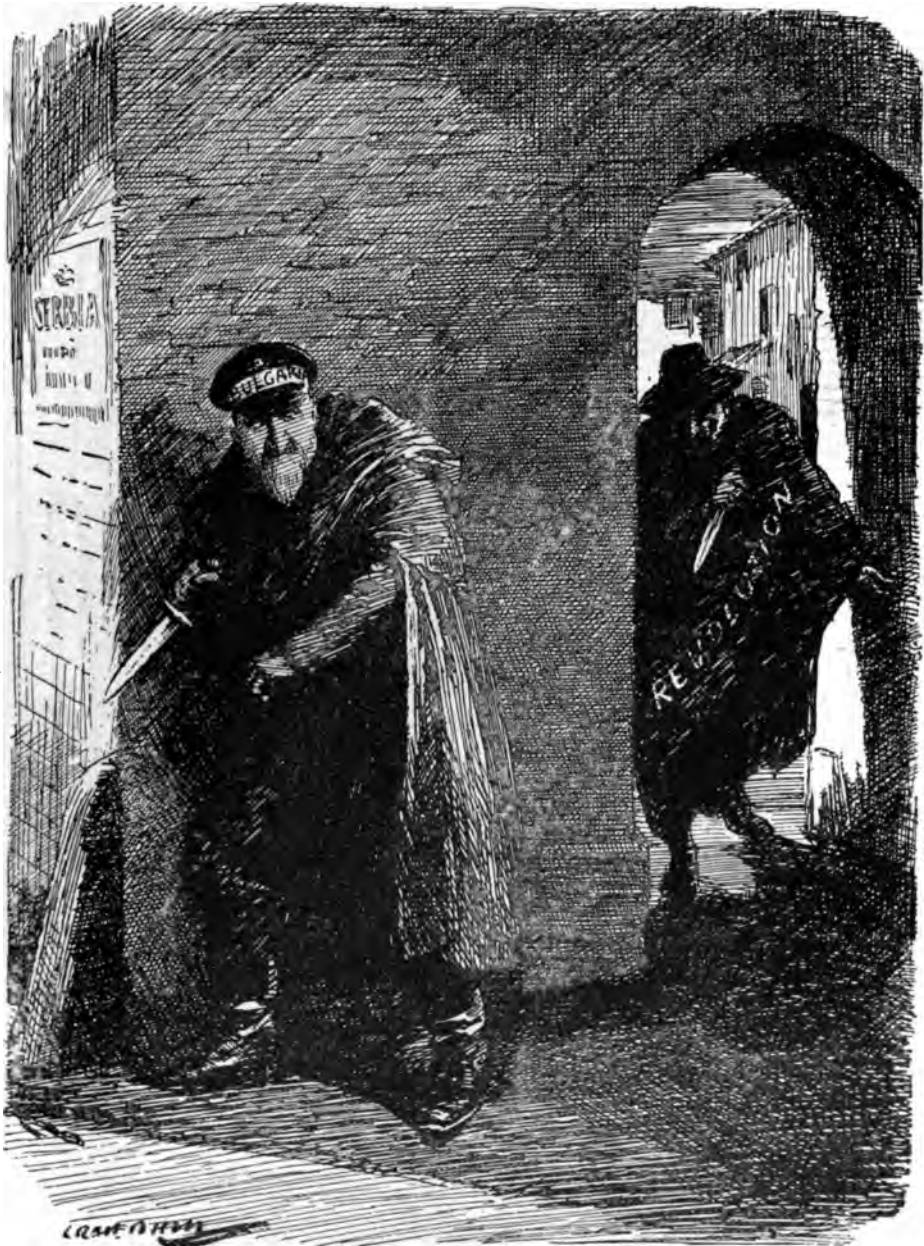


—Telegraaf, Amsterdam.

FERDINAND: "Bosh! What if I blundered, after all?"

[English Cartoon]

On the Tracker's Track



—From *Punch*, London.

The Nemesis of Tsar Ferdinand.

[Australian Cartoon]

Caged!



—*Western Mail of Perth.*

The plight of the Kaiser.

[German Cartoon]
Giant India



If Asquith doesn't talk him to death.

—© *Simplicissimus*, Munich.

[Austrian Cartoon]

The French Deliberators

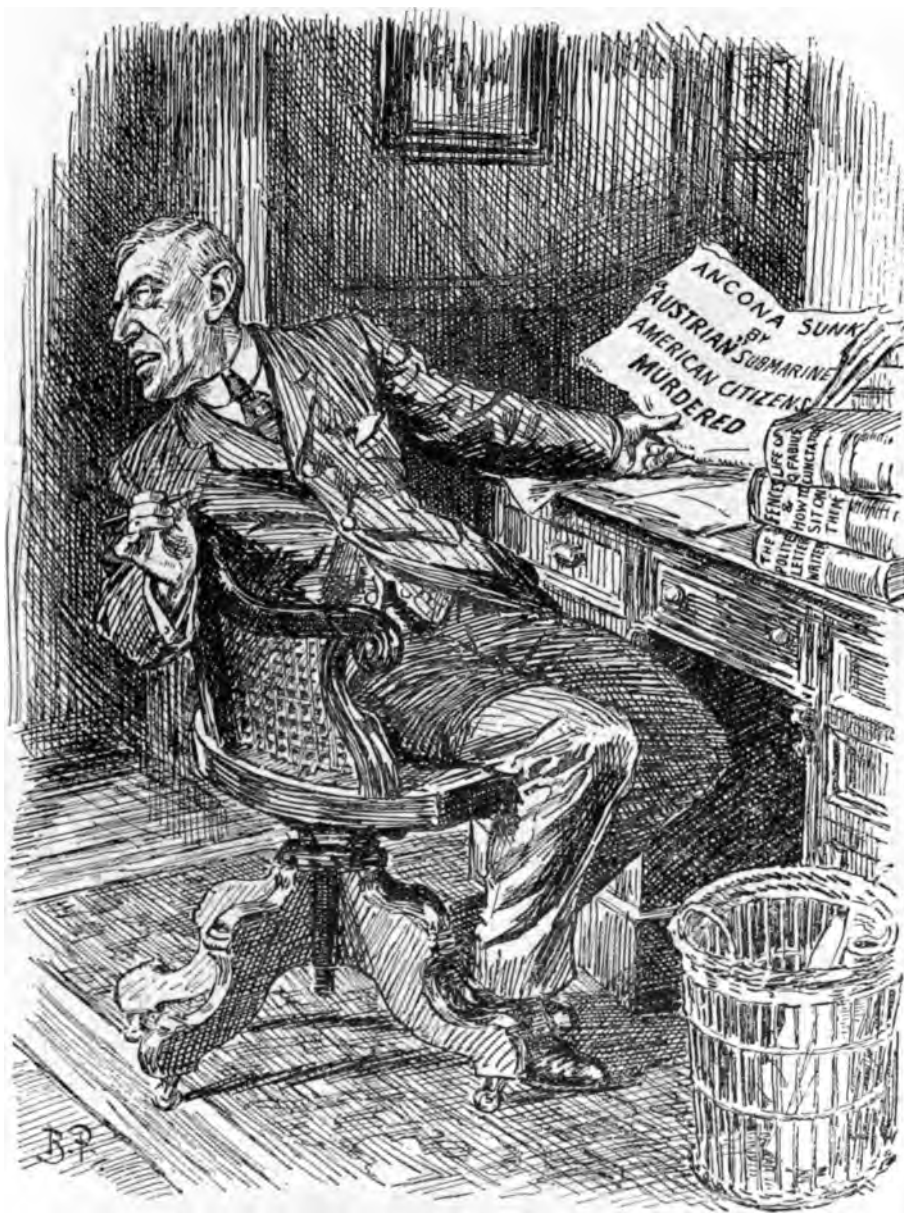


---Kikeriki, Vienna.

The Council of French Ministers preparing for a new Winter campaign.

[English Cartoon]

A Matter of Routine



—From *Punch*, London.

PRESIDENT WILSON. "This calls for a note—Mr. Secretary, just bring me in a copy of our No. 1 note to Germany—'Humanity' series."

[Italian Cartoon]

To Constantinople



—Numero, Turin.

(At the ticket window): "Do you take Turkish money?" (The Bulgarian people hate the Turks.)

[English Cartoon]
Swapping Horses!



—From *The Bystander*, London.

JOHN BULL: "I don't believe in 'swapping horses' in the middle of the stream, but I wish to goodness this composite nag of mine would make up his mind which particular streams he is crossing—and cross 'em!!"

[French Cartoon]

The Neighborhood Record



—*Le Rire, Paris.*

"My dear friend, you are beaten! We hold the record. Twenty-two shells have fallen on our house this month."

"Yes, but you had the advantage of being near the cathedral."

Progress of the War

Recording Campaigns on All Fronts and Collateral Events,
From November 13, 1915, Up to and Including
December 10, 1915

CAMPAIGN IN EASTERN EUROPE

- Nov. 13—Russians drive foes further from Riga and inflict severe losses on the Germans west of Kemmern.
Nov. 15—Russians driven back across the Styr River.
Nov. 20—Russians regain positions on left bank of the Styr; violent artillery fire on Riga front.
Nov. 23—Germans repulsed near Dvinsk.
Nov. 25—Germans begin evacuating Mitau.
Nov. 25-Dec. 10—Heavy fighting along entire line; no great change in the situation.

CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN EUROPE

- Nov. 13—French demolish mill in Flanders occupied by German troops and silence German batteries near Boesinghe.
Nov. 15—Hard fighting resumed on Artols front; all-night battle in the Labyrinth.
Nov. 20—French wreck German works in Belgium near Boesinghe and in Somme district.
Nov. 22—Allies begin heavy artillery fire in Flanders and Champagne district.
Nov. 26—Violent artillery duels in Argonne district.
Dec. 3—Germans bombard Thann.
Dec. 8—Germans take trenches near Souain.
Dec. 9—French recover most of Souain trenches.
Dec. 10—French make slight gains in Champagne; violent gun duels along Flanders front.

BALKAN CAMPAIGN

- Nov. 13—French forces take Hill 350, between Rabrova and Strumitza.
Nov. 15—Earl Kitchener arrives at Lemnos Island, base of operations.
Nov. 16—Anglo-Italian army is hurrying to aid of the Serbians; Bulgars take Babuna Pass.
Nov. 17—Bulgars take Prilep.
Nov. 19—Bulgars occupy Monastir.
Nov. 21—Austro-Germans occupy Novibazar, and reach road to Monastir.
Nov. 22—Serbs rout Bulgars and recover part of Nish-Saloniki railroad.
Nov. 23—Italian troops land in Albania; Serbian Government moves to Pristina; French forced back by Bulgars along the Cerna River.
Nov. 24—Teutons and Bulgars enter Kossovo Plain and occupy Mitrovitza and Pristina; Serb Government retires to Albania.

- Nov. 26—Serbs driven from Kossovo Plain; Bulgars abandon attack on Monastir.
Nov. 27—Serbs retake Krushevo.
Nov. 29—Germans and Bulgars shift to face Rumania as Austrians march on Montenegro; blizzards halt fighting.
Nov. 30—Bulgars capture Pristrend, taking 16,000 Serbs prisoners.
Dec. 1—Teutons hurl big armies at Montenegro.
Dec. 3—Serbs evacuate Monastir.
Dec. 8—French withdraw from Krivolak salient; Bulgars take Resna.
Dec. 10—Germans occupy Gievgli; Anglo-French forces evacuate Serbia and fall back on base at Saloniki.

ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

- Nov. 13—Heavy fighting in Gorizia.
Nov. 16—Italian shells damage churches in Gorizia; Franciscan convent of Castagnavizza, containing tombs of the Bourbons, hit.
Nov. 20—Gorizia ruined by shells; Italians gain at Monte San Michele.
Nov. 21—Italians take part of the Corso Height and repulse counterattacks.
Nov. 23—Italians advance on Isonzo front.
Nov. 24—Italians capture Calvario Height and advance in the Trentino.
Nov. 27—Italians repulsed in six attacks near Oslavia.
Dec. 4—Italians repulse massed attack by Austrians at Mrzil.
Dec. 5-11—Italians make repeated unsuccessful attacks on Austrian front in region of Gorizia.

TURKISH CAMPAIGN

- Nov. 18—British resume Gallipoli advance; make gains at Krithia.
Nov. 21—Allies initiate great offensive at the Dardanelles.
Nov. 24—British fall back when within eighteen miles of Bagdad with loss of 2,000 men, but capture 800 Turks and large quantity of arms and equipment at Ctesiphon.
Nov. 29—British withdraw down the Tigris.
Dec. 7—Turks capture four vessels on the Tigris; British retreat endangered; British intrenched at Kut-el-Amara.
Dec. 8-10—Turks gain steadily in Mesopotamia.

AFRICAN CAMPAIGN

Nov. 22—French and British forces occupy Tibati, in Kamerun.

AERIAL RECORD

Austrian aviators continued attacks on Italian cities, shelling Verona, Brescia, Vicenza, Udine, and Grado; many civilians were killed and wounded.

Allied aeroplanes made frequent raids on the territory held by the Germans in France and Flanders, the French being victorious in five engagements in Champagne and Argonne, and the British attacking a German supply station at Miramont, near Amlens. A German submarine off the Belgian coast was destroyed by a British aeroplane.

Allied aeroplanes bombarded Constantinople-Dedeagrat railway.

French dropped bombs on Strumitza.

NAVAL RECORD

In the Mediterranean Sea two French ships, the Omara and the Algerie, three small British ships, the Greek steamer Zarifis, and the Italian liner Bosnia have been sunk by German and Austrian submarines. The Italian liner Verona, in race with submarine, escaped in fog. The American oil ship Communipaw was sunk.

Turks sunk British submarine E-20 in the Dardanelles. Turkish transport hit a mine in the Sea of Marmora; most of the 500 men aboard were drowned. British submarine sank Turkish torpedo boat destroyer Yar Hissar in the Sea of Marmora.

Austrians sank a French submarine, six steamers, and many sailing vessels in the Adriatic Sea, off the coast of Albania.

The Standard Oil Company's tank ship Petrolite was attacked by Austrian submarine off the coast of the Island of Crete.

Belgian coast from Zeebrugge to Ostend was shelled by the British.

British hospital ship Anglia, with 300 wounded men aboard, hit a mine in the British Channel; eighty-five men lost their lives.

Relief ships Ulriken (Norwegian) and Otamas (Greek), carrying wheat for the Belgians, were torpedoed off the coast of England.

Two Egyptian gunboats were sunk by German submarines off the Egyptian coast.

Russians sank a new German dreadnought and a new German cruiser in the Baltic.

British steamships Hallamshire and Merganser were lost in the war zone.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Allies have made several vain attempts to persuade Greece to abandon her attitude of neutrality. British, French, and Russian Ministers interviewed Premier Skouloudis to ask assurances that troops retreating from Serbia, if driven over the frontier, would not be interned, and Denys Cochin, the French Cabinet Minister, and Earl Kitchener conferred with the King. Certain trading privileges enjoyed by the

Greeks were withdrawn. On Nov. 24 the Entente Ministers presented a collective note to the Premier, demanding freedom of movement for their forces in Macedonia, but promising not to keep territory used and to pay for all damages. Following this, Greek steamers held at Malta were released, and commercial cable service resumed, but the Cabinet still delayed giving any pledge. On Dec. 3 the Government placed the railroad lines and the port of Kavola at the disposal of the Franco-British forces. King Constantine, in a message to America, declared his policy, saying that he would protect the Allies' retreat from Serbia, but would grant no further concessions. The Allies have made new proposals, to which Greece has not yet replied.

Germany's food shortage was admitted in the Reichstag and food riots occurred in front of the Kaiser's palace. A popular demand for a discussion of war aims and peace terms culminated in a statement by Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg in the Reichstag, in which he declared that Germany was invincible and secure and would let her foes make the advances.

Rumania remains neutral, but the Austro-Germans, in an attempt to force her hand, have occupied the Island of Hurawal, in the Danube, have mined the river, and are watching the movements of troops.

A demonstration against British officials was made in Persia on Nov. 16, and the British Consul, with other members of the British colony, was arrested. It is believed that the action was instigated by the Germans.

General von Blissing on Nov. 13 levied a monthly war tax of \$8,000,000 on Belgium.

The intentions of the Allies to work in perfect harmony was shown by war councils held by their Ministers, by the pooling of munitions interests, and by the creation of an Allied Board of Strategy. Russia, France, England, Japan, and Italy renewed their pledges not to make separate peace.

The United States Government on Dec. 3 demanded from Germany the recall of Captain Karl Boy-Ed, Naval Attaché, and Captain Franz von Papen, Military Attaché, of German Embassy, for "improper activities in naval and military matters." Germany's request for an explanation was refused. On Dec. 10 Emperor William recalled both men.

Germany's reply to the last note from the United States on the Frye case was forwarded Dec. 10, but the contents were kept secret.

On Dec. 8 Secretary Lansing sent to Austria a note in regard to the sinking of the Ancona, demanding disavowal of sinking, reparation, punishment of the commander of the submarine which made the attack, and assurances that such acts would not be repeated.

On the western front the nibbling process has gone on without any decisive result. The acceptance of conscription by England, preparations for increasing the British Navy by 50,000 men, and a closer working arrangement among the Entente Allies--these are indications of a strengthened determination to fight to a finish.

The conduct of Italy in confining her activities almost solely to the Trentino has created much unfavorable comment, amounting in some quarters to a suspicion that her attitude toward the Entente is not sincere. The Austrian capture of Mount Lovcen, with the consequent domination of Montenegro and the whole east shore of the Adriatic, is one of the most serious reverses the Allies have undergone, and Italy's neglect to do more to prevent it is as yet unexplained.

Since the sinking of the *Persia* no sensational catastrophe has occurred in the field of naval warfare. At this writing it is not yet officially known whether the *Persia* was sunk by a submarine or not. The controversy over the Baralong incident, in which Germany charges British marines with the shooting of German submarine sailors after they had leaped into the sea, has become exceedingly bitter.

* * *

STRENGTHENING OUR DEFENSES

In the United States the discussion of military and naval preparedness has continued to rage on the rostrum in the press, and in Congress, where an infusion of party politics added a new element of heat. Opinions even in regard to the Administration program ran the whole gamut of praise and denunciation. Thus far the nation at large can hardly be said to have taken the subject very seriously. One of the most noteworthy attempts to awaken men to the importance of a reasonable increase in our defenses was that of ex-Senator Elihu Root. In his address to the New York State Bar Association, Jan. 15, Mr. Root declared that the nation must arm for coming peril, and pleaded for a revival of the spirit of '76. Among his most impressive sentences were these:

The whole business of government in which we are all concerned is becoming serious, grave, threatening. No man in America has any right to rest contented and easy and indifferent, for never before, not even in the time of the civil war, have all the energies and all the devotion of the American democracy been demanded for the perpetuity of American institutions, for the continuance of the American Republic against foes without and more insidious foes within, than in this year of grace 1916.

God knows I love peace and I despise all foolish and wicked wars, but I do not wish for my country the peace of slavery, or dishonor, or injustice, or poltroonery. I want to see in my country the spirit that beat in the breasts of the men at Concord Bridge, who were just and God-fearing men, but who were ready to fight for their liberty. And if the hundred million people of America have the spirit, and it is made manifest, they won't have to fight.

Coming from a man whose calm judgment has been esteemed even by his political opponents for a generation, this address attracted unusual attention. Perhaps it is a milestone along the road to the new and unknown epoch into which the war is driving even the most peaceful nations.

* * *

PERIL FROM WITHIN

No less impressive was Mr. Root's warning of the danger to American institutions at the hands of new citizens nurtured in traditions different from ours. The conflicting ideals now battling in the European trenches are represented among our immigrant millions. We assume that the spirit of American freedom comes with the air we breathe, and that our institutions will endure forever without effort. Mr. Root reminds us that it is not so—that liberty has always been born of struggle, devotion, and sacrifice. There is a peril from within as well as from without.

Our millions from the continent of Europe have been reared to regard law as a thing imposed upon the people by a superior power, not as an outgrowth of the life and will of the people themselves. This great mass of newcomers will change us, said Mr. Root, if we do not change them. It is a truth to give pause to the busiest man. These people who

know not the spirit of Concord Bridge—
Where once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world—
will unconsciously tend to create the very
conditions from which they have fled,
and which have plunged Europe into incalculable bloodshed. Mr. Root brought the argument home by remarking that 30 per cent. even of the lawyers of New York are either foreign-born or of foreign parentage, and that most of them cannot get away from the traditions of the countries from which they come. Only by getting the spirit of American institutions into them can the European traditions be got out of them. Before that can happen, somebody must attend to it. Somebody must make our ideals vocal, trust in them, exhibit them with loyalty and devotion. Mr. Root laid the task upon the American bar, but it is a duty for all Americans. The war and its incidental plots against American laws have merely emphasized anew the truth which Mr. Root voiced so earnestly.

* * *

FOR A POWERFUL NAVY

Among the many causes that have intensified the discussion of American preparedness against invasion was the belated publication of Admiral Dewey's confidential report of July 30, in which he and the other members of the General Board of the Navy delivered the following radical opinion as to what our nation should do to preserve its rights on the high seas:

The navy of the United States should ultimately be equal to the most powerful maintained by any other nation of the world. It should be gradually increased to this point by such a rate of development year by year as may be permitted by the facilities of the country, but the limit above defined should be attained not later than 1925.

This recommendation, with a building program calling for eight dreadnoughts as a beginning in 1917, involved so far-reaching a change of national policy that it became at once a centre of debate. It would mean the possibility of a future naval competition with Great Britain. German critics were not slow to point out that just such a program—

only smaller—caused the first friction between their nation and the English. President Wilson and Secretary Daniels, after receiving the July report, adopted a five-year building program for the navy, but one vitally different and somewhat less ambitious. The two measures, with variations, are among the most important subjects now before Congress.

* * *

KINGS IN EXILE

The spectacle of European monarchs without kingdoms to rule over is no novelty, as the case of ex-King Manuel of Portugal might illustrate; but the sympathy of the whole world outside the Teutonic battle lines is with King Nicholas of Montenegro, as it was with King Peter of Serbia and King Albert of Belgium. Unlike the two last named, the Montenegrin sovereign has bowed before an overwhelming force, laying down his arms unconditionally and suing for a separate peace on Jan. 13. The news was naturally received with rejoicings in the Austro-Hungarian Parliament when the Premier announced it. The Teutonic hope, however, that this may presage a break in the ranks of the Entente has no visible foundation. Montenegro was not one of the powers that signed an agreement to make no separate peace in this war. It is simply a small but valiant victim of the Teutonic steam roller. The real significance of the Montenegrin surrender lies in the great military and naval advantage gained by Austria on the shores of the Adriatic.

* * *

KING CONSTANTINE'S FLIGHT

Another ruler whose predicament calls for the sympathies of neutral nations is King Constantine of Greece. If the wireless advices from Berlin have any solid basis, Constantine is in danger of losing his throne at the hands of the Entente Allies. After making the usual discount for the comment of an enemy, the fact remains that the British and French are making use of Greek territory much as though it belonged to them. According to German dispatches of Jan. 17 they have landed troops near Athens, and at other points far south of the

Saloniki region where they face the enemy across the Serbian border.

King Constantine recently said to an Associated Press correspondent: "I am pro-Greek, just as your President is pro-American." His actions thus far seem in accord with his words. Though his wife is the Kaiser's sister, he has tried to follow a neutral course, striving apparently to keep his people from being drawn into either side of a war whose primary issues did not closely concern them, but whose results loom large in Greek destiny. It is his firm conviction that after the great struggle is over there will be another bloody Balkan war in which Greece must defend herself, and for this he is training his armies and conserving his country's resources. It is a good and sufficient reason, but it has not availed in the face of the Entente's desperate need.

* * *

GREEK NEUTRALITY

If the descendants of Sophocles quote Shakespeare, they might well remark as they hear the roar of the guns at Saloniki and see the tricolor of France flying on the island of Corfu that their neutrality is more honored in the breach than in the observance. The Allies have blown up bridges that might have been serviceable to the Teutonic forces in their attack on the Saloniki front. The French have landed troops on the island of Corfu, which is to be a haven of refuge for the Serbians while they recuperate their energies and obtain new equipment.

The Allies have assured the Greek Government that they have no intention of occupying any Greek territory, or interfering with the normal activities of the inhabitants. Nevertheless, Greece is placed in an awkward, not to say a humiliating, position. Her intentions, as expressed in the action of the Government, are to keep out of the war, but the continual encroachment of the Allies, even though their violation of her neutrality is only provisional, must give rise to the uneasy feeling that she will find herself a belligerent in spite of herself. This would be a great satisfaction

to the section of the Hellenic people that wishes to join the Allies, and would no doubt bring M. Venizelos back to power. But while Greece pursues a neutral policy, the use of her territory as a cockpit of war must be painful to both her self-respect and her interests.

* * *

MR. FORD'S PEACE PARTY

The main body of Henry Ford's peace pilgrims sailed for home from Rotterdam on Jan. 15 after six weeks in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Holland. Thirty chosen members remained behind at The Hague to organize a permanent peace board which is to be located there or at Stockholm. The expedition is said to have cost upward of \$500,000, and the permanent board has the promise of a possible \$2,000,000 behind it. Thus has the Oscar II. and its cargo of enthusiasts become a part of war-time history.

The practical results thus far are meagre indeed. The expedition went without official sanction or support from its home Government, and even in the neutral countries visited it was greeted with reserve. Stockholm was the most friendly city it encountered. The English press commented upon the movement with covert bitterness. Even at The Hague the atmosphere was chilly, and Germany's reluctance to let the permanent members repeat their journey across German territory to Stockholm indicated a similar lack of faith.

The initial slogan, "Out of the trenches before Christmas," was unfortunate. It created an impression that the members did not understand the nature of war or the essentials of lasting peace. Nevertheless, the episode deserves a niche in the war's annals as an example of irrepressible optimism and as one of the few cheerful by-products of the conflict.

* * *

AMERICAN TRADE IN WAR TIME

Semi-official figures of the foreign trade of the United States for 1915 indicate a prodigious total of \$5,355,579,950, of which the exports were \$3,551,485,164 and the imports \$1,804,094,786. In 1914 the total foreign trade was a little un-

der three billion dollars. In 1913 it was a little over four billion dollars, and in 1912 slightly in excess of four billion; in 1911 three and one-half billion.

At the present rate 1916 bids fair greatly to exceed 1915, though it is probable that if England establishes a form of actual blockade against the Central Powers instead of the Orders in Council now in force, it may somewhat curtail our exports. A study of the figures, however, reveals the fact that our trade is developing in other directions than among the belligerent powers. Our shipments to the South American countries are increasing at a very rapid rate. For instance, in the month of October, our exports to Argentina reached nearly \$5,000,000, as against \$1,695,000 in the corresponding month of 1914. To Brazil our exports nearly doubled in October, and an equal increase is apparent in our trade with China and other neutral countries.

* * *

MURDERS IN MEXICO

The murder of C. R. Watson and his party of Americans on their way back to their mines in Mexico on Jan. 10 added fuel to the "preparedness" discussion and complicated the very unsatisfactory Mexican situation. Nineteen persons, nearly all Americans, were taken from a train by bandits at the way station of Santa Ysabel, fifty miles west of Chihuahua City, and were robbed and deliberately shot to death. The twentieth man in the party escaped by hiding in the underbrush.

All the evidence indicates that the crime was committed by lawless followers of Villa for the purpose of discrediting Carranza's Government and provoking American intervention. Since the recognition of Carranza by the United States the Villistas have publicly threatened Americans with death and destruction of property.

When the bodies were brought to El Paso the excitement along the border ran high, and the demand for armed intervention and an effective policing of the North Mexican States raised a stormy debate in Congress. President Wilson remained firmly determined, however,

that this exasperating incident should not lead us into a war; and in this he undoubtedly represented the sentiment of the great majority of thoughtful Americans.

Secretary Lansing promptly sent an official request to General Carranza for "immediate and efficient pursuit, capture, and punishment of the perpetrators of the dastardly crime." Carranza promised that energetic measures would be taken to punish the bandits, and up to Jan. 20 several of the so-called Villa bandit "Generals" and "Colonels" had been captured and summarily executed.

* * *

A PAN-AMERICAN DOCTRINE

One reward for refraining from Mexican invasion during these troubled years is the growth of a marked entente cordiale between the United States and the South American republics. The new spirit was strikingly in evidence at the second convention of the Pan-American Scientific Congress, which opened at Washington Dec. 27. Though not a political gathering, its attitude toward the Monroe Doctrine attracted world-wide attention. Never before has that doctrine been handled in such friendly fashion by eminent Latin Americans. When John Barrett, Director of the Pan-American Union, openly and eloquently advocated the evolution of the Monroe Doctrine into a Pan-American Doctrine, his words evidently met with the approval of his hearers.

This friendly mental attitude of South and Central America, developed in the ominous shadow of the European war, is significant and gratifying. It is true that Mr. Barrett's horses galloped a little too fast. As both Secretary Lansing and President Wilson stated in their addresses, the Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed by the United States on its own authority and will always be maintained upon our own responsibility. It is a part of our program of defense and cannot be shared or shifted to other shoulders.

With the aid of Latin America's intelligent support, however, the Monroe Doctrine promises to become a more definite bulwark to both continents than

it has been before. President Wilson's Pan-American program should assist materially to that end. His proposition is that all the American nations shall bind themselves to let each other's territory and liberties absolutely alone, to settle all boundary and other disputes by arbitration, and to prevent the outfitting of revolutionists who have designs on neighboring States. The political fruits of the Pan-American Scientific Congress may prove to be quite as important as the scientific results.

* * *

RUSSIA'S VODKA PROBLEM

If the Russian Government ever yields to the temptation to let loose the vodka demon again for the sake of revenue, it will have to take the first step across broken promises. The present Finance Minister, M. Bark, recently concluded a debate in the Duma with the categorical statement that all suspicions of any such intention were unfounded; that the Government would encourage temperance after the war, and that a return to the old conditions was impossible. In proof he cited the fact that the Government was drawing up a bill in accordance with the recommendations of the forty-five members who had investigated the subject.

"This bill," he said, "has already been approved by the entire Council of Ministers, and vodka, in accordance with the Czar's wish as expressed to me, will be totally prohibited forever."

Meanwhile the authorities have an immediate problem. What shall they do with the costly 200,000,000 gallons of vodka left in stock? For fear that some reactionary Finance Minister might be tempted, some members of the Duma favored destroying it. The more practical Ministers, however, have worked out a plan for turning it to industrial uses. Prizes were offered for inventions along this line, and a pamphlet was issued on the use of alcohol mixed with benzine for motor cars. The Government also made a grant of \$150,000 for the erection of a factory to make artificial rubber out of vodka on a system invented by Ostromyslensky.

Applied to the wheels and internal

works of motor trucks the fiery liquid is likely to do more toward moving the world in a desirable direction than it ever did inside the Russian peasantry.

* * *

SIR JOHN SIMON'S SACRIFICE

Sir John Simon's resignation from the British Cabinet rather than acquiesce in the adoption of conscription is a serious interruption to a great career. Among the statesmen who in the course of the next few years might have been in the running for the leadership of the Liberal Party, and for the office of Prime Minister, close students of British politics had gradually come to give Simon a leading place. Without being showy or sensational his parliamentary progress has been brilliant. He is regarded by many as the ablest, most cultured, and most attractive representative in Parliament of what is called the "Nonconformist conscience" in British society. He represents the historical forces out of which modern Liberalism has evolved, among others the pacifist ideal, the passion for freedom and political equality, and again the resolute ardor to improve social conditions.

He has the fervid temperament of those who came over with the Mayflower, with a mind trained as finely as an athlete's body and keenly sensitive to the appalling social condition of the masses in Great Britain. It is said that he was as much opposed to going to war as Lord Morley and John Burns, and that he would have followed them out of the Cabinet had he not been so greatly shocked by the German invasion of Belgium. When the Coalition Cabinet was formed he could have had the Lord Chancellorship, but refused that high position, as it would have meant translation to the House of Lords, whereas as a commoner he remains free to pursue a career, which might have led to the Prime Ministership.

When peace comes and the nation forgives those who have run counter to popular sentiment, as Lloyd George's pro-Boer days have been overlooked, Sir John Simon may once more resume the career which he has chosen to interrupt for an ideal.

Interpretations of World Events

Kaiser Wilhelm's Illness

CURIOSLY contradictory rumors coming, on the one hand, through Holland, and, on the other hand, evidently sent forth by official Berlin, give gloomy or glowing accounts of the moral and physical state of the Emperor of Germany. He is ill; he is well. He is suffering from cancer; he is in the best of health. He is breaking his heart over the collapse of Germany and the suffering of Europe, social and financial; he is dining and wining his Generals and Ministers of State. So far has it gone with him that the inspired press is already lauding Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, while the Kaiser's brother and sister are summoned to his bedside; he is passing through the streets of Berlin, "joyfully cheered by adoring multitudes." Among all these snow flurries of contradictions what are we to believe? Only time will make that certain; but this we know, that, on the one hand, the father of the present Kaiser, the Emperor Friedrich, died of malignant cancer in the throat, and that from time to time there have been intimations that his son, the present Emperor Wilhelm, has inherited the same dread disease, though in a less malignant form, the seat of the malady in his case being the throat, close to the ear. On the other hand, we know that the Kaiser has always taken extreme precautions about his health, so that in his case a mere boil on the neck may be magnified into an extraordinary peril.

Did the Kaiser Cause the War?

THE bare suggestion that this most prominent figure on the European stage, this most conspicuous actor on the stage of the world, not merely today, but for the last generation, may be drawing near to his last exit, already induces one to attempt to weigh him in the scales of history; and, above all, to ask how far he directly caused and willed this greatest of all wars. Is he, as Pierre Loti would say, the deliberate villain

of the play? Or is he really a national hero, whose country has been forced into war, and who has fought and struggled magnificently to bring that war to a victorious issue? Austen begins his great treatise on jurisprudence by saying that in any State there exists a man or a group of men so strong as to be able to impose their will on the whole State; and that the analysis of forms of government is simply the description of that all-powerful man or group. In accordance with this, is the Emperor of Germany so powerful in fact that his single will and purpose sufficed to plunge half the world into war?

The Prussian Oligarchy

SUCH has been the Kaiser's view of himself: *Sic volo, sic jubeo!* He has written and spoken it in a hundred forms. But is it the truth? A pathetic story came in the early days of the war of the last decisive day at Potsdam, of the since dishonored Moltke's passionate declaration to the Kaiser that Germany must fight now or forever fail; of Moltke's threat, when his Emperor remained obdurate, to commit *hara-kiri* in approved Samurai style if his counsel were rejected; and then of the Kaiser's withdrawal into an inner room; of his hour of agony, praying in passionate indecision for Divine guidance, doubting, fearing, hesitating; he, so long the peace-keeper of Europe, now contemplating with appalled reluctance the crimson chaos of world war; then, at last, his torture become unendurable, he came forth to Moltke, whispering: "Let it be WAR!" And the ultimatum to Russia was dispatched. It may never be known how far this is an exact picture; but it is the kind of picture history seems likely to accept, with the logical inference that not the Kaiser but Moltke and the forces behind Moltke, the Grosser General-Stab and the whole phalanx of Prussian Junkertum, willed and brought about the war. Kaiser Wilhelm will then, if this view be accepted, be deemed a man more sinned against than sinning;

one who, Hamletlike, felt the world out of joint; felt, too, the curse that lay upon him, to strive in vain to set it right.

The Rivalry of England

THE German theory which inspired the upbuilding of the imperial navy—the lifework of Admiral von Tirpitz—and which finds its expression in all of Bernhardt's books, is that it was the slow, steady pressure of Perfidious Albion that brought on the war; that England, directed by King Edward VII., the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Sir Edward Grey, deliberately, and with long vision, built up the Triple Entente, just as Freycinet and Alexander III. of Russia built up the earlier Dual Alliance as a fore-ordained weapon against the German Empire and Germany's growing greatness; and that, until England's dominance was destroyed, Germany could know no true security. We must very frankly admit that events since the war began have given color to this. Germany's chief fear today is the naval dominance of England. Practically, it is the British high seas fleet that holds the early dual allies—France and Russia—together. May it not, then, very justly be argued that the present visible constraint which England is exercising on Germany is but expressing the earlier, invisible constraint which drove Germany to organize and arm; which, in effect, drove her to make war? History will take due account of this. It will not condemn the fact that Germany made war so much as the way in which that war was made; it will say far less of Germany's aggression than of her transgression of international law, which has so many times brought her to the point of an open break with our own Government. But all due credit will be given to the many and great sacrifices made by Germany and by the German people.

Military Compulsion in England

AT first blush the comparison between Germany and England in this vital matter of the willingness to make sacrifices is very favorable to Germany, very unfavorable to England. Only now, after a year and a half of the war, has Eng-

land, with many grumblings and protestations, rather timorously reached a very moderate degree of enforced military service, while Germany has, with a good deal of real enthusiasm, accepted conscription for many years; has even added very ready volunteering to enforced military service. Yet the need of England for more men has been from the outset a crying one. The little army that was defeated and driven back at Mons might, had it been big enough, have turned Central Belgium into a German Waterloo within sight of that historic field. And it has been the same thing from that day to this—at Gallipoli a lack of men; the belated expedition to relieve Serbia failing for lack of men. English arms threatened with disaster in Mesopotamia, again for lack of men, at a point where the repercussion of disaster on India might easily invite calamity. We have been beguiled in the cablegrams to exultant accounts of "Kitchener's army"; to high phrases concerning "an extra million men," and "a total of four millions," but it has been patent to any tyro that, in reality, England is hard put to it to throw a single army corps of forty thousand, not to speak of four millions, into the breach where men are conspicuously needed.

Wanted: An English General

THE British Government hesitated from the outset to compel military service, simply from fear of "the British workman"; there is no mystery at all about that. But the German workman, whether on the field or in the factory, has readily given his life for the idea of the empire. Yet England seems to be, perhaps, even more handicapped in another direction: she appears to be almost devoid of genuine military talent, to say nothing of high military genius. But Germany, while having few soldiers of undoubted genius—Mackensen has the best claim there—has shown a very large amount of military talent of a high order; men who, having never been under fire in their lives, in contrast with England's ceaseless "little wars," have, nevertheless, ably handled

divisions and corps and armies, showing at once lucid insight and executive force. Wellington—an Irishman, like Wolseley, Roberts, Kitchener—used to say that the good General is he who can see what is going on on the other side of the hill. But the English Generals seem hardly able to see what has been going on on their own side of the hill, under their very eyes. More, they do not seem always to have seen what their own men were doing; and it is a fair guess that it was the failure of the English armies—the left wing of the allied drive—that checked the great offensive of Sept. 25, and that the realization of this is the true cause for the retirement of Field Marshal Sir John French.

The Pre-eminence of France

IT is unavailing to say that the hanging back of the British workman is accounted for by the fact that England is a democracy where the laboring class has learned to feel and to exercise its power, and so takes very unkindly to compulsion. It is useless to plead that the recent trend of socialistic legislation in England, under the inspiration of the present Minister of Munitions and the late Secretary of the Navy, instilled pacifist ideals into British labor, and that this, too, is a cause of British recalcitrance. Unavailing, useless; because France is not only a democracy but a republic to boot; because France has gone even further in the direction of socialism than England, every conspicuous man in the public life of France today having at least a strong leaven of socialism, from Briand, at the head of the Government, to Georges Clemenceau, the "Man in Chains," of the Opposition. For France, instead of hanging back, has gone magnificently forward. Among the Entente Powers the honors of the war belong, according to the opinion of the whole world, not to England but to France.

The Growth of French Influence

NOT only on the western battle front does France conspicuously lead England; but even more, perhaps, in the Near

East, in the Levant; more notably, because the Levant, the eastern Mediterranean, has been, for the last two generations, one of the strongholds of British ambition and British power. It was England's desire to dominate the eastern Mediterranean that drove her to fight Russia in the Crimean war of 1854-56, and to check Russia in the Turkish war of 1877-78, when Beaconsfield played Bismarck's game and sent the British fleet to menace the Czar. And ever since the influence of England in the Levant has grown, quite recently by the annexation of Cyprus and the establishment of a protectorate over Egypt, which is, in reality, the front door of the enormous British territory of the Sudan. At one time England and France held almost equal power in the Levant and Egypt; from the days when French genius and French capital built the Suez Canal to the days when Captain Marchand threatened, by his advance to Fashoda, to plunge France and England into war. Then France, under some pressure, withdrew, and left England practically supreme in Egypt and the Levant.

The French in the Balkans

GALLIPOLI was occupied not only with a view to opening the door of the Black Sea for Russia, but, at least as much, in order to bring the Turks hurrying home; to lighten the pressure on Egypt and the Suez Canal—in the interest, primarily, of England. But very much of the fighting at Gallipoli was carried out by picked troops of France, under General d'Aumade and his successors. In the same way, the Kaiser's thrust at Constantinople is avowedly a thrust at Egypt and, more remotely, at India; but the bulk of the fighting in Serbia, and the bulk of the work at Saloniki, fell to General Sarrail and the French, not to the English. Without question this will give France an authority and a weight in world affairs which she has not enjoyed for generations; has not enjoyed, perhaps, to the same degree, since the days of the great Napoleon. Should the Entente powers go forward from their present position to victory, France will emerge

as the strongest power on the continent of Europe, one of the dominant powers in the world. And no one who loves and admires France will feel any regret or misgiving at that.

Italy's Equivocal Role

THERE is, in Russian, a rather dry and ironical saying: "A taper for God—and a poker for the devil." Without the least intention of ranging the different belligerent nations under either of these theological headings one may say that there is a certain superficial reminder of this saying in the present position of Italy. At war with Austria, she is still "on friendly terms" with Germany and Turkey. And, while nominally helping the Entente powers in their—so far very ineffective—crusade to liberate Serbia, Italy is, in fact, helping Serbia just to the extent of seizing and occupying the Adriatic ports, like Durazzo and Avlona, which Serbia hoped to get as part of the spoils of the war of 1912, but which are at present a part of that rather fictitious nation, Albania. Italy, here as elsewhere, has the air of helping Italy rather than of giving genuine help to the general Entente cause. One is forcibly reminded of the long months which followed the outbreak of the war, when Italy was dickering and haggling with Austria; and when, from day to day, it seemed quite possible that Italy might either promise permanent neutrality to Germany, or even lend Germany effective aid and comfort; Germany meanwhile, in the person of Prince Buelow, doing all in her power to help Italy to carry through her deal at Vienna.

General Cadorna's Temperament

DURING the days of the Vienna negotiations we were told by those who were supposed to be in the confidence of Victor Emmanuel's Government that, in spite of adverse appearances, Italy was really solid for the Allies; that in reality the Vienna negotiations were all a bluff, under cover of which General Cadorna, the effective head of the Italian Army, was bringing that army up to date, working for high efficiency, piling up munitions, and sim-

ply awaiting the favorable moment to strike—which he did so soon as that moment came in the campaigns against Trent and Trieste. It is now suggested as an explanation of Italy's rather devious course with regard to Serbia that Italy is moved, not by a readiness to see Serbia lose on the Adriatic in order that Italy may fall heir to Serbia's holdings and so turn the Adriatic into an Italian lake, but that the rather narrow working out of Italy's campaign is the fruit of General Cadorna's type of mind. Trained in German General Staff ideas during the days of the Triplice, when Italy was Germany's very good friend and ally, Cadorna has soaked his mind in German military philosophy of the Bernhardt school, with its principle of concentration, of the hammer blow reiterated on a single point; and that he is so bent on smashing Austria along these lines that he will not consent to spare any troops for the aid of Serbia. Baron Sonnino, we are told, has a broader mind, and would be willing to do this; but Cadorna resolutely refuses, and, as head of the Italian Army, his authority is decisive.

The Loss of Cetinje

BE this as it may, the policy of hanging back, which Italy, for one cause or another, so resolutely follows, has brought about an event which is singularly threatening precisely to Italy, namely, the occupation by Austrian forces of the Montenegrin coast line at Cattaro, the port of Cetinje; of Mount Lovcen—the original Black Mountain from which Montenegro takes its name in the Venetian dialect—and finally the complete surrender of the Montenegrins to the victorious Austrians. At this writing (Jan. 20) the Austrian terms have not been announced, but, whatever they are, it means that the Eastern Dalmatian strongholds are lost to Italy and will be under the control or subject to the dictation of her traditional enemy.

The Thrust at Saloniki

TWO or three months ago it seemed certain that Russia was about to cut down on the back of Bulgaria, along that reach of the Danube which flows

due north through Rumania. We were even told of the Czar's promise to have an army actually in the field within a week. But no army came. Two explanations are possible: First, that, at the last moment, Rumania changed her mind, in view of the *débâcle* of the Serbian Army and the failure of the English and French to hold back the Teutons. That would be entirely natural, and in no way open to criticism. Rumania does not wish to invite for herself the fate of Serbia. Or the whole thing may have been a feint, to cover the present campaign in Bukowina. For it is a primary maxim in war to "do what your enemy does not expect you to do"; and, by contraries, to leave undone what he does expect you to do. In just this way, Lord Kitchener, we are told, deliberately concocted, as a *ruse de guerre*, the fairy tale of vast Russian armies carried from Archangel through Scotland, while things were developing for the battle of the Marne; and the fear of this may have hastened, may even have determined, General von Kluck's retreat. And the fear of a Russian thrust along the lower Danube seems without doubt to have drawn away Teutonic forces from Serbia and to have delayed the southward thrust against Saloniki, the thrust which still so unaccountably hangs back.

Russia's Campaign in Bukowina

UNACCOUNTABLE—except on one supposition, and that a vital one: The supposition that the Teutons have no troops. Already we hear of a Turkish army corps in France, of Turks fighting in Bulgaria—though this is not well authenticated—and of Turks to be sent against the Russians. This, taken with the slender and dwindling German force now operating in Serbia, can have but one meaning: that the German sources have begun to run dry. Germany has begun to pay for her preparedness; for her ability, that is, to get vast bodies of men very early into the field. The first blow failed—and the vast bodies of men have been gathered to Valhalla. But it is the very aggressive, very ably planned Rus-

sian campaign against Bukowina that is now most effectively protecting Saloniki, by drawing off German and Austrian troops to the north. And, one may remark, great as were the genius and the past services of Grand Duke Nicholas, who is now gravely ill at Tiflis in the Caucasus, we never hear a syllable of apprehension lest his absence may prove fatal to Russia's arms. Russia has shown her ability to produce a whole crop of very able Generals: Alexeieff, Ruzsky, Ivanoff, Brusiloff, to mention only four, who are thorough masters of the modern art of war, and the Grand Duke's place is very competently filled.

Bukowina and Rumania

THE merit of the present Russian campaign is this: As compared with the earlier planned move along the Danube the thrust through Bukowina has a far better base, the whole of Southwestern Russia, with its good railways, in developing which the late Count Witte won his spurs. This web of railroads handled, and ably handled, large Russian armies in the campaign of 1877 against the Turks, and the trick once learned is not likely to be forgotten. But there is a still greater advantage: The Russian advance southward through Bukowina—which has about the same area and population as the State of Connecticut—will push an effective screen in front of Rumania and cut that timid principality off very effectually from all fear of Teutonic reprisals. Once this is done—and it may only be a matter of weeks—the move along the Danube from Reni and Ismail may be undertaken again under immensely better conditions, and we may see a big army on Bulgarian soil at any moment. For the actual transit is only a matter of hours. From Reni to the Danube bridge, which connects Bucharest with the Black Sea coast at Kostendil, is about the same distance as the run up the Hudson from the Battery to Poughkeepsie, and the Russian armies would be likely to debark not far from the Danube bridge; in any case, three or four hours more, on flat boats drawn by tugs, would bring them to the Bulgarian frontier. The whole thing is

only a night's run for any average steamship, and the Odessa lines have plenty of excellent boats.

The Caucasus and Mesopotamia

ON the Caucasus fronts, too, the Russians are giving a good account of themselves. And this has a very definite bearing on the projected, or at least much advertised, Turkish drive against the Suez Canal and Egypt, for which, we are told, colossal preparations are being made at Aleppo, not so far from Antioch and Tarsus. The Russian thrust southward from the Caucasus has, however, another and more immediately vital purpose: to lessen the pressure on the beleaguered English and Anglo-Indian forces south of Bagdad, where England seems once more to have repeated her traditional blunder: sending a boy on a man's errand, and being then forced to rush an army to the rescue of the boy. It is the characteristic fault of overconfidence; what that very incisive Englishman, Matthew Arnold, caustically characterized thus: Conceit and the laziness arising from conceit. But England is learning; learning to look further ahead; learning to

make sacrifices; learning to have the courage to ask for sacrifices—in the sense of Chesterton's witty saying about the Catholic Church: that over its door these words are written: "Here sacrifices are accepted." Yet we are likely to hear, once and again, of slender bodies of British troops being pushed ahead and then cut off, and of the heroic relief of posts—that should never have been occupied, or should have been occupied by far more considerable forces. One may say, that all reports of grave unrest in India seem to be fancies; campaign stories, in which the wish is father to the thought. On the contrary, the war steadily continues to draw the whole British Empire closer together, to strengthen the bonds of fellowship between its parts.

Note.—Owing to a misunderstanding, Sir Gilbert Parker's article, "England! Whither Now?" appeared in the December issue of *CURRENT HISTORY* with the warning line, "All Rights Reserved." The article was not intended to be hedged in by any reserved rights. It is the author's intention to make it free to the American public.

Requiem

By DAVID A. ROBISON

This rose for our hero's grave
Lay it with meaning there,
Symbol of all our hearts deem fair,
All that he died to save.
The Father whose loving care
Fashioned this perfect rose,
'Tis in His arms our dead repose—
Lay it with meaning there.

England's Munitions Campaign

By David Lloyd George

Below appear the main portions of the memorable speech delivered in the House of Commons by Mr. Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions, on Dec. 20, 1915. In giving an account of his stewardship and stating "the present position of munitions" he used the striking sentence: "In this war the Allies have been dogged by the mocking spectre of 'Too late!'"

IT is now a little over six months since the Prime Minister invited me to take charge of the provision of munitions to the British Army in this war. Although this work is by no means complete, and some of the most important parts of it are still in course of development, I think the time has come to report progress to the House. Perhaps I had better preface my statement by a short survey of the relation of munitions to the problem of war, so that the House should understand clearly why we have taken certain action in order to increase the supply.

There has never been a war in which machinery played anything like the part which it is playing in this war. The place acquired by machinery in the arts of peace in the nineteenth century has been won by machinery in the grim art of war in the twentieth century. In no war ever fought in this world has the preponderance of machinery been so completely established. The German successes, such as they are, are entirely, or almost entirely, due to the mechanical preponderance which they achieved at the beginning of the war. Their advances in the east and west and south are due to this mechanical superiority; and our failure to drive them back in the west and to check their advance in the east is also attributable to the tardiness with which the Allies developed their mechanical resources.

The problem of victory is one of seeing that this superiority of the Central Powers shall be temporary, and shall be brought to an end at the earliest possible moment. There is one production in which the Allies had a complete mechanical superiority, and there they are supreme—that is in the navy. Our command of the sea is attributable, not merely to the

excellence of our sailors, but to the overwhelming superiority of our machinery.

There is another aspect of this question which has become more and more evident as this war has developed and progressed. The machine spares the man. The machine is essential to defend positions of peril, and it saves life because the more machinery you have for defense the more thinly you can hold the line. Therefore, the fewer men are placed in positions of jeopardy to life and limb. We have discovered that some of the German advance lines were held by exceptionally few men. It is a pretty well-known fact that one very strong position held by the Germans for days, and even for weeks, was defended against a very considerable French army by ninety men armed with about forty to fifty machine guns, the French losing heavily in making the attack. What we stint in materials we squander in life; that is the one great lesson of munitions.

In the Ministry of Munitions we have taken the control of supplies gradually. We have only just secured the direction of design. Woolwich Arsenal passed into our hands about three months ago. Inventions came and then went. They came and went, and came back again. Design was intrusted to us by the Prime Minister about three weeks ago.

I should first of all give the House the position when the Ministry of Munitions was first appointed. There was undoubtedly a shortage. That was known. Our troops knew it; so did the enemy. But neither of them knew how really short we were in some very essential particulars. Now I can with impunity give at least one or two figures. I would take gun ammunition. Gun ammunition is roughly divided into high explosive and shrapnel. There is

no doubt that military opinion, at least in this country—I am not quite sure about France—was wedded to shrapnel for reasons which are not unconnected with the events of the South African war. It was supposed that the days of high explosives were numbered, except for siege guns, and that shrapnel was the only weapon for fighting in the field. The developments of this war—many of them unexpected and many of them unexpected by the greatest soldiers—proved that that expert opinion was not altogether correct in its anticipation of the demise of high explosives. We were late and reluctant converts, and, like all reluctant converts, we were very tardy in giving up the old shrapnel.

We came to the conclusion that at any rate a very high proportion of high explosive ammunition was essential to success in the kind of trench warfare to which we had settled down. I think we still have a higher opinion of shrapnel than either the French or the Germans.

Now I will give the House an indication of the leeway we had to make up. The Germans at that time—I have already given the figures to the House—were turning out about 250,000 shells per day, the vast majority of them being high explosives. That is a prodigious figure. The French have also been highly successful in the quantities which they have been turning out. But they have great armies, and their arsenals which were turning out the materials of war for their army were naturally on a larger scale than ours. Our large arsenals naturally took a naval turn, and the bulk of the engineers who were turning out munitions of war were engaged on naval work, so that in the month of May, when the Germans were turning out 250,000 shells a day, most of them high explosives, we were turning out 2,500 a day in high explosives and 13,000 in shrapnel. That was neither right in quantity nor in proportion.

I have already given the House some of the reasons why the supply was so low. One was the lateness at which we came to the conclusion that high explosives were to play a great part in the

war. The other was the fact that the navy—this is a fact which is too often forgotten, not merely in this country, but, if I may say so, abroad—absorbed an enormous number of engineers and a very high proportion of our engineering resources. I have not the figures at the present moment, but, unless I am mistaken, something between two-thirds and three-quarters of the engineers occupied on munitions were occupied in turning out munitions for the navy.

The first step of the Ministry of Munitions was to improvise a great business organization for the purpose of coping with this problem. We had to find a staff, and we drew it from every quarter. Some of the Government departments lent us able civil servants. The War Office placed at our disposal a good many soldiers and other experts. The Admiralty helped, but I think the main feature of the new organization has been that we have had placed at our disposal the services of a considerable number of business men of high standing, who had been running successfully great business concerns.

We had an elaborate and careful census made of all the machinery in every industrial firm in this country, so that we knew what the resources of the country were, especially the resources which had not been utilized up to that moment. We found there were a very large number of lathes capable of being turned to the production of munitions. But this was not enough. There was a good deal of machinery which could not possibly be set aside for the purpose of manufacturing munitions, and we had to look to new sources of supply for machine tools. It was decided then to place the whole of the machine tool trade of this country under Government control. Further, by restricting the export of machinery, the Ministry was able not only to secure fresh sources of supply to meet the new increased program, but at the same time to place machinery at the service of existing contractors who were behindhand with their deliveries. This resulted in an immediate increase in production. It was found that there was very considerable congestion of machine tool im-

ports, owing to the congestion at the ports. This difficulty was overcome by sending down promptly a resident official to expedite the delivery of this machinery.

We sent representatives to America to order new machinery, and, acting in conjunction with J. P. Morgan & Co., they have been able to place there the necessary orders and to insure that the machinery is of the right class. It was also discovered that a considerable amount of machinery had been collected by contractors, who were unable for various reasons to utilize it. This machinery the department was able to distribute among firms who were in a position to utilize it. Steps were also taken to simplify the machinery, and that led to a considerable increase of output. These are steps we took in order to increase the machinery, which is the basis of production, and a considerable improvement was effected in a very short time in that respect. The effect upon production was almost immediate.

The next step we took was in regard to raw materials—metal. At the time of the formation of the Ministry one of the chief difficulties of the contractors was the lack of a regular and sufficient supply of the necessary raw material. Under the system of competition in the open market prices of material were rising to an extent wholly unwarranted by the situation. So we formed a separate metal department to deal with that situation. Steps were immediately taken to place the Ministry in control of the supply of metals of all classes, and arrangements were made for providing the contractors with all the raw materials they required for making good any shortages by tapping fresh sources.

The effect of these efforts has been to effect considerable reduction in the prices of raw materials. There has been a saving in the aggregate of something like £15,000,000 or £20,000,000 on the orders due entirely to the action taken by the metal department of the Ministry of Munitions in securing control of the whole metal market of this country. It enabled us to insure a supply which was adequate to meet not only the immediate fu-

ture but for many months to come all the demands of the various contractors, but also, which is equally important, to provide large supplies for our allies. Indeed, it was only by these efforts that a crisis in the market was prevented and that manufacturers had been able to effect the substantial increase in the output which has actually taken place.

Another step we took was in regard to labor. We took steps to endeavor to increase the supply, more especially of skilled workmen, in the various trades. We also supplied technical advice by experts to help manufacturers to get over their difficulties. It was a very useful step, especially in the case of firms who had not been in the habit of turning out this class of work. We appointed a number of hustlers to visit the works and find out what was wrong and help to put it right where possible and press contracts forward. The effect in itself of calling upon the industries to supply weekly reports was to improve the output. Contractors were very often not aware of their own difficulties until they were forced to face them and give an account of them. The net result has been of all these steps which I have summarized to increase the deliveries of old orders from 16 per cent. on the promises as they were then to over 80 per cent., a very considerable increase, on the promises as they are now. That is in regard to high explosives. We also effected a very considerable improvement in the percentage of the deliveries of shrapnel. The deliveries of high explosives and shrapnel have gone up considerably more than these figures indicate. Promises were increasing from month to month and week to week, and we have succeeded in increasing very considerably the deliveries in both.

With regard to American orders. Since the Ministry was appointed, Mr. Thomas, an old member of this House, went over to America to report on the position there. He went there independent of all agencies, and he came back speaking in the highest possible terms of the services rendered to this country by J. P. Morgan & Co., who have saved many

millions of money to this country by the efforts they made to reduce the rather inflated prices prevailing before they took the matter in hand.

The Ministry of Munitions has endeavored to help the sub-contractors to obtain better deliveries of raw material and machinery and additional supplies of suitable labor. It has given technical and financial assistance in a large number of cases, and with regard to fresh orders it has organized the engineering resources of this country. It has also done a good deal to develop the colonial and foreign markets in the United States of America, Canada, France, Switzerland, and elsewhere. Woolwich has been taken over and some progress has been made by the introduction of modern methods of factory control and manufacture. The problem of relieving the congestion at Woolwich has been dealt with, and the railway congestion has been decreased. As regards the net results of the steps we have taken, all I can say is that the quantity of shells fired during the operations of September was enormous. Battles lasted for days and almost ran into weeks, and there was no shortage. On the contrary, the Chief of Staff assured me that they were satisfied with the quantity of shells. This was the result of four months' careful husbanding, but it will be reassuring to the House to know that the whole of it was replaced in a month, and we shall be soon in a position to replace it in a single week.

Now I come to the question of guns. Large orders for field guns were placed in 1914. In June the deliveries were fair, though not up to promise. Medium guns and howitzers were largely in arrear, but I am glad to say that there has been a good deal of improvement in the last few months. With regard to these guns the House may take it that the position is thoroughly satisfactory. Now I come to the more important problem of the heavy guns. After consulting the Prime Minister on this point, I feel justified in giving the House some information as to our energies in this connection. While it does not give the enemy information of which they are not aware, it encourages our allies, who want to

know that we are putting forth all of our strength. If they are not passed on the enemy comes to the conclusion, not at all unnaturally, that we have not got them. On the other hand, your allies want to know that you are putting forth all your strength. It encourages them, and therefore the Prime Minister came to the conclusion that it was better that the facts should be divulged.

Up to midsummer of this year big guns on a large scale had not been ordered. We came rather late to the conclusion that on that scale big guns were essential to the successful prosecution of the war. I am not surprised. The House will recollect the kind of gun which was regarded as a prodigy in the Boer war; it was just a poor, miserable, medium gun. Now the soldiers are doubtful whether it counts in the least in trench warfare. Some one told me that in the very interesting novel about the invasion of this country by the Germans, which was published about three or four years ago, the big gun which would terrify everybody, as described in that novel, was 4.7. That is nothing compared with requirements now. The heavy siege gun which we had at the beginning of the war is now the lightest, because there has been such a change in the idea of the military, and the facts have forced the conclusion on us that it is only the very heaviest guns that will enable us to demolish these trenches. The trenches are getting deeper and deeper still; there is trench behind trench, trenches of every conceivable angle. There are labyrinths of trenches with concrete casements, and nothing but the most powerful and shattering artillery will enable our men to advance against them, except along a road, which is a road to certain death. Therefore, the War Office came to the conclusion that it was essential to success and victory, essential to the protection of the lives of our soldiers, that we should have an adequate equipment of the heaviest possible artillery. We are erecting great works in this country, and I have no doubt some honorable members have seen some of them; they are mostly associated with the program for the production of these guns and the supply of

adequate projectiles. I am very glad to say that we are making rapid progress with these structures. We have placed at our disposal the services of one of the ablest contractors in this country; I think he is manager to Sir William Arrol's firm; he came to our assistance and gave up his work and voluntarily and gratuitously placed his services at the disposal of the Ministry of Munitions to help in pressing forward the construction of these works. The help which he has given us is one of very conspicuous character.

That is all I can say under that head. I come now to the equally important question of machine guns. The dimensions of the machine-gun problem will be realized if the House will consider not only the increase of the size of the army, but also that the number of guns per division has increased manifold. When the war began our ideas were that each battalion should be supplied with two machine guns. The Germans supply each with sixteen machine guns. There is no doubt that a machine gun is by far the most destructive weapon in the whole of their army; it has destroyed far more lives than their rifles. In fact, I was told the other day that the machine guns and artillery between them are probably responsible for more than 90 per cent. of the casualties, rifles being responsible for not much more than 5 per cent. We were rather late in realizing the great part which the machine gun played in this war. * * *

I come now to a consideration, which perhaps some honorable members will think was the last consideration in my mind—I mean economy. A very able accountant, a member of one of the most important firms in this country, placed his services gratuitously at our disposal. We set him to the task of scrutinizing contracts and examining prices and generally seeking out methods of cutting down expenditure. He gathered around him a staff of experienced business men and accountants, and, first of all, devoted his attention to the question of gun ammunition, because that is incomparably the largest item of expenditure. This new committee came to the conclusion

that prices could be considerably reduced. A new scale had been devised, but of course it is only applicable to new contracts and to renewals of old contracts. Therefore it has not yet come to full fruition.

The cost of the ammunition for 18-pounders, which is a very considerable item, running into tens and scores of millions, has been reduced by 40 per cent. The cost of the ammunition for 4.5 howitzers has been reduced by 30 per cent. since the report of this committee. All the new contracts are based on those prices. We hope to save very considerably—save in millions, in tens of millions—upon the expenditure which we are incurring.

We want labor to man the factories. Beautiful machines of the most modern type for manufacturing machine guns, which our armies and those of our allies are clamoring for, and which are essential for offense and defense, are standing idle and cannot be put up because we have not got the necessary labor. There are some things you must get skilled men for, while there are other operations that you really do not need skilled men for. That was the whole proposition. If you can get the skilled men from the places where the unskilled man or woman could do the work just as well and put him into those factories where you must have skilled men, the problem of the war is solved.

What about the new factories? We require 80,000 skilled men for those factories and 200,000 to 300,000 unskilled. Upon our getting that I think depends our success in the war. But taking the lowest view of that, upon that depends entirely whether we are going to alter the proportion of orders in favor of this country, and consequently reduce the cost of the war by scores of millions of pounds in the course of a single year. It depends upon that whether we can furnish our troops with guns, rifles, machine guns, projectiles to enable them to make next year's campaign a success. I have heard rumors that we were overdoing it, overordering, overbuilding, overproducing. Nothing can be more malev-

olent or more mischievous. You can talk about overordering when we have got as much as the Germans have got, and even then I should like to argue how far we should go. So mischievous is that kind of talk, that I cannot help thinking that it must have been originated by men of pro-German sympathies, who know how important it is that our troops should at the critical moment not be short of that overwhelming mass of material which alone can break down the resistance of a highly intrenched foe. We have as yet, in spite of the great efforts, not approached the German or French production. We have got to reach that first, but not last. France is of the opinion that even her colossal efforts are inadequate.

I have consulted Generals and officers of experience with the British and French armies, and conferences which I have had with the Minister of Munitions of France have given me an opportunity of obtaining the views of the most highly placed and distinguished officers of the French Army, and before I quote their opinions let me point this out. All these Generals up to the present have underestimated the quantity of material necessary to secure victory. I am not surprised; it is so prodigious. I remember one case of a French General who told me that that was the great surprise of the war and every battle that has been fought has demonstrated that one thing, and even now it is an underestimate and not an overestimate.

Take the last great battle. It is no secret that you had a prodigious accumulation of ammunition. There was not a General who was in the battle who does not tell you that with three times the quantity of ammunition, especially in the higher natures, they would have achieved twenty times the result. It is too early to talk about overproduction. The most fatuous way of economizing is to produce an inadequate supply. A good margin is a sensible insurance. Less than enough is a foolish piece of extravagance. Two hundred million pounds can produce an enormous quantity of ammunition; it is forty days' cost of the war. If you have got it at the

crucial moment the war might be won in forty days; if you have not got it it might run to four hundred days. What sort of economy is that? What you spare in money you spill in blood. I got a very remarkable photograph of the battlefield of Loos, taken immediately after. There was barbed wire which had not been destroyed; there was one machine-gun emplacement which was intact—all the others had been destroyed. There in front of the barbed wire lay hundreds of gallant men. One machine gun! These are the incidents that you can obviate if you have enough. Every soldier tells me that there is but one way of doing it—have enough ammunition to crush every trench where an enemy lurks, destroy every emplacement, shatter every machine gun, rend and tear every yard of barbed wire. If the enemy wants to resist he will have to do it out in the open, face to face with better men than himself. That is the secret—plenty of ammunition. I hope all these ideas that we are turning out too much will not enter into the minds of workmen, capitalists, or taxpayers until we have enough to crush our way through.

I want to appeal to labor. You must spend wisely; you must spend to the best purpose; you must not pay extravagant prices, but, for Heaven's sake, if there are risks to be taken, let them be risks for the pockets of the taxpayers and not for the lives of the soldiers. The right path to economy is not to reduce the output, but to reduce the cost, and labor alone can help us here. There are only 8 per cent. of the machines for turning out lathes in this country working on night shifts. We have appealed to the employers, and they say we have not got the labor, and it is true. They have not got the skilled labor.

There is only one appeal to employer and employed. It is the appeal to patriotism. The employer must take steps. He is loath to do it. It is a sort of inertia which comes to tired and overstrained men—as they all are. They must really face the local trade unions and put forward the demand, because until they do so the State cannot come in. We have had an act of Parliament, but the law

must be put into operation by somebody, and unless the employer begins by putting on unskilled men and women to the lathes we cannot enforce that act of Parliament. The first step therefore is that the employer must challenge a decision upon the matter, and he is not doing so because of the trouble which a few firms have had. But let us do it.

Victory depends upon it. Hundreds of thousands of precious lives depend upon it. It is a question of whether you are going to bring this war to an end in a year victoriously, or whether it is going to linger on in blood-stained paths for years. Labor has got the answer. It can be done.

I wonder whether it will not be too late. Ah, fatal words! Too late in moving here, too late in arriving there, too late in coming to this decision, too late in starting with enterprises, too late in preparing. In this war the footsteps of the allied forces have been dogged by the mocking spectre of "Too late," and unless we quicken our movements damnation will fall on the sacred cause for which so much gallant blood has flowed.

I beg employers and workmen not to have "Too late" inscribed upon the portals of their workshops, at any rate, and that is my appeal. Everything depends upon it during the next few months in this war. We have had the co-operation of our allies. Great results have been arrived at. At the last conference we had of the Allies in Paris decisions were arrived at which will affect the whole conduct of the war. The carrying of them out depends upon the workmen of this country. The superficial facts of the war are for the moment against us. All the fundamental facts are in our favor. That means we have every reason for looking the facts steadily in the face. There is nothing but encouragement in them if we look beneath the surface.

The chances of victory are still with us.

We have thrown away many chances. But for the most part the best still remains. In this war the elements that make for success in a short war were with our enemies, and all the advantages that make for victory in a long war were ours—and they still are. Better preparation before the war, interior lines, unity of command—those belonged to the enemy. More than that, undoubtedly he has shown greater readiness to learn the lessons of the war and to adapt himself to them. He had a better conception at first of what war really meant. Heavy guns, machine guns, trench warfare—it was his study. Our study was for the sea. We have accomplished our task to the last letter of the promise. But the advantages of a protracted war are ours. We have an overwhelming superiority in the raw material of war. It is still with us in spite of the fact that the Central Powers have increased their reserves of men and material by their successes.

The overwhelming superiority is still with us. We have the command of the sea that gives us ready access to neutral countries, and, above all—and this tells in a long war—we have the better cause. It is better for the heart—nations do not endure to the end for a bad cause. All these advantages are ours. But this is the moment of intense preparation. It is the moment of putting the whole of our energies at home into preparing for the blow to be struck abroad. Our fleet and the gallantry of the troops of our allies have given us time to muster our reserves. Let us utilize that time without the loss of a moment. Let us cast aside the fond illusion that you can win victory by an elaborate pretense that you are doing so. Let us fling to one side rivalries, trade jealousies, professional, political, everything. Let us be one people. One in aim, one in action, one in resolution, so to win the most sacred cause ever intrusted to a great nation.



Freedom of the Seas

By Albert Ballin

Managing Director of the Hamburg-American Steamship Line

This noteworthy article appeared in the Vossische Zeitung on Dec. 25, 1915:

ONCE again Christmas, the Festival of Love, is drawing nigh, and the peoples of Europe are still engaged in waging the most hideous and stupid war which the world has ever seen, still occupied in turning this old and beautiful land into a heap of ruins—and all for the advantage of the world on the other side of the ocean and to the delight of the yellow race.

That we did not desire this war, as our opponents assert, is most clearly shown by the fact that we were drawn into it without any other aim than the consciousness that we had to fight for the existence of our Fatherland and for a free pathway, by both land and water, for the exercise of our industry and our efforts. Both by land and by water!

As the scope of the war becomes wider and wider the imagination of the nation, stimulated in proportion, seeks ever new goals, and is even ready to exchange the old principles of our national welfare—principles which have enabled us, from our own resources, to bear the financial burden of the terrible conflict—for the new aim of the war: Berlin-Bagdad! A great and beautiful thought, one that we can certainly cherish and follow out—but a task, nevertheless, which should not be allowed to overshadow the immense interests which point us to our great ocean-going traffic and to our trade beyond the seas.

The men who will some day be intrusted with the duty of drawing up the terms of peace will have as their supreme task that of exterminating not only the war itself, which has destroyed whole generations, but also the fever of armaments; or at least of restricting the latter within as narrow limits as possible in a Europe which will remain exhausted for decades. They must also devise some sort of assurance that this bloody war will not be followed by an economic war,

which would separate the nations still further from one another. Hence the demand for the freedom of the seas once more comes into prominence.

It is true, certainly, that in times of peace the seas were always free; but in war, as we know today to our cost, they are governed by the strongest fleet. Means, therefore, must and will be found for assuring the freedom of mercantile traffic by sea, not only in peace but also in war.

The ocean separates nations and yet binds them together! If the peace is to be a good peace it must help to justify the truth of this old saying. To set up a secure route from Berlin to Bagdad as the sole aim of the war, so far as we were concerned, would only bring us back to a purely Continental policy and would deal a heavy blow at Germany's well being by prejudicing the future shaping of her political economy.

Let us today read again with pleasure the Oriental prophecy of our great economist, Friedrich Lisst, who, in a far-seeing moment, held out to us the aim, Berlin-Bagdad. But this prophecy should not be allowed to supersede another prophecy of Lisst's—one that has so profound and luminous an application to our present conditions:

"The sea is the high street of the earth. The sea is the parade ground of the nations. The sea is the arena for the display of the strength and enterprise of all the nations of the earth, and the cradle of their freedom. The sea is, so to say, the rich village common on which all the economic peoples of the world may turn their herds out to graze. The man who has no share in the sea is thereby excluded from a share in the good things and honors of the world—he is the stepchild of our dear Lord God."

Let the men who draw up the terms of peace see to it that Germany, too, does not become "the stepchild of our dear Lord God."

Great Britain's Vitality

By George Bernard Shaw

This condensed report of one of Mr. Shaw's most recent and characteristic speeches originally appeared in THE NEW YORK TIMES of Dec. 19. The address was delivered for the benefit of the work done by the East London Federation of Suffragettes for mothers and babies. Miss Sylvia Pankhurst presided.

YOU must put peace as completely out of your minds for the present as you must put Summer skies and long days, and we may see Summer skies and long days more than once before we see peace in Europe. It is not a question of what we desire to see, but of what is going to happen. What has happened is that Germany, after a very remarkable period of conquest, has finally wiped Serbia off the map of Europe. We cannot leave matters there. If we could suppose that the German Emperor in a fit of inspiration were suddenly to strike on the amazing device of withdrawing his army from the places he has occupied, and, retiring within his own frontier, were to say that he had shown his power, but that nevertheless he did not believe that we should be governed by the sword, and would leave the matter to be arbitrated upon by the President of the United States of America or the Pope, what an extraordinary difficulty that would put us in!

The war is a very curious one, and the conquests and victories are all on one side, and not on our side as yet. They have apparently reached their climax, and even if the way were made easy for us we would be very loath to leave the matter where it is.

There had been a very curious change in public opinion in the last year, Mr. Shaw said. A year ago he got himself into extraordinary trouble and was called a pro-German because he suggested for the first time that all English arrangements were not absolutely perfect and that the Ministers were not all Solons, Cavour, and Napoleons. It was, he said, rather hard that public opinion should now have gone all the other way. Mr. Shaw went on to declare that in fighting the German Army Eng-

land was not fighting a wonderful, infallible, perfect organization. He said:

It is absolutely necessary that the German people should be awakened from that romantic dream. The Germans are the most romantic people in the world, and their imagination has magnified the German Army. German officers would tell us what a wonderful thing the German Army was; every man knew his place in it, and in the civil organization connected with it every woman knew her place, and at a word from the Kaiser the whole magnificent machine would begin to move. Most of us believed and trembled. I did not, because I am in the romantic line myself, professionally, and know how romantic people are. If one had asked an English officer what would happen when war broke out he would say, "God only knows." What happened when war came was that the British Army was mobilized in about a fortnight, the navy proved itself ready for all engagements, and our expeditionary force got across the Channel without the loss of a single man.

The wonderful German Army, which was prepared for everything, made a wild and romantic rush for Paris, which it was to reach in a fortnight. It arrived before the fortifications of Liège. Everybody in Europe, including the German Army, knew perfectly well that to approach the famous fortifications of Liège without siege guns was like approaching them with a pop-gun. The Germans were held up for a fortnight by the little Belgian Army, and that fortnight probably lost them the war. When the siege guns did arrive they were Austrian siege guns and not German.

Then we hear a good deal about the intelligence department of the German

Army, that amazing organization of spies, who collected information that could be found in Whittaker's Almanac and other handbooks. With its perfect intelligence department the German Army was held up at Antwerp by a force of horse marines it could have wiped out in ten minutes if it had known how many horse marines were there.

Mr. Shaw said he mentioned these things in order to show that the fable of the wonderful German Army had collapsed, but not to mislead any one into thinking that the German Army was any the less dangerous because it had awakened from its romantic dream and faced realities. But the German people had to be thoroughly awakened out of their dream. He went on:

These are the grounds upon which we must make up our minds that the war is going on. This is the situation which the popular instinct of the English has grasped. We must, therefore, put out of our minds any hope that we can stop the drain on the nation's vitality by clamoring for peace. We shall certainly have to go on for another year with the drain of war upon the nation's vitality.

Which is the greater—the drain of war or the drain of peace? In an intelligent and well-organized nation the question would be ridiculous, but we are not an intelligent and well-organized nation.

The drain of war is shown by the figures just published. We have lost 100,000 men, killed in the war. If we take for the purposes of comparison the first year of war we had under arms in that period 3,000,000 men. Seventy-five thousand men were killed. It is the military tradition that a country is defeated when it loses 20 per cent. of its men. We have lost only 2½ per cent. That is not very alarming. The drain of war does not seem to be so terrific as it is imagined to be.

Take the other side: If we take the number of babies conceived in this nation and who ought to be born we have 938,000. The number which succeeds in getting born is about 800,000. This is not a good beginning. It means that 138,000 have not sufficient vitality to get them-

selves born; it also means that the mothers were not properly fed and properly instructed. Of the 800,000 babies who do manage to enter the world 100,000 die before they are 1 year old. This means dirty milk or no milk at all—slums, bad food, and ignorance. We lose 100,000 before 1 year of age; we drop another 100,000 before they reach the age of 15, just when they are becoming industrial producers and available for military service, and of the remainder who do grow up we find that another 100,000 have to be rejected for military service because they are unfit; that is 37½ per cent. destroyed in peace for the 2½ per cent. destroyed by the whole German Army firing shot and shell at them.

We have the assurance of Walter Long, President of the Local Government Board, that the infant mortality rate is rising—probably as the result of modern education and organization. Ladies and gentlemen, don't be mean. Don't say these things are inevitable, don't blame God for what is your own fault. Other people have tried to improve the situation and have succeeded. In New Zealand it occurred to the people that babies were worth taking care of, and they got the mortality rate down to 5 per cent. What the New Zealanders can do we could do. Macaulay in a way prophesied the downfall of London in the passage describing the traveler from New Zealand standing on the broken arches of London Bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul's. In his imagination the New Zealander was a black man, but he will be a man who has simply taken the precaution of looking after the children.

What sort of action can we take to deal with these matters? The sort of action that ladies in the East End of London have taken single handed. The Local Government Board has lately been put in a position to help under the Notification of Births act, and it is possible to begin to organize help for the mothers and babies for which the board will pay half of the expenses. The moral of this is that the expenses ought to be made as large as possible.

But when I consider the sort of lead we get from members of the Government

I am not encouraged. There was a meeting held by Cabinet Ministers at which economy was preached to the workers' representatives. Mr. Asquith spoke for twenty minutes and then left, to resume his important duties as Prime Minister. The consequence was that Mr. McKenna (Chancellor of the Exchequer) immediately got up and gave Mr. Asquith away. Mr. Asquith's speech was an appeal to the workers not to ask for higher wages. It was, he said, unpatriotic to ask for higher wages. Some people expected him to talk about economy. But how could he?

Mr. Shaw said he used to think that Mr. Lloyd George would make a good Foreign Secretary, but added:

In 1911 he went to the Guildhall in shining armor and shook his mailed fist at Germany, who was making trouble about Morocco, and Germany backed down. Sir Edward Grey is too much of a gentleman to talk as a Foreign Secretary must talk, but Mr. Lloyd George is never too much of a gentleman to do anything of the sort. If he had been at the Foreign Office there would have been no war, and if Sir Edward Grey had been at the Munitions Department there would have been no Munitions act. Sir Edward

Grey is an intelligent man and an industrious man, with some democratic instinct. Mr. Lloyd George seems to have no democratic instinct whatever. He is not industrious, and, though eloquent, he never understands anything he talks about. He ought never to be allowed to touch business with the ends of his fingers.

The Munitions act, for which he is responsible, is really a very serious thing. It has brought us almost within reasonable lengths of revolution while the war is going on. The only remedy the Government has had is practically to order the press not to mention the strikes and discontent arising out of the act. Under Mr. Lloyd George's hands the Munitions act had practically broken down. Yet he came before the workers' meetings with a number of perfectly useless amendments, and the Labor men had actually to supply him with pages and pages of amendments to his own act. He is typical of the middle-class professional man and the ignorance of the working class, with a certain susceptibility to the glamour of the aristocratic class. His case shows that it is possible to become celebrated throughout the world without having any genuine ability.

Peace at Any Price

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

Chancellor of Stanford University

Are we "For peace at any price"? Let us face the issue squarely. When we do this, the phrase has no meaning. For when the question really comes up, there is no peace to be had at any price. In this war, no peace was offered at any price to Serbia, to Belgium, to France. It was offered at a price to Austria, Russia, Germany, and England. Should these nations have taken it at the price? This question each may answer for himself. And paying the price, would they have had peace, real peace well worth the cost? All war is a "brawl in the dark," whatever its motive. If real peace is offered at any price, there need be no talk of war.

What could not Europe have afforded to pay to prevent the great catastrophe? What has war cost Europe, and when will it be able to repay?

And for us to whom war is not offered, we would see the price-lists first. With Lincoln, we would count the cost. If we do not, it may stagger us. And will we get peace when we pay for it? Not the armed peace of fear and hate, for that is war only half disguised; but the peace of mutual trust and international confidence. Sooner or later that must come; for as sure as the day follows night, the principle of federation must succeed unbalanced nationalism in the development of the civilized world.

England—Traitor to the White Race

By Dr. Bernhard Dernburg

Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, late German Colonial Minister, who became so well known to Americans by his activities in this country in the interests of Germany after the outbreak of the war, made the statements printed below in a lecture on Dec. 10 before a huge audience at Vienna. This was the first public speech made by Dr. Dernburg after his departure from the United States.

YOU will not deem it strange if I feel a certain inclination to talk about the colonial domain in which I worked so long, and about international relationships across the seas, with which I have become familiar in my extensive travels. Just as the belligerents in Europe are divided by nationality, so people are divided by race in the colonies; and, just as closer ties bind nationalities and nations, so there is also a community of races. Just as in European politics every member of a nation is answerable to every other for the maintenance of his rights, (a relationship which we call the State,) so, in the colonial domain, every member of the white race is answerable to every other for the maintenance of his purity, culture, and prestige of this greater community.

The object of successful colonization among savage natives, wherever the climate does not allow white men to live, is to exploit the soil for its treasures, to make lakes, streams, and, above all, human beings, useful to the colonizing race. The essential thing is to raise such articles as do not thrive in northerly climates and are suitable for rounding out the economic life of the inhabitants of northern lands. This can be done successfully only when the hostility of the natives toward order and regular labor is overcome and their interest aroused in the activities of the colonist. To achieve this, the colonist must realize that the only thing which will justify the imposition of his will—by force if necessary—on these savage natives is that he give them, in exchange, better methods, zealously introduce a higher culture among them, seek ways and means toward the careful maintenance and increase of the subject race. In short, he must consider

colonization as much an ethical as a mercantile task.

This is possible only when no unnecessary attack is made on the peculiar character, organization, and usages of law which exist even in the most savage States of Central Africa. Instead, these must be left alone in so far as this can be done without jeopardizing the objects of colonization and the relationship of motherland and colony.

But as, in the colonies, it is a question of dealing with great masses of undeveloped beings, far superior to the whites in number and not united among themselves, this task of the colonizer can be accomplished only if he succeeds in maintaining the prestige of the white race morally and culturally. If the white man is looked upon as mentally superior, on a higher plane economically, superior in weapons and power, the natives will decide that to render obedience to him is not only necessary, but wise. That is what is called the prestige of the white race. It is based on the native's belief that the will of the white man is good, unshakable, unconquerable.

The above applies to the power of the white race in general, not merely to that of whatever white nation may happen to be known to natives—in short, it applies to all colonizing nations. This is true because, among the nations of the dark continent, there is a constant movement to and fro, a whispering and murmuring; bits of news that trickle into Kamerun travel the most incredible distances, are drummed from place to place by the village drummers. One catches the sounds from the other, and thus, within a few hours, news travels over regions in the French and Belgian Congo which it takes whole days for a man to cross. On the

way, the news becomes either better or worse, according to the amazingly active but illogical whim of the negro. What is big becomes little, what is little big, and the chatter about some deed or plan of the whites is nowhere livelier than in the native villages of Africa.

For this reason what concerns the German concerns the Belgian, the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the Portuguese quite as much. It is, therefore, an axiom that there must be solidarity of all whites as opposed to blacks—at least it was until now. When Cortez, with a handful of Spaniards, captured the City of Mexico, the Mexicans thought that the Spaniards were immortal and their horses sprung from the gods. But when the first horse had fallen in battle and the first Spaniard had been sacrificed on the altars of the Mexicans' god, it was all over with this belief, and the Spaniards were driven to a bloody and terrible retreat.

One can agree with the English when they say that they have carried out their mission of culture in the colonies intelligently and efficiently, after a number of mistakes—though it must be added that they hit upon the right method comparatively late in the day. They have succeeded in dominating and developing under their flag a family of nations which has justified high hopes for the future development of the human race. They have sought successfully to bear in mind the idiosyncrasies of their vassals, to respect their wishes and aims, to allow them as much freedom as was compatible with progress and the accomplishment of the national purpose. In this country of yours, this Austria-Hungary of many races, where the same methods have been applied successfully for centuries, under the leadership of the Hapsburgs, and are still being applied, this may not seem especially noteworthy; it is to be assumed that the Austrians would have made good colonizers, had their destiny led them toward colonization.

Germany turned to colonizing because, both industrially and agriculturally, she was suffering from too great an increase in population; because she is essentially

a manufacturing country which cannot forego a certain control of the raw materials; because she was obliged to forestall schemes to hem her in artificially, and make her suffer from increased prices; because, in order to support her people at home, she had to extend her foreign trade and seek new fields of activity and education for her overflow of young men. I need not point out to you the differences between the Dual Monarchy and the German Empire. A glance at the statistics shows how much larger Austria-Hungary is than Germany and how much less thickly populated, how much less the agricultural yield per capita is in Austria-Hungary than in Germany, how a smaller volume of manufactures suffices to satisfy the population and maintain equilibrium. The war has wrought many changes, so that the development of Austria-Hungary will be more closely akin to that of Germany. The large emigration from Austria-Hungary, contrasted with the almost complete cessation of emigration from Germany to lands not under the German flag, gives a hint as to the consequences of German economic development. As is well known here, Germany has been for many years a country attracting a large stream of immigration.

I have remarked that England has, in general and at times in an exemplary manner, conformed to one of the essential requirements of colonization. But in so far as another is concerned—viz., the maintenance of the prestige of the white race—she has sinned grievously. This was true, first, in the Boer war, when she loosed black Bantu tribesmen against white men. It is true again now, when England is leading all sorts of uncultured colored men against whites, and fighting by the side of such savages. In order to make clear to you what I mean allow me to give you an example:

When I was journeying through Central Africa in 1907 at the head of my caravan of from 500 to 600 blacks, captured by a small band of whites, our only protection was about 20 Sudanese Ascaris, marching ahead of us, beneath the folds of the great black, white, and red German flag. All the rest were

bearers carrying our tents, stools, tables, beds, and luggage, our provisions, even our drinking water, the provisions for the bearers themselves, for our escort, for the muleteers driving our few mules. Behind these came the procession of soldiers' wives, with their little boy servants, for every one of us had one or two black servants or "boys," and the latter, in their turn, would have deemed themselves degraded had they not some little chap to carry their bundles—these little fellows were called by the camp wit "boy-boys." In this way we traveled, hundreds of miles from railway and telegraph, through regions which until a few years ago were absolutely wild, protected only by our national flag, yet feeling ourselves perfectly safe. At night we lay in our tents, pitched in a great circle around a camp fire, behind which glowed the countless little fires at which our bearers warmed themselves, and we slept as securely as in our beds in the Fatherland. Yet there was nothing to protect us but the big flag which waved and fluttered in the middle of the camp, guarded by a lone sentinel. And that flag seemed to say: "Here is law and order, behind me lies the full power of the great German Empire, against which as yet no foe of the black race has prevailed."

I recall likewise a visit to the Sultan Kahigi of Kisenyi on the western shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza, where we walked for hours between rows of white-clad negroes holding palm branches, where the women sprinkled luck-bringing rice over us, until at last we reached the Sultan's residence, where, in an enormous courtyard, many thousand blacks welcomed us with shouts of joy. On the terrace of the Sultan's stone house we witnessed the barbaric spectacle of a wild war dance, played by musicians decked with fantastic headgear and tiger skins, which the Sultan called his "concert."

We whites were in a hopeless minority. The Sultan had a large bodyguard, armed with muskets. There we were, in the heart of Africa, cut off from the rest of the world. And the thought of the German Government was not exactly pleasant to that Sultan: he had to pay taxes

and kotow to it. But he had been made a German subject by the prestige of the white race.

On the big flooring behind his veranda he had a museum consisting of several battered coffee cans and pots, a gramophone long ago put out of commission, a half dozen alarm clocks, none of which worked, lanterns, candlesticks, epaulets. But what he prized above all else was a German sabre, the knightly gift of a representative of Germany. And nothing gave this potentate greater pleasure than the big school in which hundreds of children recited their lessons aloud, as do all children of nature, and learned Swahili and Arabic letters, and pointed proudly to the place on the map where the great Sultan of Germany lived, whose most august representatives were now their guests. It was not belief in our friendliness but the absolute belief in the power behind this friendliness, a power guaranteeing them unhindered development, that underlay the rejoicing of the populace.

Every time that we halted in the course of our long marches under some mango or bread fruit tree, some Sultan or other, great or small, appeared, bringing cattle as gifts. He received a generous present in exchange, and discussed whatever grievance was on his mind—usually it dated back to a long time before the German occupation. And late in the night, after we had retired, we could hear the monotonous shuffling of naked feet, the outcries, the songs in minor keys sung for hours by the women, dancing in a small circle with their unfortunate babes bound on their backs, in token of their joy and satisfaction, before the admiring eyes of the black members of our caravan.

It was the same everywhere—now under the stars, in the idleness and pleasure of the camp; now in the German courtroom, almost a temple, where the German district chief, with a black interpreter on his right and the Arabic elders on his left, recited much learned lore, while hundreds of squatting black figures confidently argued their cases, backed up worthily and with moderation by the representatives of their chieftains.

Yes, everywhere there was the same relationship, everywhere the same sense of order, introduced by the white man and recognized by the blacks thousands of miles from the coast, on the Equator, in Darkest Africa.

Upon this foundation rests nearly the whole colonial structure. Yet the greatest colonial power of all, England, is guilty of overthrowing this foundation. For it is England who, in co-operation with France, is leading men of the black and yellow races against the Central Powers; England it is who is transplanting them to Europe, making them familiar with even the last word in modern weapons. Probably they argue in England that this step can have no dire consequences for England if she wins. But suppose England does not win? And even if she does? All who know the minds of the subject races know that those who return to their native land, the men who know how to use the best of the white man's weapons, will tell their fellow-countrymen that they and their brothers saved great England from destruction, that England was forced to summon the black man to save her; that henceforth they must behave differently, make demands, remember that the future must belong to the colored man—Africa to the African, India to the Indian.

Because of this it is that the colored troops in Europe are put in the most exposed positions, in the thickest of the *mêlée*, for every Englishman shudders at the thought of letting these men return to their homes. For this reason it is that he is waging his war against Germany's colonies and that he cries out, tortured by a guilty conscience, that England is fighting for civilization against the barbarians. In this way he seeks to forget that he is not only waging war against barbarians, but by their side, by means of them.

The consequence will be that a tremendous restlessness will take possession of the entire colored world, that dominion over the colonies must be erected on an entirely different foundation, that what was conquered peacefully must be retained by force, and that much progress and development of the subject peoples must be lost. Never has a world power

so criminally played with great ethical values for its own ends as has England, and never has England so seriously undermined her own existence as when she forgot that 80,000,000 whites must rule over 400,000,000 colored human beings.

Whereas the world power of England is founded, in the eyes of the uncivilized world—or perhaps we should say of the non-Christian world—on the prestige possessed up to now by the English as members of the white race, and now betrayed by them, it is founded, so far as our civilization is concerned, on the strongholds with which England has encircled the seas in the course of the centuries and in pursuance of a policy unhampered by party vicissitudes. For it is not the possession of the most powerful fleet which is the decisive factor in the control of the seas and the blockading of other countries, but far more the possession of naval bases and coaling stations. During the last few months we have seen how Mudros and Saloniki became English naval stations, whether their owners wished it or not, exactly as did Calais and Boulogne. The salient trait of English friendship is that it demands the doorway from its hosts.

In the United States geography lessons in the public schools have been suspended for the present, on account of the changes which the present war will probably work in the map. But this branch of instruction was not even before the war the strong point of the curriculum in these schools. When I lectured before American Chambers of Commerce and learned societies, armed with a big map, I aroused great astonishment when I showed to what extent the United States also lay under the fire of British naval stations. After my lectures were over, this map of mine was surrounded entire hours by numerous persons who kept up a lively discussion of my remarks.

That map showed them that five English naval stations were nearer to the Panama Canal than the nearest American naval station; that the Eastern coast of the United States, between Halifax and Bermuda, is dominated by England; that the route to the Pacific Ocean is barred by the English Falk-

land Islands; that the entire Pacific is menaced and dominated by countless groups of islands as is the west coast of America by British Columbia; that the Northern part of the Indian Ocean is controlled by Wei-hai-Wei, Shanghai, Hongkong, Singapore, Colombo, and Koweit, the western portion by Mombasa, Zanzibar, and Durban; that the west coast of Africa is controlled by Cape Colony, St. Helena, and Lagos. Especially did these people understand the situation of Germany and her allies, the closing of the North Sea by the Orkney Islands and the Channel, the cutting off of Austria and Turkey by means of Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus, the violation of the neutrality of the Suez Canal by the occupation of Egypt, the Island of Perm and Aden. This map helped more than anything else to make these Americans see the justice of our cause and the necessity for our victory.

For these reasons the demand for the freedom of the seas has found such active support in the United States. After the Americans were taught their theoretical position of vassalage to England the practical realization of it came to them when England proved to all neutrals, including the United States, the existence of this vassalage on the seas. If a big new naval program comes up for discussion in Washington, if the United States Army is to be increased tenfold, it is not, of course, being done avowedly against England, but with the avowed purpose of being prepared against anybody attacking the national and economic interests of the United States. Prussian militarism, with which we have supposedly also inoculated this beautiful land, is achieving its greatest triumph in the United States on account of England's misuse of her power. In the United States they want to build a second largest navy, place a nation under arms. The history of the world is inexorably consistent.

The unthinking way in which a great part of the American people ranged itself against Germany, because, when she was attacked, she was prepared, has caused thinking men to ask themselves how matters stand with the United States and its

pacifist President who within the last year coined the phrase that there were nations too proud to fight and earnestly advocated the doctrine of non-resistance. This man today champions one of the most ambitious naval and military programs, not through apprehension of the alliance supposedly representing militarism, but on account of the attacks of that power which has emblazoned the struggle against militarism on her banners and will in the end arrive at universal military service. Might can be overcome by might alone; that is the unfortunate truth in this world of realities. They knew in England that here, too, the British Empire had feet of clay. It is amusing to hear what Lord Lansdowne—known to be one of the leaders of the Conservatives and now the guiding spirit in England's foreign policy—said recently to an American lawyer, who quotes him thus: "Lord Lansdowne said in a private conversation to his colleagues in the House of Lords that sooner or later the nations must decide to what extent a belligerent power controlling the straits forming great highways of commerce could close these passages in order to facilitate her warlike operations. Touching upon the subject in all its philosophic potentialities, he remarked that, just as public opinion nowhere would tolerate agreements whereby a local dispute about wages might affect the whole industrial life of the land, so also would public opinion in the great nations refuse to allow a local conflict involving only two nations to cause such serious damage and hindrance to the whole commercial world." All neutrals now see that such a situation cannot be tolerated, and they are now ranged with regard to this on the side of the Central Powers, despite the small sympathy which they otherwise have for us and our ways, and despite their powerlessness to cope at present with English encroachments on their rights.

But Sir Edward Grey, who knows better than any one else the weakness of England, has already laid stress on the fact that he will recognize the freedom of the seas after peace is declared as a valuable and proper basis for negotia-

tions. What he means by that he has not vouchsafed to us. But a large part of the strongholds blockading the open seas do not belong beyond dispute to England. Also, she maintains herself in part by means of a power resting on prestige. For this reason English world power is today doubly threatened. One cannot assume that the Spaniards are particularly delighted because Gibraltar is in English hands, and England would just now be comparatively helpless against a determined effort to wrest it from her. Every Italian looks upon Malta as a bit of purloined territory, and recently England wished to get rid of Cyprus cheaply in exchange for Greek aid.

And what of Egypt, always restless and menaced, and the rest of the naval stations lying on the Asiatic side of the universe? And, as for the naval stations on the American coast, they will exist only as long as they are not used for exerting such pressure on America as is now being exerted on Germany and Austria. Englishmen must not deceive themselves: identical interests and similarity of views on life bring American sympathies to England today, and perhaps America will always be better able to tolerate England than military Germany, which strives toward another national ideal. Maybe—but that does not mean much. The Englishman, who usually looks down upon the American with a sort of sovereign contempt and always tries to prove to him his superiority in mind and culture, is generally pretty well hated in the United States. America just now wants to keep out of war, because she can derive no benefit from it and wants to uphold her trade and the activities of her people. For these reasons American interests are identical with English. But to base any calculations for the future on this fact is utterly wrong. The United States will invariably pursue only an American policy.

In the Autumn of 1907 I was, for a short time, a guest of the Egyptian Government in Cairo on my return from East Africa. Among all the wonders which I saw—the graves of the Caliphs amid the smoke and flame of the bundles

of straw lighted in them while overhead the black sky glowed with countless stars; the Pyramids, the extraordinary mixture of peoples on the great canal dotted with the fantastic dahabeeyahs, the tens of centuries into which, so to speak, one can look while going through the great museums—among all these, one moment especially remains in my memory.

My amiable guide took me toward sunset to the citadel, beneath which Cairo, the only city of a million inhabitants in Africa, stretches out right and left. All lay silent, almost dead. Crowning the citadel is a building famous in the entire Mohammedan world, the alabaster mosque, grave of a great Sultan, wonderfully fantastic in construction, color, and form, and, by its side, is a lone guard post, a cannon protruding over the parapet, and an English redcoat, with bayonet fixed on his gun.

It was the day of the Ramazan festival. Throughout that day the Moslem stays at home fasting, observing religious usages. But, after sunset, there is revelry and feasting and celebrating, then the savings of the year are squandered.

And, as I stood there, the upper tip of the sun dropped to the horizon, and the lone English soldier placed a charge in the cannon. And just as the last gold-red glow vanished behind clouds, the shot rang out which told the people of Cairo that the hour of revelry had come.

From where there was before a stillness almost of death, there came a buzzing as of an enormous swarm of bees. The streets became black with throngs of people, and finally there arose a mighty murmur as of a city in revolt.

Ever since I have thought of that solitary English soldier who fired the cannon informing 1,000,000 Moslems that the hour for their religious festival had arrived, as the symbol of how England has up to now exercised world dominion; of how, to a certain extent, she has deserved to exercise world dominion.

I know most of those naval strongholds of England—Zanzibar, the isle of spices, separated from the east African

hinterland; the sunbaked rock of Hongkong, prescribing to millions of Chinamen in the southern provinces the routes of trade; English Shanghai, under an international flag, by means of which England is now probably trying in vain to defend her dominion over the entire Yang-tse Valley against the yellow races.

Everywhere we have the small minority of the whites against the mighty mass of other peoples; and it is the heritage of the whites which is being uselessly squandered in this war. For now England defends her world empire, not only against her European foes, but also against the natives. She will be ruined sooner or later by her betrayal of both in her present method of waging war, and thus will she pay the penalty of centuries.

This war will put an end to English arbitrary control of the sea, not only because, as we all hope, the European Central Powers will be victorious, but because they have in this struggle the support of all the neutral foreign nations—yes, even the support of England's present allies.

Already English dominion over the sea is crumbling. A year ago the German-Austrian march to the Dardanelles would have been looked upon as a mad dream; today it is a reality. For us Central Europeans the sea route is unnecessary, in abnormal times, as a way to the frontiers of India.

But the immense advantage of the sea is that enormous quantities of goods can be transported at extraordinarily low rates and railways cannot compete with it. Therefore, if I am to tell from my experience how the new constellation of power rising over the world is to develop, I must lay down as an essential preliminary that it must make itself as independent as possible from the sea route, not only in war but in peace. The development of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy will probably be due to the harmonizing of manufactures and agri-

culture. For this, extensive means of transportation will be necessary, which, if possible, should not be railways. This leads to the thought of the completion of the Central European network of canals, and the deepening of rivers not now navigable, whereby the advantages of the sea route will be attained, to a considerable extent, although, of course, not by any means entirely. I am here touching upon one of the most interesting of community problems.

And this brings me to something else: This is the first time since my return from the United States that I have spoken in public. I was there as a delegate of the German Red Cross, and I wish to bear witness here to the admirable manner in which Americans of German and Austro-Hungarian extraction remembered their old country and its troubles. Do not forget the difficult position in which these friends of ours found themselves; nor how they had solemnly sworn allegiance to their new country, an oath which they neither wished then nor will wish in future to break. They must make up their minds as to what they, as Americans, think is for the advantage of America. They will decide as one should decide in a land of many nationalities like America, viz., "to be a good friend to all and allow no partisan taking of sides."

But from the beginning many of them were not equal to the situation. Many had to be told of the incredible slanders heaped upon Germany and Austria-Hungary by our enemies. Then their sentiments were expressed all the more strongly. * * *

So the German world across the sea has at least remained morally a great human community, a community that has deserved to have other peoples and nations group themselves around it, a community which will prove its own worth by what it does for other nations. By human and Divine right we are justified in believing that glorious success awaits our unswerving will to win.

Russia Arraigned

By Count Apponyi, in an Address at Budapest

Count Albert Apponyi of Hungary has been mentioned as a possible successor to Dr. Dumba as Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the United States; hence his utterances have a special significance. Count Apponyi for forty-five years has been a leading figure in the political life of the Dual Monarchy; he is a former Speaker of the Hungarian Parliament and one of the chief factors in the Inter-parliamentary Union.

WHAT about this universal war which has grown out of a local conflict? Who is responsible for its horrors, for its calamities? The answer to this question is perfectly clear.

Since Austria-Hungary was in a state of lawful defense against Serbian aggression, those are responsible for the greater evil who espoused the cause of that aggression. And this is exactly what Russia did. That country is the great culprit. It is due to her policy that we have this main fountain from whence flows all this blood and all these tears. Her allies have been drawn by her into this awful maelstrom. I do not here wish to extenuate the guilt and the consequent disgrace of supposedly highly cultivated nations like France and England, who in one way or another became the patrons and the associates of a gang of Serbian murderers. But on Russia rests the chief responsibility, and on her head falls the great sin against humanity implied in this war.

It is quite true, in her war manifesto Russia attempts to pose as the chivalrous defender of a weak country against a strong one. The ignorant may believe this, but, as a matter of fact, it is nothing less than pure humbug to make such a declaration. Russia does not wish Serbia to become a decent country and a loyal neighbor; Russia drew her sword to make it possible that the conspiracies against Austria-Hungary's safety and

the plots of murder implied against them should go on undisturbed. Russia stands behind that dark work with all her might and all her power. This is just part and parcel of her intriguing policy. The purpose was exactly to keep Austria-Hungary in a state of constant unrest, to have us experience all sorts of economic difficulties and such a moral decomposition as would make us ready to receive our final deathblow.

The mask finally fell, and it is known today that Serbia was merely the Russian outpost behind which the Russian policy could, unhampered, support those miserable acts that compelled Austria-Hungary, much against its will, to stand up for its dignity and safety against a small neighbor. But Russia is unveiled before human conscience as responsible for the horrors of this universal war. Before peace can be thought of the power of Russian aggrandizement must be broken. Not until then can Europe look safely to its peace.

To bring the whole mass of Slavs under her dominion, or at least under her control; to get the mastery of Constantinople and of an exit toward the southern seas—these have been the dominating motives of Russia's policy since she became conscious of herself. She has never desisted from these motives, but she took care to let them rest so long as she did not feel strong enough single-handed to enforce them.

It was perfectly clear to Russia that her aim could be reached only through war with Austria-Hungary; and it was just as clear that under no circumstances would Germany desert her ally.

The French alliance did not seem sufficiently strong or clearly marked to overcome the combined force of the Central Powers. But matters took on an entirely different complexion when England joined the Russo-French entente. Now Russia began to discern something

that would portend success to her ambitious plans, and at once her policy as regards the Balkans became insolent and aggressive. We need not deny that England's motive for joining the Franco-Russian entente was based on her growing concern regarding Germany's economic expansion and foreign trade. In that sense England's envy of Germany's economic progress may be considered one of the causes of the present world war. Of course, without England's support Russia would not have gone to war.

To repeat, Russia's lust of conquest and England's envious feelings against Germany were responsible for the tendencies that created the war. France's desire for revanche is, of course, another factor entering into the premises.

The German Emperor has been accused unjustly of inciting the war; this I know to be an absolute fact. His chief ambition during his rule has been to preserve peace and to end his days as a "Peace Emperor." He had to prepare for war because his neighbors threatened his peace ideals. Germany, it is true, has the most perfect military in-

strument in existence; she never intended to use it for aggression, but only for the safety of herself and her ally.

Another man to be absolved is our aged King. He has not the slightest responsibility for the war, and only wished to end his days in peace. But we could not, of course, stand quietly by and see Serbia try to force an ignominious division of territory of our monarchy.

I believe the Balkan situation as it is today will bring a solution more quickly than at first anticipated. I predict that a new era of freedom will come to the Balkan peoples when they join the political system of the Central Powers and become emancipated from the thralldom of Russia. Commercial prospects of the greatest purport open for us when Asia Minor and Central Asia are brought into direct communication with Central Europe. Then, and then only, can peace be restored on a basis of fair play. The door will stand open to all. The world is big enough to accommodate every nation and every people aspiring to a place in the family of nations.

Song of the Teutonic Alliance

A new variant of "Deutschland über Alles" appears in Die Woche. It goes to the same tune, which, of course, is that of the Austrian national anthem, and is entitled "The Song of Alliance." The first stanza opens with the declaration that:

Deutschland, Ostreich, Seit an Seite,
Ostreich, Deutschland, treu gesellt,
Stehn geeint zu heil'gem Streite,
Bieten Trotz der ganzen Welt.

Translated, this means that "Germany and Austria, side by side, as true comrades, stand united in holy strife and bid defiance to the whole world." This note of defiance is carried on to the last stanza, which opens with the image of

Hand in hand the Kaisers standing,
And the eagles wing to wing.



British Plan to Starve Germany

As the present number of CURRENT HISTORY goes to press there is every indication of more drastic measures on the part of the British Government to starve out Germany by making the naval blockade so complete as to amount to "strangulation." This step was foreshadowed during the debate in the House of Lords on Dec. 20, when the Lord President of the Council said: "The Government has been falsely charged with displaying too great tenderness toward Germany. If we could absolutely besiege and really starve Germany we would do so at the first possible moment. There is no difference from the point of view of humanity in besieging a city and besieging a country."

AN important speech in favor of using the whole economic strength of the British Empire in a policy directed against the enemy was made by Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, in the House of Commons on Jan. 10. He said:

There are signs that at last Germany is beginning to feel the economic pressure of our blockade. Her food supplies are becoming depleted, while ours are increasing. Bread riots in Berlin and in nearly every other big German city do not occur without good reasons. We have deprived the enemy of many necessities of warfare, and possibly some of the necessities of life. Her stocks of raw materials are giving out. Economic pressure, possibly better than any other means, will ultimately persuade Germany of the fruitlessness of continuing the struggle.

We can stand the strain longer than Germany, and if we husband our resources the disaster that will fall upon her will be almost irreparable. We must make it clear, however, that when peace comes we will not permit the outbreak of the economic war which Germany would wage against ourselves and our allies.

I am not prepared to wait for the end of the war to take steps to deal with this matter. It has been all along the policy of the British Board of Trade to capture German trade while the war is still on. In the case

of South America, we have, since the war began, developed a trade which I hope will continue long after the cessation of hostilities. We have completely broken down the German monopolies in optical glass, dyes, electrical apparatus, and certain chemicals, and these monopolies will not again be renewed.

The policy of the Board of Trade is that there shall be no essential article, either for the arts of peace or war, that we cannot produce within either Great Britain or the empire.

We are not yet at the end of our ingenuity in winning the war.

The forecast that the British Government was about to give effect to the policy of trying to starve out Germany was contained in a London cable dated Jan. 12. The British policy was to be carried to a further extent than had hitherto been found possible, in view of the necessity of reconciling it with the preservation of neutral interests. "In other words," said the correspondent, "the naval noose around Germany's neck will be tightened to the point of strangulation."

Mr. Runciman's speech, quoted above, was followed by a controversy in Great Britain as to whether the blockade against Germany was really effective. There existed, The London Evening News declared, "a notable leakage in the ring which our fleet has drawn around the enemy country—a ring which the navy could maintain whole and effective if it were not for Foreign Office interference." The campaign for eliminating "Foreign Office interference" had progressed to such a point that, according to THE NEW YORK TIMES correspondent, preparations were already being made for the announcement of certain steps which would satisfy even those who held with Sir Edward Carson's view, expressed in the House of Commons on Jan. 11, that "the Government has been swayed hitherto by minor considerations."

The Foreign Office's policy of consideration for neutrals was to a certain ex-

tent regarded as one of the "minor considerations." Advocates of an out-and-out blockade of Germany quoted startling figures to show the importation by Germany of goods consigned to neutral countries, such as Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. The solution would be the declaration of a naval blockade of Germany, hampered by none of the judicial niceties which Mr. Asquith once believed would be avoided by the policy laid down under the Orders in Council. Almost at the outset, said a correspondent, "the best American opinion counseled Great Britain to declare an out-and-out blockade rather than have recourse to the policy of Orders in Council.

To what extent the British blockade had already been effective in making Germany feel "the pinch of hunger" is shown in the German press. The Berliner Zeitung is quoted in a dispatch dated Jan. 12 as saying:

It is difficult to imagine that things could grow worse just now without some crowning disaster. The masses of the people are hungry all day long, many articles of food having reached a price wholly beyond the reach of the families of the working class. Hunger renders the people sullen and deprives them of all joy in victories, though all the bells are ringing and flags wave. The children are underfed, pale, and wan, looking like faded flowers. In the meantime we are informed that the military authorities have forbidden meetings convened to discuss the high cost of living.

Commenting on the official exhortations to the poor to economize, Vorwärts, the Socialist organ, says:

For the midday meal one must not arrange matters according to one's wish, taste, or habit, but must select those foods which are most cheaply obtained. One must break the habit of eating bread, butter, and sausage for supper.

During discussions in the Budget Commission and in the Reichstag Food Committee the following utterances were heard:

Deputy Ebert—The bitter dissatisfaction among the people is due to conditions in the potato market. The

Government has bungled the problem. It is a lie to say that potatoes are selling at peace prices.

President Kautz—The potato problem is beset with difficulties. Last year the experts declared that there was no need for Government intervention. Nothing was done. The cron was late. Difficulties of transportation arose; hence a scarcity.

Deputy Behrens demanded higher bread rations for the forestry workers.

At the same time efforts are being made to discover new foods by scientific means. The Berliner Tageblatt says:

A valuable new food has been produced by Veterinary Surgeon Alois Walz, director of the municipal slaughter house at Graz. He has succeeded in extracting from ox blood its albumen in such a manner that both the odor and taste of the blood are entirely removed. It has proved an excellent substitute for chicken. It also yields an admirable beef tea.

Several newspapers publish a letter to the German Crown Princess from a soldier's wife at Essen, who explains how she makes all milk serve not only as milk but also as butter.

Apart from foodstuffs, German science is reported to be discovering substitutes. For example, the Frankfurter Zeitung says:

Almost at the very hour at which the Imperial Chancellor informed the Reichstag that the German spirit of research and invention had succeeded in making artificial rubber a German factory had actually produced a very satisfactory kind of tire made out of synthetic rubber.

In the speech referred to the Chancellor had said that it was absurd to suppose that a great power could be forced to make peace for lack of rubber.

In contrast with the foregoing, the German Chancellor in an official declaration to Parliament on Jan. 13, 1916, declared that the efforts to starve out Germany were entirely futile, and added that the efficiency and economy practiced in the German agricultural districts absolutely insured a plentiful supply of all food necessities for the empire from the soil of Germany alone for many years.

"King Poincaré"

By Dr. Paul Rohrbach

Heading this article as above, Dr. Paul Rohrbach, the well-known German publicist, has contributed to Groessere Deutschland an arraignment of the small group which, led by the President of the French Republic, he says, completely dominates the military and political situation in France during the war.

WHAT I am now writing is largely based on information received by me from a neutral observer, a statesman long resident in the French capital. It is apparent from what I have learned that altogether too much importance was attached at the time to the Ministerial changes in France. My informant, in fact, is certain that in reality there has been no change. The oligarchy made up of Messrs. Aynard, Hottinguer, Mallet, Rothschild, &c., has simply changed about some of its lieutenants. In place of Viviani it is now Briand. Poincaré's old chum, Millerand, the creator of drum-beating as a political factor, is gone. But Combes and Burgeois, who with Briand were responsible for the introduction of the new Jacobinism in the Governmental machinery of France, have kept at their task with a "refinement" worthy of Neroism at its worst.

And "King Poincaré" remains. The small group that has compromised both the military organization and the foreign policy of France is in control. The money autocrats succeeded in effecting a Ministerial crisis, but they saw to it that the system was kept intact. So far as it concerns the welfare of the people the situation is unchanged. Briand or Viviani, Thomson or Clementel, Millerand, or Combes, it is all the same. There remains in control the all-powerful group of financiers that brutalizes Parliament, the press, and the general public. There is nothing whatever to show that this plutocratic clique has lost any influence as Governmental factors. The damage inflicted by this privileged group is in-

calculable. It has centred all power in itself. It has set up King Poincaré as the uncrowned symbol which is meant to represent France and its idealism.

The greatest danger to the French Republic is not to be found in the Royalists, nor in the Bonapartists. Today the actual influence of these groups is quite negligible. On the other hand, look at such newspapers as Action Française, Gaulois, and the Echo de Paris. Readers of these papers have increased enormously since the beginning of the war. And then glance likewise at the official publications, such as Le Temps and Journal des Debats. To a man they support M. Poincaré.

Now, I suppose you will ask why this is so. Well, it is quite natural, since to all intents and purposes all initiative and all power rests exclusively in the hands of Poincaré, who is responsible for the prevalent system. I also wish to remind you that with a shrewd stroke of the pen King Poincaré vaingloriously falsified the origin of the world war.

My informant recalls the proceedings in Paris toward the end of July, 1914. We have, furthermore, the version of The Manchester Guardian in its war history, Vol. XII., where we read: "Up to July 31, the evening preceding general mobilization, the Parisian public declined to believe that France would be drawn into such a conflict for such a reason. * * *

"Thursday, July 30, the Government had furnished to the press a statement quite optimistic in tone, but the hope arose the following day when the Agence Havas announced that the German Government was getting ready to mobilize. But no one knew in Paris that Russia, without informing the French Government, had ordered a general mobilization the day before. Then, when it became known that German troops were concentrated on the frontier, sentiment in France changed."

France did not want the war until it

felt that there was danger of attack. In spite of the threatening situation the pacific sentiment of the French people was still so strongly emphasized that the Militarist Party found it necessary to murder J  ures.

To quote once more from The Manchester Guardian: "If France had not then considered itself in danger of a German attack, an uprising by the people would have followed as a result of J  ures's death. The feeling was general in Paris that the murder of J  ures could only have come about through the instrumentalities of the Militarist Party. It was felt to be essential to get the great apostle of peace out of the way. He was the only man, perhaps, who in France could have prevented the war. For more than a year his life had been threatened by the Royalists and the Militarists, and only fourteen days before his death two newspapers stated that on the day of the general mobilization J  ures would be shot to death."

It is not overstating facts to say that in case, after J  ures's murder, the German Kaiser's telegram to the King of England, on Aug. 1, had been made public in France, the French Government would have found it difficult to make of the war a people's war. The telegram, as all the world knows, said: "If France will guarantee me peace, * * * I will then not look for an attack from that side, but will employ my troops elsewhere. * * * Instructions are being telephoned and telegraphed the troops not to cross the border. * * *"

But Poincar   saw to it that this telegram was not then made public in France.

Every protest of the French newspaper organizations against the unwarranted muzzling of the press by the censor has been in vain. As a matter of fact, almost every protest has gone unanswered.

Then King Poincar   robbed Parliament of its due rights. Did not Clemenceau cry aloud in his *L'Homme Encha  n  * that in England and even in Russia the press enjoyed far greater freedom than in republican France? *Humanit  * declared

that every question up in Parliament, if not satisfactory to the powers that were, would instantly be suppressed. For months the *D  p  che de Rouen*, *Humanit  *, and *Bonnet Rouge* argued against the absolutism of the Government. The democratic privileges of Parliament—the right to speak openly on public questions concerning Parliament and Government—requests for information on matters of diplomatic and military consequence, are no longer tolerated. The sittings of the two chambers have been reduced to the nice level of a 5 o'clock tea!

King Poincar   reigns supremely and absolutely.

And the Opposition? Clemenceau is now too old and too feeble to any longer count for much. "*La Bataille syndicaliste*" has ceased to exist. *L'Humanit  *, once upon a time, under J  ures's peerless leadership, the best political publication in all France, has now only one-half the number of readers as formerly, and, what is still worse, stands for not one-half the democratic purity in principle and convincing power as before.

For money, and perhaps fine words in the bargain, Gustave Herv   has allowed himself to be beguiled by the Government, and it is now some months since he has stood up for the politics and the policies of the bank-autocracy. And the once strong and hopeful elements, the Radicals and the Socialistic Parties, have either come to a sudden stop in their activities or have, in cowardly fashion, withdrawn themselves entirely.

The emblazoning, magnificent democratic spirit of France that reaches from 1789 to 1871, stands today extinguished.

Yes, France may today range itself apparently solid and united behind its uncrowned King, Raymond Poincar  . But he it is who has poured into his own melting pot the capitalistic interests, the anti-religionists of the Third Republic, the military absolutism and the Nationalists. These he has molded into a new system of absolute domination. And all this Poincar   then stamps as democratic idealism; it is his version of liberty, equality, fraternity!

England and Conscription

By an English Parliamentarian

I SPEAK only as a soldier," said Lord Kitchener in the House of Lords, "with a single eye to the successful conduct of the war. I feel sure that every one will agree that the fullest, fairest trial has been given to the system which I found in existence and of which I felt it my duty to make the best use.

"We are now asking Parliament to sanction a change, as it has been proved that in the special circumstances of this utterly unprecedented struggle the existing system without modification is not equal to maintaining the army that is needed to secure victory."

Kitchener dominates England today as England has not been dominated by a soldier since the day of Wellington; Kitchener is, in fact if not in name, the effective head of the British Government, as Wellington came to be in both fact and name, and it is not too much to say that Kitchener's single will and the example of his devotion has won the day for conscription, and for justice, in England, and has set England's feet firmly on the path which she must tread if the Entente powers are to win the war—the path of arduous yet certain victory.

The real purpose of the British bill is not to compel brave men to fight; with the best men of English blood there is no need for that. It is to bring pressure upon the cowards, to compel them to be courageous, to choose sacrifice instead of selfishness. That the English, the most democratic of all nations, have determined to do this by an overwhelming majority gives new hope for the future of the empire, for the future of mankind.

On Jan. 4 Lord Derby presented to Lord Kitchener, as Secretary for War, his report on the result of the splendid recruiting campaign which is so largely the fruit of Lord Derby's genius and inspiring personality. That report showed

that, out of a total of just over 5,000,000 men, approximately 3,000,000 responded to the call of their country's need. Of those who thus responded under half a million were rejected as physically unfit, leaving a total of 2,521,661 who have put themselves on record as ready to fight and to die for the cause of the Allies. More than one-tenth of these enlisted for immediate service.

As the purpose of this recruiting campaign was to raise another million men for the army, giving Kitchener the four million that he deems indispensable, Lord Derby's plan is without doubt a magnificent success. But there is one important point—with the backing of the Prime Minister, Lord Derby gave his pledge that the married men who put themselves on record as ready to answer the call to the colors—who "attested," as the phrase is—would not be called until all the eligible single men had joined the colors, and it is precisely from this point that the present movement for compulsion starts. The final figures show that of some two million single men just over a million have not offered themselves for service. Of these one-third are, for one or another reason, exempt; there remain, therefore, 651,160 available single men who have refused to respond to the call of the nation, and the Government—in its way the best coalition Government England has ever had—is now determined to pass a law to compel these single men to serve their country.

The great weakness of the bill seems to be this—it is a war measure only, and even as a war measure merely supplements something else; the Conscription bill, if we are to call it this, is the tail of Lord Derby's kite, not a substantive, comprehensive scheme. As it is a war measure only, its effect will be, at the close of the present war, to leave England in the same dangerous situation of unpreparedness that she occupied at the

beginning of August, 1914. It is not too much to say that the cost of that unpreparedness has been terrible, and that this cost has been paid, not only by England herself, but by the men—and the women—of Belgium, of Serbia, of Northern France. The refusal to make a sacrifice at the right time bears a more usurious interest than any other form of cowardice or sin. The present bill, therefore, is but “a sop to Cerberus” and leaves England’s permanent danger untouched. It is the act of a courage that is still half cowardice. But, for the moment, let that pass.

The opposition to the bill brings into high relief the present dislocation of the English parliamentary system. There are no longer two great parties in the British Parliament—there are four or five. This is an approach to the situation in the French Chamber of Deputies and implies something of the instability which has reigned in that Chamber throughout the whole life of the Third Republic.

The first great breach in the English two-party system was made by Parnell, who showed himself frankly ready to accept gifts from either party; gifts beginning with Gladstone’s first Land act and including the Land Purchase acts of Gerald Balfour and George Wyndham, and promised gifts, like Gladstone’s two Home Rule bills, and Asquith’s bill still pending. The result of these gifts and of the genuine good-will which inspires them is the slow but sure conversion of Ireland from the position of an alien nation to that of an integral part of the empire. But up to the present that conversion is only half complete. In Ireland, therefore, is to be found one of the elements of opposition to the Government’s Conscription bill, precisely because Irishmen, as a whole, are not yet fully willing to fight the battles of the empire and, remembering their own past hardships, are not yet fully convinced that the cause of the empire is the cause of human liberty. This is why the Irish, though a warlike nation, has responded far less readily than, let us say, Scotland to the call for soldiers. This is

why Lord Derby’s splendid scheme did not include Ireland. Finally, this is why the present Conscription bill, which supplements Lord Derby’s scheme, leaves Ireland out.

In one noteworthy respect, among many, France has shown herself definitely in advance of England—she has solved, and triumphantly solved, the great problem which England still timorously faces, the question whether the narrow, selfish interests of certain classes—in this case, the class of organized labor—are to transcend the interests of the nation. It is of excellent omen that it is precisely M. Briand, the present head of the French Government, who, with a courage that Asquith and his friends may well envy, so wisely and effectively solved that question for France in the great fight in which he broke the back of syndicalism and sabotage. And he won it by calling out the reserves of the French Army—which included the syndicalist strikers themselves; by calling on the soldier’s valor, which has since flamed so brightly in the heart of every Frenchman. Asquith and his colleagues have not yet found the courage to do that, but they are moving in that direction.

It is noteworthy that the present opposition to Mr. Asquith’s Conscription bill comes precisely from those elements in the British Isles which Mr. Asquith’s Liberal Cabinet most sedulously favored, at the expense, perhaps, of a stricter justice—the classes whom the Parliament act, the Old Age Pensions act, and the Home Rule bill were especially intended to please; and, further, that the Ministers who have met with the most opposition and adversity are precisely Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, the chief sponsors for recent socialistic legislation.

On Jan. 11 there happened in the Parliament at Westminster one of the decisive events of modern history. Not generously, not enthusiastically, but none the less effectively, Mr. Redmond, the Parliamentary leader of the Irish party, declared that he and his followers would not further oppose the Government’s Military Service bill. This declaration

he based, not on principle, not on patriotism, but on mere expediency. The Irish Nationalists had made their protest against the bill. Recognizing that the measure had the support of the overwhelming majority of British representatives in the House of Commons and was, therefore, certain to pass, Mr. Redmond and his colleagues would not take the responsibility of further opposition. * * *

This insures victory for the bill and, if Kitchener be right, the victory of the Allies in the war. It is, therefore, a decisive fact in history.

But what are we to say of the position in which it leaves Ireland? Perhaps we can best answer this in the words of Sir Edward Carson, the leader of militant Ulster:

I welcome Mr. Redmond's announcement, but I regret that the honorable gentleman should not have gone a step further and led his party into the House in favor of the bill. It would have been even better if the honorable gentleman had allowed Ireland to be included. He and I are old opponents, but I can assure him from the bottom of my heart that nothing would be more likely to bring us together on a common platform than that we should find Ireland, together with England, Scotland, and Wales, absolutely unanimous in what we believe necessary for winning the war.

I am profoundly disappointed with the way the Coalition Government has dealt with the matter of Ireland. Is Ireland less concerned with the result of the war than Great Britain? You may go on making sacrifices and we will be prepared to rejoice in and share the result. As an Irishman I say that Ireland should be ashamed to be open to such reproach.

Has Ireland done better than Great Britain in recruiting? She has not done half as well, and it is a great mistake to go on buttering her up, telling her she has done splendidly when she has not.

I make one more appeal to Mr. Redmond. It is that he consider whether Ireland cannot even now be included in the bill.

In my heart I believe that, when the hour of victory comes, as it certainly will come, we who are Irishmen will feel the deepest shame to remember that we expected others to make sacrifices from which we provided our own exclusion.

The opposition to the bill melted away at its second reading, so that only thirty-nine votes were recorded against it. The Irish Nationalists and the Labor members voted affirmatively on this reading. The only Cabinet member who resigned in consequence of the bill was Sir John Simon, Home Secretary, who was succeeded by Mr. Herbert Samuel. The measure is expected to become a law before Feb. 1.

French and English Studies in Germany

Fräulein Dr. Käthe Schirmacher, a well-known authoress, and a prominent worker in the movement for the betterment of the position of women, has been lecturing in Kiel on problems arising out of the war. According to the Kiel Neueste Nachrichten, this lady says:

French and English must no longer be obligatory subjects in our girls' schools; our enemies would feel this blow, for it would prove to them that the times have really changed. Moreover, French and English are really not necessary to an educated German woman. Intercourse with foreigners must be considerably reduced after the war, and our national dignity demands that we should purchase no foreign products. The physical fitness of the German girl must be enhanced by means of long walks, of gymnastic exercises, and by the creation of a corps of girl volunteers. It is only when the body has been strengthened by military drill that the intellectual faculties can be properly developed.

The Ancona Case: Second Phase

Text of Diplomatic Notes That Carried the Affair Past the Critical Point

Austria-Hungary's reply to the first American note in regard to the sinking of the Italian-American steamship Ancona by an Austrian submarine was not regarded as satisfactory by the United States Government, and was followed by a second, even firmer than the first. Ambassador Penfield handed this to Baron Burian, the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, on Dec. 21, 1915. Austria's second reply, which conceded the American demands and practically closed this serious incident, was transmitted on Dec. 29, 1915. The full text of both notes is given below.

TEXT OF SECOND ANCONA NOTE TO AUSTRIA

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, Dec. 19, 1915.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE TO AMBASSADOR PENFIELD:

You are instructed to address a note to the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, textually as follows:

THE Government of the United States has received the note of your Excellency relative to the sinking of the Ancona, which was delivered at Vienna on Dec. 15, 1915, and transmitted to Washington, and has given the note immediate and careful consideration.

On Nov. 15, 1915, Baron Zwiedenek, the Chargé d'Affaires of the Imperial and Royal Government at Washington, transmitted to the Department of State a report of the Austro-Hungarian Admiralty with regard to the sinking of the steamship Ancona, in which it was admitted that the vessel was torpedoed after her engines had been stopped and when passengers were still on board.

This admission alone is, in the view of the Government of the United States, sufficient to fix upon the commander of the submarine which fired the torpedo the responsibility for having willfully violated the recognized law of nations and entirely disregarded those humane principles which every belligerent should observe in the conduct of war at sea.

In view of these admitted circumstances the Government of the United States feels justified in holding that the details of the sinking of the Ancona, the

weight and character of the additional testimony corroborating the Admiralty's report, and the number of Americans killed or injured are in no way essential matters of discussion. The culpability of the commander is in any case established, and the undisputed fact is that citizens of the United States were killed, injured, or put in jeopardy by his lawless act.

The rules of international law and the principles of humanity which were thus willfully violated by the commander of the submarine have been so long and so universally recognized and are so manifest from the standpoint of right and justice that the Government of the United States does not feel called upon to debate them and does not understand that the Imperial and Royal Government questions or disputes them.

The Government of the United States therefore finds no other course open to it but to hold the Imperial and Royal Government responsible for the act of its naval commander and to renew the definite but respectful demands made in its communication of the 6th of December, 1915.

It sincerely hopes that the foregoing statement of its position will enable the Imperial and Royal Government to perceive the justice of those demands and to comply with them in the same spirit of frankness and with the same concern for the good relations now existing between the United States and Austria-Hungary which prompted the Government of the United States to make them.

LANSING.

Text of the Austrian Reply, Granting Every Demand

Vienna, Dec. 29, 1915.

In answer to your very esteemed note, No. 4,307, of the 21st inst., the subscriber has the honor to lay the following most respectfully before his Excellency the Ambassador of the United States of America, Frederic Courtland Penfield:

THE Imperial and Royal Government agrees thoroughly with the American Cabinet that the sacred commandments of humanity must be observed also in war. Just as it has hitherto given at no time and to no person occasion to doubt its respect for these commandments, in like manner also in the whole course of this war, which presents such pictures of confusion of moral conceptions, has it given numerous proofs of humanitarian sentiments toward enemies as well as toward neutral States, and it was not due to this Government that it was a short time ago not precisely in harmony with the Washington Cabinet on a question which it, (the Austro-Hungarian Government,) in harmony with the entire public opinion in Austria-Hungary, regarded principally a question of humanity.

The Imperial and Royal Government can also substantially concur in the principle, expressed in the very esteemed note, that private ships, in so far as they do not flee or offer resistance, may not be destroyed without the persons aboard being brought into safety.

The Imperial and Royal Government is very responsive to the assurance that the Federal Government lays value upon seeing that the good relations which happily exist between Austria-Hungary and the United States of America are maintained. It reciprocates this assurance most warmly, and is now, as heretofore, concerned to render these relations more hearty, so far as lies in its power.

Guided by the same spirit of frankness as the Government of the Union, the Imperial and Royal Government, although it does not find in the note, frequently

referred to, the answer to all the legitimate questions submitted by it, is willing to communicate to the Federal Government the result of the investigation which, in accordance with existing departmental regulations, was begun immediately after the receipt of the fleet report on the sinking of the Ancona, and which was just recently received.

The result of this investigation may be summarized as follows:

On Nov. 7, 1915, at 11:40 o'clock in the forenoon, the commander of the submarine observed, in latitude 38.40 north, longitude 10.08 east, in foggy weather, at a distance, roundly, 3,000 meters and one point to starboard, the outlines of a large Italian steamer. He took it at first for a transport steamer, and turned about and fired from his rear gun a warning shot far from the vessel.

Simultaneously he displayed the signal, "Leave the ship." The steamer did not stop, but rather turned aside and sought to escape. The commander at first remained stopped for some minutes, in order to increase the distance, since he feared that the steamer had a stern gun and would fire at the submarine with it.

When the distance had reached 4,500 meters, he had the pursuit taken up with full power, and fired from his forward gun at a decreasing distance sixteen shells, among which he observed three hits.

During the chase the steamer went zigzag, and stopped only after the third hit. Thereupon the commander ceased firing.

During the flight the steamer had already, while at full speed, let some boats with persons in them fall, which immediately capsized. After stopping, the steamer began launching boats.

From a distance of about 2,000 meters the commander saw that six boats were filled and rowed hastily away from the steamer. Another boat was capsized

and floated keel up. The people held on to the hanging lines and to the cap-sized boat.

During the further approach of the submarine the commander saw that a great panic reigned aboard, and that he had to deal with a passenger steamer, namely, the *Ancona*, from Genoa. Therefore he gave the occupants of the steamer more time than was required to leave the ship in lifeboats.

At least ten lifeboats were still aboard, which would have more than sufficed for the rescue of the persons still aboard. One of these boats hung, full of people, half turned outward on the davits.

Since, however, except for this, no further move was made to lower boats, the commander decided, after a lapse of forty-five minutes, to torpedo the ship in such a manner that it should remain a considerable time afloat, in order that, on the one hand, the getting of the people into the lifeboats should be hastened, and that, on the other, adequate opportunity should remain for rescuing the persons still aboard.

Shortly thereafter a steamer became visible which was throwing out heavy clouds of smoke and headed toward the *Ancona*. It apparently had been summoned by the *Ancona's* wireless.

Since the submarine commander had to reckon on an attack by a steamer, which he took for an enemy cruiser, he submerged, after having, at 12:35 o'clock in the afternoon, had a torpedo fired into the forward baggage hold of the *Ancona* from a distance of 800 meters. The *Ancona* listed about 10 degrees to starboard after this shot.

Thereupon an effort was made to lower the lifeboat which already was half turned out on the davits. It broke loose, however, and fell into the water. The lifeboat floated keel down further, and the people held fast to the gunwale. Of the other boats none was lowered into the water, although persons could still be observed aboard.

The steamer gradually righted itself to an even keel and settled so slowly that the submarine commander at first doubted whether the steamer would sink. Not until 1:20 o'clock did it sink, after

a lengthy parallel settling, with the bow first.

During these further forty-five minutes all persons yet aboard could have been saved without difficulty with the boats still on hand.

From the fact that this, contrary to his expectations, was not done, the commander concluded that the crew, contrary to all seamen's customs, had accomplished their own rescue with the first boats and abandoned to themselves the passengers intrusted to their protection.

The weather at the time of the incident was good and the sea calm, so that the lifeboats could have reached the nearest coast without danger, as indeed the lifeboats actually were damaged only by the unskilled lowering, but not after they had struck the water.

The loss of human lives is in the first instance by no means ascribable to the sinking of the ship, but (and in all probability in a much higher measure) to the rapid lowering (*hinunter werfen*) of the boats during full speed, as well as to the fact that the crew, concerned only for itself, did not rescue the passengers of the capsized boats.

It is also probably ascribable to shots which hit the fleeing vessel, but the death of persons who sank with the steamer is also, above all, ascribable to the disloyal conduct of the crew.

As appears from the above-adduced state of affairs, the very esteemed note of Dec. 9 is based in many points on incorrect premises. Information reaching the United States Government that solid shot was immediately fired toward the steamer is incorrect; it is incorrect that the submarine overhauled the steamer during the chase; it is incorrect that only a brief period was given for getting the people into the boats. On the contrary, an unusually long period was granted to the *Ancona* for getting passengers into the boats. Finally, it is incorrect that a number of shells were still fired at the steamer after it had stopped.

The facts of the case demonstrate further that the commander of the submarine granted the steamer a full forty-five minutes' time, that is, more than an adequate period to give the persons

aboard an opportunity to take to the boats. Then, since the people were not all saved, he carried out the torpedoing in such a manner that the ship would remain above water the longest possible time, doing this with the purpose of making possible the abandonment of the vessel on boats still in hand.

Since the ship remained a further forty-five minutes above water, he would have accomplished his purpose if the crew of the Ancona had not abandoned the passengers in a manner contrary to duty.

With full consideration, however, of this conduct of the commander, aimed at accomplishing the rescue of the crew and passengers, the Imperial and Royal Marine authorities reached the conclusion that he had omitted to take adequately into consideration the panic that had broken out among the passengers, which rendered difficult the taking to the boats, and the spirit of the regulation that Imperial and Royal Marine officers shall fail in giving help to nobody in need, not even to an enemy.

Therefore the officer was punished, in accordance with the existing rules, for exceeding his instructions.

The Imperial and Royal Government in the face of this state of affairs does not hesitate to draw the corresponding conclusions respecting the indemnification of American citizens affected by the sinking of the prize, but in this regard it makes the following statement:

The investigation into the sinking of the Ancona could naturally furnish no essential point to show in how far a right to an indemnity is to be granted American citizens. The Imperial and Royal Government cannot, indeed, even according to the view of the Washington Cabinet, be held liable for damages

which resulted from the undoubtedly justified bombardment of the fleeing ship.

It should just as little have to answer for the damages which came to pass before the torpedoing of the ship through the faulty lowering of lifeboats or the capsizing of lowered boats.

The Imperial and Royal Government must assume that the Washington Government is in a position and disposed to give it (the Austro-Hungarian Government) the required and certainly not unimportant information in this respect.

If, however, because of possible lack of material proofs, the particular circumstances under which American citizens suffered damage should not have become known to the Union Government, the Royal Government, in consideration for the humanely deeply regrettable incident, and by a desire to proclaim once again its friendly feeling toward the Federal Government, would be gladly willing to disregard this gap in the evidence and to extend indemnities also to those damaged whose cause cannot be established.

While the Imperial and Royal Government may probably consider the affair of the Ancona as settled with the foregoing statements, it reserves to itself at this time the right to bring up for discussion at a later period the difficult questions of international law connected with submarine warfare.

The undersigned has the honor to request most respectfully that his Excellency the Ambassador of the United States of America will be pleased to bring the foregoing to the attention of the Federal Government, and takes advantage of this opportunity to renew to his Excellency an expression of his most especial esteem. BURIAN.

Germany's Pledge of Safety in the Mediterranean

During negotiations looking toward a final settlement of the Lusitania affair—after a visit of Count Bernstorff to the State Department on Jan. 7, 1916—Secretary Lansing issued the following statement, comprising the text of new written guarantees given by the German

Government as to vessels in the Mediterranean:

THE German Ambassador today left at the Department of State, under instructions from his Government, the following communication:

"(1) German submarines in the Medi-

terranean had, from the beginning, orders to conduct cruiser warfare against enemy merchant vessels only in accordance with general principles of international law, and in particular measures of reprisal, as applied in the war zone around the British Isles, were to be excluded.

"(2) German submarines are therefore permitted to destroy enemy merchant vessels in the Mediterranean—i. e., passenger as well as freight ships as far as they do not try to escape or offer resistance—only after passengers and crews have been accorded safety.

"(3) All cases of destruction of enemy merchant ships in the Mediterranean in

which German submarines are concerned are made the subject of official investigation, and, besides, are subject to regular prize court proceedings. In so far as American interests are concerned, the German Government will communicate the result to the American Government. Thus, also, in the Persia case, if the circumstances should call for it.

"(4) If commanders of German submarines should not have obeyed the orders given to them they will be punished; furthermore, the German Government will make reparation for damage caused by death of or injuries to American citizens."

Berlin Yields in New Note on Sinking of the Frye

Secretary Lansing made public on Jan. 8 the text of a German note of Nov. 29, 1915, offering redress for the sinking of the William P. Frye. It contained the important admission that the mere placing of human beings in an open boat at sea does not satisfy the requirements of international law. The vital portions of the note are given below.

The German Minister for Foreign Affairs to Ambassador Gerard.

Berlin, Nov. 29, 1915.

THE undersigned has the honor to inform his Excellency, Mr. James W. Gerard, Ambassador of the United States of America, in reply to the note of Oct. 14, F. O. No. 5,671, relative to indemnity for the sinking of the American merchant vessel William P. Frye, as well as to the settlement by arbitration of the difference of opinion which has arisen on this occasion, as follows:

With regard first to the ascertainment of indemnity for the vessel sunk, the German Government is in agreement with the American Government in principle that the amount of damages be fixed by two experts, one each to be nominated by the German and American Governments. The German Government regrets that it cannot comply with the wish of the American Government to have the experts meet in Washington. * * * Should the American Government insist on its demands for the meeting of the experts at Washington or the early choice of an umpire, the only alternative would be to arrange the fixing of damages by diplomatic negotiations. In such

an event the German Government begs to await the transmission of a statement of particulars of the various claims for damages accompanied by the necessary proofs.

With regard to the arbitral treatment of the differences of opinion relative to the interpretation of certain stipulations of the Prussian-American commercial treaties the German Government has drawn up the inclosed draft of a compromise which would have to be worded in the German and English languages and drawn up with due consideration of the two alternating texts. * * *

Until the decision of the permanent court of arbitration, the German naval forces will sink only such American vessels as are loaded with absolute contraband, when the pre-conditions provided by the Declaration of London are present. In this the German Government quite shares the view of the American Government that all possible care must be taken for the security of the crew and passengers of a vessel to be sunk. Consequently, the persons found on board of a vessel may not be ordered into her lifeboats except when the general conditions,

that is to say, the weather, the condition of the sea, and the neighborhood of the coasts afford absolute certainty that the boats will reach the nearest port. For the rest the German Government begs to point out that in cases where German naval forces have sunk neutral vessels for carrying contraband, no loss of life has yet occurred.

The undersigned begs to give expression to the hope that it will be possible for the two Governments to reach a complete understanding regarding the case of the William P. Frye on the above basis, and avails himself of this opportunity to renew to his Excellency the Ambassador the assurance of his highest consideration.

VON JAGOW.

Belgian Bishops' Appeal to Teutons Supported by Pope Benedict

A dispatch to The London Chronicle from Milan, Jan. 10, made the following statement as to the result of the Papal Commission of Inquiry in Belgium:

I am informed on good authority that as a result of the voluminous evidence placed before the Vatican by the Papal Commission of Inquiry especially appointed to investigate the subject of the alleged German atrocities in Belgium, his Holiness Benedict XV. has finally overcome all hesitation and has firmly resolved that on no account will he be a party to any peace overtures unless based on the restitution of Belgium in its full national rights.

The Pope judges that this will be the minimum reparation which Germany is obliged to give by the moral law of the Catholic Church. Further, she must provide compensation for the restoration of all public monuments and the reconstruction of all industrial establishments, together with the restitution of a fair indemnity for all private property confiscated or destroyed.

To this end the Pope has approved a joint epistle, which the Belgian episcopate has addressed to the collective Roman Catholic episcopates of Germany and Austria-Hungary, setting forth the results of the particular inquiry which each Belgian Bishop personally carried out in every town and village in his own diocese at the instance of the Holy See.

In this historic letter the Belgian episcopate solemnly pledges its conscience that the outrages, perpetrated by the German soldiery against the unarmed civilians of both sexes and every age and also against members of the secular and regular clergy and the cloistered sisterhoods, far surpassed those registered in the eighteen special reports published by the Government.

The commission of Bishops proceeds to lay these newly ascertained facts before their Austro-German colleagues, inviting them, should the slightest doubt remain in their minds respecting the cases cited, to agree to the establishment of a supreme tribunal, constituted of four Belgians and four Austro-German Bishops under the Presidency of a prelate of some neutral country, chosen by common consent.

The Bishops' moving indictment and appeal were delivered through a Papal Nuncio on Nov. 28. So far no reply has been vouchsafed, though its transmission was arranged for through the agency of the Vatican.

Mgr. Heylen, Bishop of Namur, is now in Rome in connection with this matter, and should this collective appeal remain unacknowledged after a certain lapse of time, it is said that he will seek the Pope's authority to publish the full text.

Dr. Greil's Story of the Ancona

By Dr. Cecile Greil

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This graphic pen picture of the tragedy that brought about an international crisis is written by the most important witness on board. It contradicts the Austrian official version at several points.

WE left Messina at 6. The memorable morning of Sunday, Nov. 7, dawned. The date sticks in my memory. I may forget the date of my birth, but not that. The sea rolled sullenly and heavily about the ship. One could feel, rather than see, the vastness of the blind gray welter all about.

On deck I felt ill at ease and more apprehensive than ever. I now guessed what was the matter with me. I was the only woman in the first cabin, an American-born citizen, and alone. An odd idea came to me—perhaps in the second cabin I might be able to find some American girl or woman whom I might bring up into the first cabin with me, to keep me company. It might be arranged, by my making up the additional fare. I discovered that I was the only native-born American on the boat.

The bell for luncheon rang at 11:30. As we sat at the table, still without the Captain, we joked and laughed together, to hide our lack of ease. We spoke of trivial things. We were through with lunch now; the others were going out; I was rising from my seat, at the same time drinking the remainder of my coffee. Then the thing came upon us that we had all, strangely enough, felt coming, in our hearts.

A terrific vibration shook the ship. I was thrown back into my seat. I knew that the ship must be stopping. I heard a running and scurrying about the deck outside. Looking out, I saw, through the dining saloon window, six or ten stewards in white whirling out of sight around an angle.

It was evident that something had gone wrong with the ship, though, by some queer process of mind, at that moment nobody thought of a submarine.

But hearing the next moment a sharp, quick crash, as of lightning that had struck home close by, at the same instant I both thought of the possibility of a submarine—and saw one!

The fog had lifted slightly. There, in full view framed in the window with a curious, picture-like effect, lay a submarine with its deck out of the water. It was long and flat, horribly longer and bigger than the mental conception I had formed of what such a thing would be like. There was a gun mounted in front, and another at back, and both had their muzzles leveled directly at the Ancona.

The submarine stood out in clear, black outline against the white background of mist. The fog seemed only to make it more distinct, as it always does with objects near by. From a staff in the back broke a red and white drapeau. Afterward I learned that this was the combination of colors that made the Austrian flag. I was ignorant of it, then, though I remembered the exact colors.

So far, I could find nothing tragic or terrible in the situation. Possibly we would be in danger of considerable exposure in open boats, before other ships, summoned by wireless, would pick us up. I did not rush out as the others had done. I stood quite still, in order to calm myself, to give myself time to think what would better be done. The Ancona had come to a stop. Of that I was certain. I also knew that the ship was doomed.

But now there came another terrible crash, and another, and another, in different parts of the ship, followed by explosions and the sound of debris falling into the water and on deck. Well, they were merely destroying the wireless. Still there was no fear of death.

But now I was aware of a terrible shrieking. Everybody was in a frightful panic.

Well, as for myself—to get excited wouldn't help. I went to my cabin as calmly as I could, determined to save what I could of my valuables. I put them in my lifebelt. I took a receipt for 20,000 lire, which I had left with the purser. I went toward the bow of the ship. I descended the staircase to the second cabin, on the way to the purser's office. A large part of the staircase had been shot away—and the horror of what I saw at the bottom of it made me instantly forget what I was going for. There lay three or four women, four or five children, and several men. Some of them were already dead, all, at least, badly wounded. I made sure two of the children were dead. The purser sprawled limply across his desk, inert, like a sack of meal that has been flung down and stays where it lies. He had been shot in the head. The blood was running bright like red paint, freshly spilt, down his back, and his hair was matted with it.

The first series of shots had wrecked this part of the ship, breaking through and carrying away whole sections of the framework. I tried to get back up the stairs. But in the slight interval of time I had consumed, enough additional shells had been discharged to finish the wreck of the staircase.

I saw that this was not what the nations call, ironically enough, "Legitimate warfare," but wholesale and indiscriminate massacre. Seeing my exit that way cut off, I started through the second cabin to go up the central stairway. The sight that I ran into there was indescribable. All the passengers from the third cabin had rushed up into the second. They had altogether lost their wits. The only thing that was left them was the animal instinct for self-preservation in its most disastrous and most idiotic form. Men, women, and children were burrowing headforemost under chairs and benches and tables. I saw one man, his face pressed close against the floor sideways, heaving a chair up in the air with his back, in an effort to efface himself.

All the while the detonations, like con-

tinuous thunder and lightning, increased the panic. Women were on their knees in mental agony, each supplicating the particular saint of the part of the country from which she came to save her from death. I pushed and shoved them by the shoulders. I took them by the legs and arms and clothes, and urged them, in Italian, to get up, to put on lifebelts, to get off the ship. I told them that, at least, they would find no security from shells under chairs and tables.

I found a poor old woman at the foot of the stairs, huddled in prayer. Her thin, gray hair straggled loose over her shoulder. I recognized her as a woman I had got acquainted with in my search for a fellow-citizen to join me in the first cabin. She was 65 years old, she had told me. She had seen two sons off to the war, and was now going to a third who had emigrated to America and lived in Pennsylvania. It was the first time she had ever crossed the ocean. She was sick of the thought of war. In the New World she would find peace and comfort for her old age, with her "Bambino," as she still called the grown-up man who was her son. So when I saw her lying there I was possessed of but one idea—to get her off alive. I told her to come with me, that I would protect her. She acquiesced, but her fright was so great that she hung limp as if she had no spine while I half-dragged her to the first cabin deck.

A boat was being lowered. It had been swung out on the davits. It already seethed full of people. And more men and women and children were fighting, in a promiscuous, shrieking mass, to get into it as it swung out and down. The men, with their superior strength, were, of course, getting the best of the struggle. Age or sex had no weight. It was brute strength that prevailed.

At the sight before her the old woman grew frantic with unexpected strength. She suddenly jerked loose from me, and before I could prevent her, ran with all the agility of fear and jumped overboard. Others flung their bodies pell-mell on the heads of those already in it. Some, in their frenzy, missed the

mark at which they aimed themselves and fell into the sea. To make the horror complete, the boat now stuck at one end, tilted downward, and spilled all its occupants into the sea, ninety or a hundred at once. They seized each other. Some swam. Others floundered and sank almost immediately, dragging each other down. Some drowned themselves even with lifebelts on, not knowing how to hold their heads out of the water.

I tried to speak with the passengers still on deck. It was useless. Everybody was talking in his own particular dialect. Then I realized the predicament I myself was in. An utter foreigner, whom they would sacrifice in an instant for one of their own nationality. Perhaps if only I had some of my jewelry I might be able to bribe my way to safety in some such crisis.

I made my way back to my cabin again. There were people dead and dying on the deck. I saw one man who had started to run up the gangway to the officer's deck come plunging down again. He had been struck in the back of the head. Somehow or other, I just felt that my time had not yet come. This conviction enabled me to keep my wits about me.

In my cabin I flung up the top of my steamer trunk. As I was searching for my valuables my chambermaid appeared in the doorway; half a dozen times I had met her rushing frantically and aimlessly up and down.

"Oh, madame, madame—we shall all be killed, we're all going to get killed!"

"Maria," I advised as quietly and soothingly as I could, still stooping over my trunk; "don't be so mad, get a lifebelt on, and get up out of here."

Before she could speak again she was a dead woman. A shot carried away the port-hole and sheared off the top of her head. It finished its course by exploding at the other side of the ship. If I had not been stooping over at the time I would not have lived to write this story.

I snatched up my little jewel-basket, with a few favorite trinkets in it. I put on my cap and sweater. When I

got up on deck I saw the submarine carefully circumnavigating its victims and deliberately shooting toward us at all angles. I ran along the deck. The sea was full of deck rails, parts of doors, and other wreckage, and dotted with human beings, some dead, others alive, and screaming for help. There was another boat in front that tilted and dumped out its frantic load into the sea. Peering over the side of the ship, I saw a boat that had already been lowered to the water's edge. In it I recognized the two ship's doctors, and two of the seamen. There was also an officer in the boat, Carlo Lamberti, the chief engineer. He sat at the helm. I called out to them to take me in.

"Jump!" they shouted back.

I threw my basket down. I had a good twenty-foot drop. I have always been a good swimmer. Furthermore, I saw that if I jumped into the boat, crowded with people, sails, water-barrels, and pails for bailing, I might cause it to capsize. So I told them to push the boat away and then they could pick me up out of the water.

I escaped with a ducking.

An immigrant girl who followed me flung herself down wildly and broke both her legs on the side of the ship.

Then the torpedo was discharged. It whizzed across the ship, drawing a tail behind it like a comet. It plunged beneath the Ancona as if guided by a diabolical intelligence of its own. There followed a terrific explosion. Huge jets of thick black smoke shot up, with showers of debris. Our boat rocked and swayed in the roughened water. The Ancona lurched to the left, righted herself, shivered a moment—then her bow shot high in the air like a struggling, death-stricken animal. She went under, drawing a huge, funnel-like vortex after her.

The Captain and some officers were the last to drop astern, in a small boat. Passengers were still to be seen, clinging forward, like ants on driftwood, as the ship was drawn down. There were many people wounded, so that they could not get off unaided. They were left to die.



EX-SENATOR ELIHU ROOT
Who Recently Discussed the Injury to International Law Caused by
the War
(Photo © by Harris & Ewing.)

It is significant, though, that after their last failure to capture that place integrally, the Italians, recognizing their own weakness, decided to reduce Goritzza to ruins. For more than a month now, that old and venerable town has been undergoing a systematical and continuous bombardment from land and air. All that the Italians can expect to get for their enormous expenditure in men, material, and ammunition before Goritzza is a heap of debris, but they have not come any nearer to it for months, in spite of their untiring efforts.

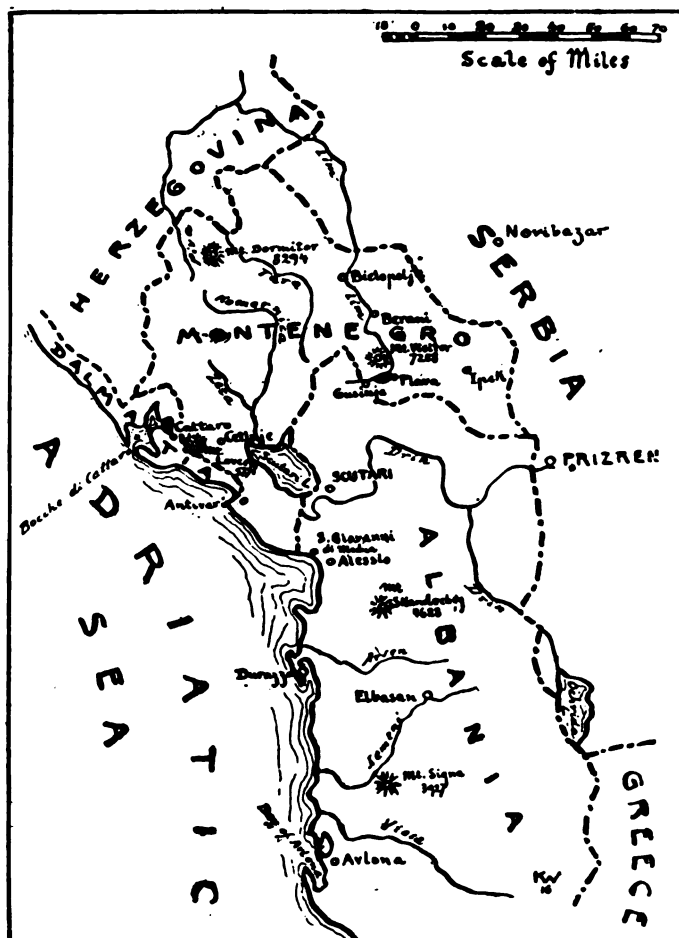
The sending of about 40,000 Italian troops to Albania may similarly be construed into a confession of impotence on their home battlefields and the endeavor to obtain a cheap apparent success somewhere else and calm the alarmed and excited minds at home. It sounds like a good joke to hear Italians talk of their "relief expedition" to Serbia! Rome has no more interest in relieving the Serbians than has Vienna.

The real and much less disinterested aim of Italy's intervention in the Balkans is the realization of her dream of dominating the Adriatic, and one of the first things to happen after this war, if the Entente powers should win, would be an Italo-Serbian clash over Albania. But even if they intended to help the hard-pressed Serbians, the Italian troops now in or around Durazzo and Avlona would

be wholly unable to do so, Albania being a barren, mountainous country, practically devoid of means of communication.

III. BALKAN FRONTS

Middle of December witnessed the withdrawal of the Allies' last troops from



The New Balkan Situation

Macedonian soil, and, consequently, the end of the Serbian campaign. With the remnants of King Peter's army scattered and the belated Anglo-French relief expedition beaten back into Greek territory with considerable losses, the Teutonic powers are at last—and, most probably, for the duration of the war—beyond all danger from that particular section.

The Montenegrin Army and part of

the Serbian forces, having been pushed back into Montenegro, are actually reduced to the alternative of surrender or starvation, wedged in as they are, in those resourceless regions, between the Austro-Germans on the Tara and Lim, and a smaller Austrian force along the Herzegovinan and Dalmatian border, the only source from which they might get supplies, namely, the narrow strip of coast on the Adriatic, being constantly patrolled by Austrian submarines in wait for hostile supply ships. As I mentioned above, Albania cannot be counted upon as a means of supplying those troops.

The capture by Austrian forces of Mount Lovcen, Montenegro's mighty natural stronghold ("the Gibraltar of the Adriatic") dominating the Austrian seaport of Cattaro, toward the middle of January, dealt a decisive blow to the Montenegrins. At the same time, Italy's prestige in the Balkans is badly hurt, her troops in Albania are in grave danger, and her dreams of ruling the Adriatic may remain dreams forever.

Let us now scrutinize the military situation in the area of Saloniki. What plans may the combined General Staff of the Entente be forming there? An offensive of their troops stationed around that seaport and numbering about 150,000 against the Bulgarians, firmly intrenched along the Greek border, is wholly out of the question. If need be, the entire Bulgarian Army, numbering about 500,000, could be spared for the defense of that 240-mile line. Reports from the Balkan front indicate, in fact, that there are no more German or Austrian troops on the Graeco-Serbian frontier. Mackensen's army, about 400,000 men, is said to have been shifted weeks ago toward North Rumania, with the twofold aim of forming a reserve in the event of the long foreseen and recently started Russian offensive, and of intimidating the Rumanian Government, in case it should feel like joining Germany's foes. As highly significant for an apparent change of mind in Bucharest, in favor of the Central Powers, it must, however, be stated that the Rumanian Government has at last granted the permission of exporting wheat to Austria, a

permission which up to now had been strictly refused.

In order to have the slightest chance of a success in an offensive against those 500,000 Bulgarians, thoroughly trained and acquainted as they are with the peculiarities of the country, the Entente powers would have to send to Saloniki at least 750,000 of their soldiers less used to mountain warfare, in addition to those already there. It is hard to conceive from where they can spare such an army for a secondary scene of action.

IV. RUSSIAN FRONT

Had not the Teutons been able to foresee the offensive which Russia at the present is pushing vigorously along the Bessarabian frontier and in East Gilicia, they were warned in time against such an event by their very enemies. When Mackensen's victorious army, after crossing the Danube, irresistibly invaded Serbian territory, ex-Premier Viviani calmed the stormy waves in the French Chamber by the prophetic words: "Demain les Russes combattront avec nos troupes!" ("Tomorrow the Russians will be fighting together with our troops.") But, again, the unreliable steam-roller was slow getting started and, as a result, Mackensen was able to clear Serbia thoroughly from allied troops before shifting his army toward North Rumania, as I have mentioned before.

With her present offensive, Russia is pursuing a twofold aim: Its strategic purpose is to cut off the Austrians, in positions south of the Kowel-Sarny railroad, from the German troops to the north of that line. Its political objective is to win Rumania as a member of the Entente. The first plan has failed up to the present, owing to a German counter-offensive from Czartorisk (on the Kowel-Sarny line) in the general direction of Sarny. As for the second purpose, nothing decisive concerning Rumania's intentions can yet be said.

Reports concerning the numbers engaged in the struggle along the Stripa and in Bukowina are very vague; it is generally admitted, however, that Russia has massed at least one million men on that comparatively narrow section of her lines. As to the fighting qualities and

the equipment of those troops doubts are well justified. Half a year ago, when the Czar's soldiers were being driven back along the entire front, in the Carpathians and in Poland, the Russian General Staff laid the blame for their reverses on the lack of ammunition. It is hard to conceive how the Government may have remedied that evil in such a comparatively short time. Labor conditions in Russia can hardly have improved in the last months. As for the aid Japan is known to be giving to Russia in the way of guns and ammunition, it must be considered a somewhat uncertain item in the Petrograd household, as long as conditions do not improve on the Trans-Siberian Railroad, known for the present as being a most unreliable means of transportation. Neither can ammunition from the west (particularly from the United States) reach the Slav empire at present, the White Sea being frozen over during seven months of the year.

The want of experienced leaders for her millions of soldiers, because of the amazing percentage of officers lost in the Carpathians last year, may prove to be an equally serious drawback to Russia in the present offensive. Troops, to be victorious, must be led, not pushed, into action; German reports putting the Russian losses, from the start of the new offensive to the end of the second week of January, at more than 60,000, indicate that the Czar's troops are being hurled in close formation against the Austro-Germans. In spite of these enormous sacrifices, the Russians have as yet been unable to make appreciable headway on any point of the front.

North of the Kowel-Sarny line, as far as the Bay of Riga, there has been an absolute deadlock.

V. OTHER FRONTS

The final evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula by the British and French forces, in the first days of this year, put a sudden and inglorious end to the Allies' Dardanelles campaign, begun eleven months ago with boldest anticipations. The Entente powers, according to their own statements, have sacrificed, in that disastrous adventure, about 200,000 of their finest men, six battleships, several

smaller craft, and enormous quantities of ammunition and other material; the total costs of the failure are said to amount to more than a billion dollars. It is poor comfort for the English people to be told by General Sir Charles Monro, Commander in Chief of the campaign, that Gallipoli was evacuated "under the eyes of the Turks, quietly and practically without losses, only four men having been wounded." In order to give that obviously untrue report a color of credibility the English allege that their withdrawing troops "caught the Turks napping." Why, then, for Allah's sake, did not General Monro take advantage of that rare opportunity?

As the immediate result of the abandonment of the Dardanelles campaign, Turkish forces estimated at more than 300,000 men are now released for use in other theatres of war. Their next task will probably be to clear Mesopotamia quickly and finally of the British. Already, General Townshend's forces, numbering about 30,000, having after their defeat by the Sultan's soldiers at Ctesiphon, 50 miles southeast of Bagdad, retreated 100 miles further southeast to Kut-el-Amara, are in grave danger of being surrounded there. If the Turks succeed in springing the trap, this may mean the end of the Mesopotamia expedition, undertaken by the English with the political purpose of seizing Bagdad, and, by so spectacular a performance, keeping in awe the North African tribes for the event of a German campaign against Egypt.

Speaking of Africa, Italy's painful loss of Tripoli, only wrested from Turkey a few years ago with enormous sacrifices, cannot remain unmentioned.

SUMMARY

Looking over the military events of the last month, it can be said that Germany and her allies have, as in the case of Serbia and the Dardanelles, cleared vast territories from their foes. They hold their own everywhere else, and whenever the Allies tried to break through the Teutonic lines, as, for instance, in France and in Galicia, they paid dearly for their venture and their achievements were nil.

[AN AMERICAN INTERPRETATION]

Events at All the Battle Fronts

From Dec. 15, 1915, to Jan. 15, 1916

By J. B. W. Gardiner

Formerly Lieutenant, Eleventh United States Cavalry

VIEWED from the standpoint of territory gained or occupied, the operations of the month past have beyond doubt resulted to the distinct advantage of the Teutons and their allies. Of these operations the effect of the British withdrawal from Gallipoli will be most far-reaching.

It was a foregone conclusion that the retirement from the Suvla Bay and Anzac regions presaged a general retirement from the entire peninsula. The enterprise was, as a matter of fact, doomed to failure at its inception. Even in the minds of the British public hope died with the retirement from the Anafarta position. Coincident with this the Turks opened heavy attacks, which they continued without cessation, on the Achi Baba line, as if realizing the approaching withdrawal and with the intention of making it as costly as possible. Claims of Berlin and of London are absolutely at variance as to just how costly it was. However great the loss may have been, the one uncontroverted fact is that the retirement has been made, so that today there is no allied force on Gallipoli.

The effects of this frank acknowledgment on the part of the British that they have failed to make any serious impression on the Turkish field forces will be hard to estimate. Certainly not the least effect will be moral—the effect on British pride and British prestige. The statement of the British Ministry which is still fresh in the minds of the world—that in siding with the Teutons the Turks were ringing their own death knell as a European power—will be looked upon in the Orient as a piece of vain boasting, and the strength of Britain's power, belief in which has been one of the

strongest forces that held together the empire in the East, will be questioned in a quarter in which it is most essential it be regarded as unquestionable. Against this is the great relief that London will experience in feeling that there is no longer any cause for the nightmare of depression which lack of progress at the strait had produced. England is at least able to devote her strength to what must be in the final analysis her one great task—fighting the Germans.

Of the concrete, tangible results the most important has to do with numbers—the redistribution of both Turkish and British forces. It is not definitely known how many men the Allies had on Gallipoli, nor how many remained to hold the tip of the peninsula after the Anafarta position was evacuated. It is not far amiss, however, to state that at least 200,000 Turks and 100,000 British are now available for service elsewhere. The British can be used to great advantage in several fields—in Flanders, in Saloniki, in Mesopotamia, about Suez. The latter three points are all more or less dangerous.

In summing up the effect of the Gallipoli failure it is fair to say that it is readily susceptible of great exaggeration. It must be remembered that the British never held very much in the strait. Had they taken Constantinople the war would certainly have been much shortened. Having failed to take it, the war will follow the course it would have followed had the Dardanelles movement not been attempted. This entire theatre is subsidiary, a side issue. The movement was designed to help Russia, not because there was any decisively inherent value in Constantinople itself.

There were engaged not more than 3



per cent. of the Allies' forces, and but a slightly larger proportion of the Teutonic allies. When it is realized that wars are only decided by the decisive defeat of main armies the comparative insignificance of the British failure is apparent. It is the other 97 per cent. in France and in Russia that we must watch for decided results.

The Turkish force of 200,000 men now available for other service will be able to exert a much more positive influence than that of mere defense due to the situation in Mesopotamia. Some months ago the British sent into the East an expedition which, to quote from Mr. Asquith, had for its objects to protect the oil fields at the head of the Persian Gulf, to defend the mastery of the gulf itself, and in general to maintain the authority of the British flag in the Orient. The advance was made up the Tigris River,

where one position after the other was taken until Ctesiphon was reached. Here the British were defeated and forced to fall back on Kut-el-Amara.

This place was in a semi-fortified condition when first taken, and in the interim between the advance on Ctesiphon and their defeat the British completed their defensive preparations, apparently with the idea of using it as a basis for an advance further east. In this they were foiled completely. The Turkish force at Ctesiphon was much more numerous than the British had been led to believe, and promptly surrounded the British and invested their stronghold.

Early in January a strong relief column was sent out to effect a junction with the 10,000 British trapped at Kut-el-

Amara. This force, under General Aylmer, also advanced up the Tigris and, after a series of minor successes, was halted at Sheik Saad, about twenty miles from Kut-el-Amara, apparently by a superior force of Turks. This information, received on Jan. 12, had not been amplified at the time of going to press. If any material part of the Turks released at Gallipoli can be sent to the Tigris the result would readily be complete disaster to all of the British forces in this theatre.

Fortunately for the British the transportation of the Gallipoli forces to Bagdad will be a tedious and difficult problem. The railroad from Scutari on the Bosphorus to Bagdad is broken by a short, uncompleted stretch in the Taurus Mountains in the vicinity of Adana. With this exception it is continuous, and from the town of Mosul parallels the Tigris River throughout its length. The break, however, occurs in a particularly difficult country and will greatly delay any force moving eastward. Nevertheless such a large force as the Turks now have available, especially a force composed of veterans of a successful campaign, is an exceedingly dangerous factor to be loose, and whether it be in Mesopotamia, Egypt, or Saloniki, the British will feel its force.

It is possible that the pressure may be applied against Suez. Thus far, however, there has been no tangible evidence that the Teutons intend to launch the threatened campaign against the canal. There are three obstacles in the way: First, the break at Adana in the only railroad line that can be used for transport of men and guns while the British have the open sea route of the Mediterranean; second, the ease with which this railroad line can be cut at Tripoli, Beirut, or Haifa; third, the Sinai Peninsula, over which there is no railroad at all. Without railroads modern armies cannot operate on any large scale. Modern defensive is terrifically strong; it can only be broken down by an almost inexhaustive supply of shells, in which there is a considerable proportion of shells of large calibre. Without railroads these cannot be transported, particularly over a desert where the only prac-

tical means of movement of either men or munitions are camels.

Seriously affecting any previously planned campaign in the East is the recent Russian offensive, which is still under way, along the Styr and Stripa Rivers, and against Czernowitz on the Pruth. The Teutons have used every means in their endeavor to turn the attention of the Russians from this very uncomfortable section of their front. The Rumanian border is too near for comfort; the Rumanian desire for Bukowina and Transylvania too ever-present to be ignored. But the Russian recuperation was too decided to be set aside. Having, to their mind, proved conclusively that they were able to beat back all attacks against Riga and the Dvina front the Russians prepared to emerge from the marshes of Pinsk, and proved their preparation by the most determined offense they have attempted since they swept through Galicia over a year ago.

Their retreat last Spring had carried them across the Styr, where the Teutons halted, presumably content with their success and intending merely to hold this line while turning attention elsewhere. The line of the west bank of the river was therefore thoroughly fortified. Its fortifications, together with the natural defensive possibilities of the terrain, make their position almost impregnable. This line the Russians elected to break in the region of the fortified town of Czartorisk. From the Pripet as far south as the Galician border the Styr runs through a broad marsh, but flanked by hills. Czartorisk is located on one of these hills. In spite of the difficulties of terrain the Russians have succeeded in forcing the river line from Rafalowka, a fortified town on the east bank, to and including Czartorisk, and now hold the west bank over the distance—about twenty kilometers.

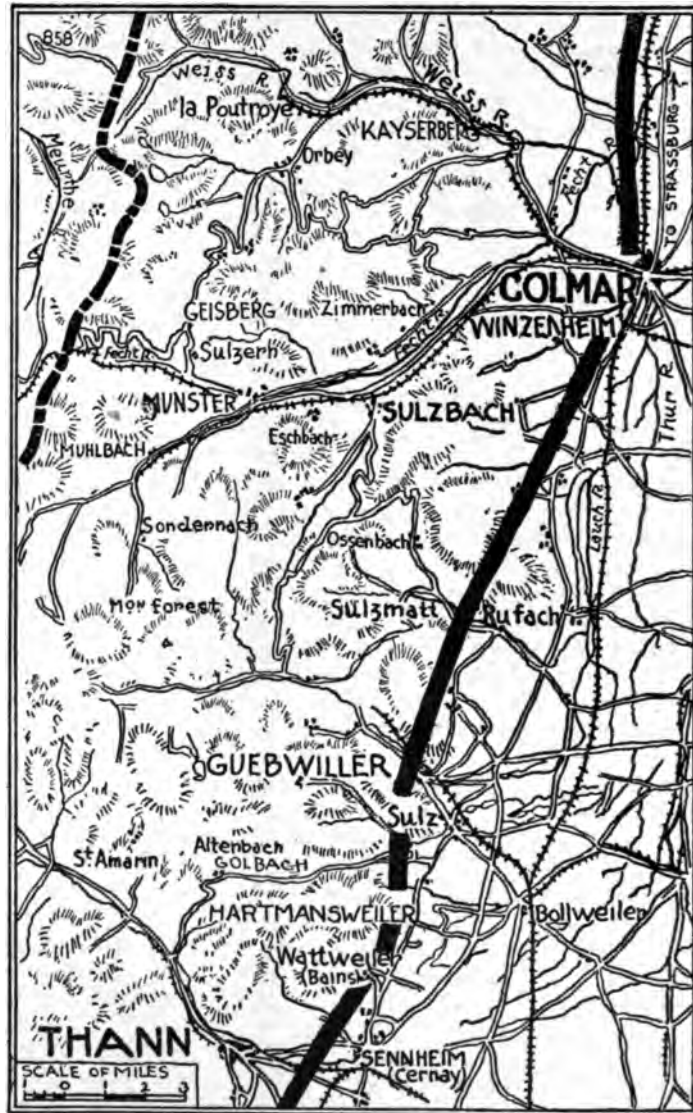
In Galicia they have completely cleared the east bank of the Stripa, and by the capture of the heights northeast of Czernowitz have placed the Bukowina capital in great danger. If this movement is pressed to success it must have a serious effect on Rumania, for just as soon as this State realizes that there is nothing

to fear from the Teutons their intervention on the side of the Allies is almost a certainty. Whatever other results this movement may accomplish, it has inflicted a loss on the Teutons which the Vienna press admits will amount to 75,000 men, and has caused a postponement of any operations in other fields. Thus it will influence any contemplated campaign against either Egypt or Saloniki.

Another noticeable event of the month was the German offensive in the Champagne. The query rises in connection with this, Was it really an offensive or a defensive? The French offensive in September carried them well within artillery range of the Bazancourt-Challerange Railroad. The German military critics at the time pronounced this drive a failure. At the same time the new French positions must have interfered most seriously with the connection between the German army in the Argonne and that in the Champagne, since with no strategic point to be gained the Germans have, at a heavy cost in men which they can ill afford, launched an attack in force. The only object seems to be to drive the French back from the railroad. The net result was

the reduction of Germany's already declining effectives by some 20,000 men.

The most marked success of the month was the Austrian occupation, first of Lovcen, and later of Cetinje, and the consequent complete domination of



Battle Lines Around Hartmanns-Weilerkopf.

Montenegro. The Teuton hold on Serbia has thus been markedly strengthened. No matter which way the Allies move in the attempted restoration of Serbia their line of march will be flanked.

The Tragedy of Gallipoli

General Ian Hamilton's Story of the Dardanelles

Official announcement was made Jan. 20, 1915, that the British forces on the Gallipoli Peninsula at Anzac and Suvla Bay had been withdrawn, and that only the minor positions near Sedd-el-Bahr were occupied. The full extent of this most disastrous British failure, which cost more than 100,000 men, was revealed in General Sir Ian Hamilton's report of his operations at the Dardanelles, made to Lord Kitchener, Secretary of State for War, and published in The Official Gazette of Jan. 6, 1916. The report describes the fighting from the beginning of May to the middle of October, when General Hamilton was recalled. Following is a summary of its main passages:

THE operation at Suvla Bay began on Aug. 6. The climax was reached at daybreak on the 10th, when the Turks made a grand attack from the summit of Chunuk Bair Hill upon a short front held by two battalions of the Sixth North Lancashire and Fifth Wiltshire Regiments, which General Hamilton describes as weakened in numbers, though not in spirit. (A battalion at war strength is composed of twenty-nine officers and 995 men of other ranks.)

"First our men were shelled by every enemy gun," he says, "then assaulted by a huge column consisting of no less than a full division plus three battalions, (about 25,000 men.) The North Lancashire men were simply overwhelmed in their shallow trenches by sheer weight of numbers, while the Wiltshires, who were caught out in the open, were literally almost annihilated.

"The ponderous mass of the enemy swept over the crest and swarmed round the Hampshires and General Baldwin's brigade, which had to give ground and were only extricated with great difficulty and very heavy losses.

"Now it was our turn. The warships and the New Zealand and the Australian

artillery, an Indian mountain artillery brigade, and the Sixty-ninth Brigade Royal Field Artillery were getting the chance of a lifetime. As successive solid lines of Turks topped the crest of the ridge, gaps were torn through their formation and an iron rain fell on them as they tried to re-form in the gullies.

"Not here only did the Turks pay dearly for their recapture of the vital crest. Enemy reinforcements continued to move up under a heavy and accurate fire from our guns. Still they kept topping the ridges and pouring down the western slopes of Chunuk Bair as if determined to gain everything they had lost. But once they were over the crest they became exposed not only to the full blast of the guns, naval and military, but a battery of ten New Zealand machine guns, which played upon their serried ranks at close range until their barrels were red hot.

"Enormous losses were inflicted, and of the swarms which had once fairly crossed the crest line only a handful ever struggled back to their own side of Chunuk Bair.

"At the same time strong forces of the enemy were hurled against the spurs to the northeast, where there arose a conflict so deadly that it may be considered the climax of four days' fighting for the ridge. Portions of our line were pierced and the troops were driven clean down the hill. At the foot of the hill the men who were supervising the transport of food and water were rallied by Staff Captain Street. Unhesitatingly they followed him back, where they plunged again into the midst of that series of struggles in which Generals fought in the ranks and men dropped their scientific weapons and caught one another by the throat.

"The Turks came on again and again, fighting magnificently and calling upon the name of God. Our men stood to it

and maintained by many a deed of daring the old traditions of their race. There was no flinching; they died in the ranks where they stood. Here Generals Cayley, Baldwin, and Cooper and all their gallant men achieved great glory. On this bloody field fell Brig. Gen. Baldwin, who earned his first laurels on Caesar's Camp at Ladysmith. There, too, fell Brig. Gen. Cooper, badly wounded.

"Toward this supreme struggle the absolute last two battalions from the general reserve were now hurried, but by 10 in the morning the effort of the enemy was spent. Soon their shattered remnants began to trickle back, leaving a track of corpses behind them. By night, except for prisoners or wounded, no live Turk was left upon our side of the slope."

Two lesser attacks were made by the Turks the same day. General Hamilton continues:

“By evening the total casualties of General Birdwood's force had reached 12,000, and included a very large proportion of officers. The Thirteenth Division of the new army, under Major Gen. Shaw, had alone lost 6,000 out of a grand total of 10,500. Brig. Gen. Baldwin was gone, and all his staff men and commanding officers, thirteen, had disappeared from the fighting effectives. The Warwicks and Worcesters had lost literally every single officer.

"The old German notion that no unit could stand the loss of more than 25 per cent. has been completely falsified. The Thirteenth Division and the Twentieth Brigade of the Tenth Irish Division had lost more than twice that, and in spirit were game for as much more fighting as might be required."

The British held all they gained except two important salients, one a hill, momentarily carried by the Gurkhas, and the position on Chunnuk Bair, which had been retained forty-eight hours.

"Unfortunately," says General Hamilton, "these two pieces of ground, small and worthless as they seemed, were worth, according to the ethics of war, 10,000 lives, for by their loss or retention they just marked the difference between

an important success and a signal victory. The grand coup had not come off; the Narrows were out of sight and beyond field-gun range, but this was not the fault of General Birdwood or any of the officers or men under his command."

The first operations in the Anzac zone appeared to have been carried out with comparative success. The Suvla Bay expedition, which has been the subject of



Gallipoli Peninsula.

the greatest criticism, suffered various misfortunes. Elaborate plans were worked out by the army staff with Vice Admiral de Robeck.

During the night of the 11th a division consisting of the Thirty-second and Thirty-fourth Brigades was brought from Imbros to Suvla. Three brigades with three batteries were landed in the darkness. The turks were completely surprised. The division made good its position ashore. Most of the supporting force, consisting of the Irish Tenth Division, were brought from Mytilene. General Hamilton compliments highly the navy for landing the first of them at dawn from a distance of 120 miles at the psychological moment when they were most needed.

The remainder of the story of Suvla consists largely of misfortunes. General Hamilton explains that the senior commanders lacked experience in the new trench warfare, and in the Turkish

methods and appreciation of the paramount importance of time. On the 15th General Stopford was relieved of the command of his division corps and General Delisle succeeded him.

The accounts in the report of the suffering of the soldiers from lack of water are graphic. An enormous quantity was secretly collected at Anzac, where a reservoir holding 30,000 gallons, with distributing pipes, was built. Oil tins, with a capacity of 80,000 gallons, were collected and fitted with handles, but an accident to a steamer delayed part of the supply at the time of landing.

Describing the operations on Aug. 10, General Hamilton explains why all the reserves were not available.

"At times," he says, "I thought of throwing my reserves into this stubborn central battle, where probably they would have turned the scale. But each time water troubles made me give up the idea, all ranks at Anzac being reduced to a pint a day. True, thirst is a sensation unknown to the dwellers in cool, well-watered England, but at Anzac, where the mules with water bags arrived at the front, the men would rush up to them in swarms just to lick the moisture that exuded through the canvas bags. Until wells had been discovered under freshly won hills, the reinforcing of Anzac by even so much as a brigade was unthinkable."

The distribution of water from the beaches failed to work smoothly. The soldiers cut the hose to fill their water bottles, and lighters grounded so far from the beach that they had to swim to them to fill their bottles.

In the middle of August, General Hamilton estimates, the Turks had 110,000 rifles to the British 95,000. The Turks had plenty of ammunition and reserves, while the British divisions were 45,000 below their nominal strength. General Hamilton wanted 50,000 fresh rifles. He sent a long cablegram asking for reinforcements and munitions, believing that with them furnished at once—he under-

lines "at once"—the troops could clear a passage for the fleet to Constantinople.

"It may be judged how deep was my disappointment," he says, "when I learned that essential drafts of reinforcements and munitions could not be sent, the reason given being one which prevented me from further insistence."

In referring to his own retirement General Hamilton added that the evacuation of the peninsula was a step which to him was unthinkable at the time of his recall.

Great Britain's loss of officers and men at the Dardanelles up to Dec. 11 was 112,921, according to an announcement made in the House of Commons today by H. J. Tennant, Parliamentary Under Secretary for War. This figure is the total of killed, wounded, and missing, and includes the naval lists. Besides these casualties, the number of sick admitted to hospitals was 96,683. The losses were distributed as follows: Killed, officers, 1,609; men, 23,670; total 25,279; wounded, officers, 2,969; men, 72,222; total, 75,191; missing, officers, 337; men, 12,114; total, 13,451.

The final abandonment of Sedd-el-Bahr and the remaining positions was announced Jan. 9, 1916. The British official communication follows:

"General Sir Charles Monro reports the complete evacuation of Gallipoli has been successfully carried out.

"All the guns and howitzers were got away, with the exception of seventeen worn-out guns, which were blown up by us before leaving.

"Our casualties amounted to one member of the British rank and file wounded. There were no casualties among the French.

"General Monro states that the accomplishment of this difficult task was due to Generals Birdwood and Davies, and invaluable assistance rendered in an operation of the highest difficulty by Admiral de Robeck of the Royal Navy."

Tactics of the Dardanelles Fighting

By a Military Expert

AT first the allied fleet made rapid progress. After a bombardment lasting about a month, the fleet attempted to force the channel, believing that it had silenced the forts. It had, but only for a time. Silencing a fort and destroying it are two separate matters, and each fort was reoccupied as soon as the firing ceased. In their attempt to force the channel three battleships—the French *Bouvet* and the British *Irresistible* and *Ocean*—were literally blown out of the water and destroyed by mines, and several other ships put out of action by shell fire of the land forts. This was enough to indicate the vital mistake the Admiralty had made, and the lesson had been cruelly driven home by the naval losses sustained. The naval forces practically withdrew, being content with long-range firing, and putting the matter squarely up to the army.

The function of the army was in its elements exceedingly simple, though the task was most difficult. It was to take *Kilid Bahr* by land, with the assistance of the guns of the fleet, turn the strength of this fort against the fort on the Asiatic side, and so clear the Narrows. Just as in the original naval operations, the land forces were at first successful. In a comparatively short time an advance was made from the point of the peninsula, of about four miles to their position south of *Krithia*. Their line, with very small variations of a few hundred yards here and there, extended from the Dardanelles at the mouth of *Chqmak Dere*, across a plateau about 300 feet high, south to the town of *Krithia*, and thence to the Aegean shore at the point near *Gurkha Bluff*. And here they were held for months, unable to advance in spite of the most heroic efforts on the part of the Australian colonial and the French troops, which had been landed from *Lemnos* and *Tenedos*. The losses suffered in these attacks were great. Great Britain alone reported over 100,000 in killed, and missing.

Frontal attacks against the Turkish line having been carried out for some months without having produced any result except a great expenditure of shell and a heavy loss in effectives, the Allies' methods changed and a threat was made against the Turkish line of supply. This took shape in the landing of forces at *Suvla Bay* and at *Anzac Cove*. From these points, particularly from the latter, the way to the German base at *Maidos* is through comparatively open country. Just inland from *Suvla* or *Little Anafarta Bay* is the *Salt Lake* lying low in a sea level plain. There are several roads, none of them particularly good, traversing the plain, all of which, directly or indirectly, connect with the main road from *Bulair* to *Maidos*.

It was apparently the object of the British to advance along one of these roads and cut the Turkish line of communications. This is indicated by the landing at *Anzac Cove*, from which there is an absolutely flat passage to the strait, the distance to be traversed not being more than five and a half miles. The valley through which the advance would have to be made, however, is flanked by hills. Either side would, of course, have to be cleared before the line could be extended across this part of the peninsula. Every indication was that the eye of the British was on the line connecting *Gaba Tepe* with *Khelia Bay*. But the *Anafarta* line was no more successful in its progress than that at *Krithia*. Both were, and for some time had been, absolutely at a standstill when the Teuton-Bulgar drive on Serbia was inaugurated.

Nish, the Serbian junction of the Oriental railroad from Berlin to Constantinople, fell in a short time after the Serbian invasion began, and both the Danube and the Oriental railroad were thrown open to Teuton traffic. If the Turks' ammunition had got low there was now in sight a full replenishing of the supply. The last British hope of a real Gallipoli success had vanished.

Significance of Events in Mesopotamia

THE "political results" that would follow the capture of Bagdad, to which the Marquess of Crewe alluded in the House of Lords on Dec. 7, invest the situation in Mesopotamia with a great deal more importance than is suggested by the scale on which military operations have so far been conducted. The fighting at Ctesiphon and Kut-el-Amara is an episode on which, however, much may depend. Linked with the campaign are such events as the anarchy which has been brought about by German and Turkish agents in Persia, with its effect on Afghanistan and India, on one side, and on the other the threatened attack by a Turco-German army on the Suez Canal and Egypt.

The British expedition under General Sir John Nixon, which landed at the head of the Persian Gulf in April last, was a necessary countermove, and if successful would have not only eased the situation which was threatening the British Empire, but would have also been a blow at Germany's most cherished scheme of colonial expansion, the building of the Bagdad railway and the commercial occupation of Mesopotamia, with its area of 143,250 square miles, embracing the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris.

But after reaching a point only eighteen miles from Bagdad and winning the battle of Ctesiphon there, the Anglo-Indian force under General Charles Townshend was driven back by the greatly superior forces of the enemy and their powerful armament of artillery. When he reached Kut-el-Amara, which is ninety-five miles from Bagdad, and lies in a bend of the Tigris River, where it is joined by the Shat, only 10,000 men were left to hold the position until reinforcements could come to the relief. Subsequent reports from Kut-el-Amara indicated great activity by the Turks, who on Christmas Day were driven off only after a fierce struggle. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Secretary for India, stated in the House of Commons on Jan. 10 that the British reinforcements

under General Aylmer, moving up the Tigris to the relief of General Townshend, had fought another Turkish army trying to check his advance, and defeated it. This engagement apparently took place at Sheik Saad, twenty-five miles east by northeast of the beleaguered town. Mr. Chamberlain, making his statement, said:

General Aylmer left Imam Alligarbi on Jan. 6 with troops, marching to the relief of Kut-el-Amara. On the same day General Townshend at Kut reported that the previous night the enemy had opened a heavy fire on the northwest front and on the village opposite Kut, but had made no attack. On the night of Jan. 7 General Aylmer reported heavy firing on the south bank of the Tigris. On the right bank General Campbell's column carried the enemy's position, taking two guns and 700 prisoners, and then intrenched. Meanwhile the main attack on the left bank was retarded by an enemy outflanking movement, and General Aylmer reported that he was apparently opposed by three Turkish divisions. On the evening of Jan. 8 he reported that, owing to fatigue, the troops had been unable to make any progress that day. On the 9th he reported the enemy in retreat and that he was pursuing, but that heavy rains hindered the pursuit. From later telegrams it appears that the enemy has reached Khora.

Mr. Chamberlain made a further statement in the House of Commons on Jan. 11 to the effect that General Aylmer's force was still halted at Sheik Saad owing to weather conditions and the necessity of removing the wounded by river, and that cavalry had located the Turks six miles to the east of Kut-el-Amara, in the same position from which the Turks had originally been driven by General Townshend in the battle of Kut-el-Amara. Almost simultaneously Turkish reports asserted that General Townshend's army at Kut-el-Amara, numbering 10,000 men, had been entirely surrounded and that the relief force had been repulsed with a loss of 3,000 men.

British anxiety about the change that

has come over the situation in Mesopotamia found expression in an editorial in *The London Times* of Jan. 11 in which the British Government was asked to define the ultimate object of the military operations in Mesopotamia. No conceivable military object, that journal declared, could be gained by exposing the British forces in an advance beyond Kut-el-Amara. But this subject had already been dealt with when the Marquess of Crewe, on behalf of the Government, in the House of Lords on Dec. 7 replied to the criticism that the British expedition was a "rash military adventure." He said that two misapprehensions were prevalent. The first concerned "the impropriety of advancing to take a great city like Bagdad with only a single division, General Townshend's division, as it was called." The force under General Townshend, however, was considerably larger than the division of which he was the actual commander.

The second misapprehension was that the advance had been taken solely on the initiative of the General in command and had not been properly thought out and perhaps not even fully authorized. That, said Lord Crewe, was a complete error. The advance to Bagdad had been contemplated some months previously and a sufficient force collected to carry out the operation. The whole proceedings were thought out by the Commander in Chief, Sir John Nixon, and intrusted to General Townshend. It was clear to everybody that the early capture of Bagdad, if it could be effected, would be a great stroke in the war, not merely as a military move, but from the political results which would follow. The task, however, proved to be a heavier one than was anticipated.

An important development depending partly on the success of the British forces in Mesopotamia and partly on the operations of the Russian Army of the Caucasus is the cutting off of Persia, and thereby Afghanistan and India from the influence of German and Turkish propaganda. If the Russians and the British are successful in their respective spheres of action, it is apparently their intention

THE CONFLICT IN MESOPOTAMIA.



Scenes of British Expedition's Battle with the Turks.

to join forces and form a battle front extending from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf. When Russian troops occupied Hamadan in Persia they discovered that the enemy was spreading rumors of a forthcoming march of the Turks and Germans on India by way of Bagdad and Persia. So far the Russian campaign has been of a desultory character owing to the absence of sufficient forces. There has been a good deal of irregular fighting in the Lake Van region, and also to the south of Lake Urmia in Northern Persia. The object has been not so much to secure the effective occupation of territory as to suppress the disturbances fomented by German and Turkish agents, who have been, according to the British Government, trying to draw Persia into the war.

The seriousness of the position was made clear during the discussion in the House of Lords on Dec. 7, when state-

ments were made by Viscount Bryce and the Marquess of Crewe.

Lord Bryce said that there had been attempts to drag Persia into the circle of the war, the movement seeming to have been organized by Prince Reuss, who belonged to one of the most famous houses in Germany. Apparently robber bands had made anarchy in Central and Northern Persia. They had seized Shiraz and been warded off Teheran only by the presence of considerable Russian troops. By striking with vigor a decisive blow might be dealt at the hostile propaganda that extended as far as India itself.

Lord Crewe, in reply, said:

Skillful and unscrupulous propaganda has been carried on also in Afghanistan right up to our frontier, and also in such parts of Arabia as will admit those who are prepared to pursue it. It is evident that the German agents and the agents of the committee at Constantinople have both proved skillful at this work. The object of these agents has been to force Persia into the conflict on the side of the Central Powers. Bribery has been most freely used on a most lavish scale. It must be remembered that this propaganda has been distinctly and definitely opposed to Christianity, involving an appeal to the fanatical elements in Persia.

The next stage in the proceedings was the arrival in Persia of an armed party, composed largely of Germans, some presumably German officers, perhaps more German ruffians, assisted by a number of Turks, and forming an obvious nucleus for the bodies of brigands and outlaws who are only too numerous in Persia. Then proceeded the campaign of attempted assassination. The position of Persia was seriously threatened by these events, and that being so a new Government was formed at Teheran, containing some stronger elements than that which had preceded it. As soon as that new Government was formed, or very soon after, the German Minister and the Turkish Ambassador fled from Teheran to a place some sixty or seventy miles to the south, where they joined the turbulent elements.

British officials affirm that Great Britain has no desire for more territory in Asia, but she is deeply concerned in preventing any other power from obtaining a footing on the Persian Gulf. That would, in the words of the late

Admiral Mahan, "imperil Great Britain's naval situation in the Further East, her political position in India, her commercial interests in both, and the imperial tie between herself and Australasia." It now remains to be seen whether the British Government will renew the attack in the direction of Bagdad, where General von der Goltz is reported to be in command of the German and Turkish forces, or whether the occupation of the Euphrates and Tigris delta will be considered sufficient to bar the way to the Persian Gulf.

If the British do not renew their advance to Bagdad, they will give their enemies a chance of driving in a wedge between Egypt and India. Djemal Pasha, commander of the Turkish forces in Syria, is reported to have declared in reply to repeated demands upon the Turkish Government to begin war against Egypt that he would not initiate an attack before having placed at his disposal 25,000 German soldiers, as well as a strong Turkish army, well officered and provided with all necessary equipment. Apparently the British operations in Mesopotamia have diverted from Egypt the troops that Djemal Pasha requires for his campaign, although a British army in Mesopotamia cannot itself intercept a hostile force moving against Egypt on the other side of the Syrian Desert. With the appointment of Sir Percy Lake, Chief of the General Staff in India, to the command of the British forces in Mesopotamia in place of Sir John Nixon, who has been compelled to retire by ill-health, and the arrival of further reinforcements, the campaign on the Euphrates and the Tigris promises to be prosecuted with new vigor.

Thus it will be seen that the fighting at Kut-el-Amara has more than a local significance. The war will be ultimately decided on the battlefields of Europe, but what happens in Asia must inevitably have its bearing on the readjustment of world power there as elsewhere. The fate of India, of British and Russian interests in Persia, and of German colonization schemes in Asia Minor is yet to be settled equally with the future of Belgium, Poland, and the Balkans.

Col. Roosevelt on Lack of War Spirit

A paper written by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt on "Social Values and National Existence," read before the American Sociological Society in Washington, Dec. 29, contained the following characteristic passages:

INFINITELY the most important fact to remember in connection with the war and militarism in relation to moral and social values is that if an unscrupulous, warlike, and militaristic nation is not held in check by the warlike ability of a neighboring non-militaristic and well-behaved nation, then the latter will be spared the necessity of dealing with "moral and social values" because it won't be allowed to deal with anything. It seems to be positively comic to fail to appreciate, with the example of Belgium before our eyes, that the real question which modern peace-loving nations have to face is not how the militaristic or warlike spirit within their own borders will affect these "values," but how failure on their part to resist the militarism of an unscrupulous neighbor will affect them.

There are well-meaning people, utterly incapable of learning any lesson taught by history, utterly incapable of understanding aright what has gone on before their very eyes during the last year or two, who nevertheless wish to turn this country into an Occidental China—the kind of China which every intelligent Chinaman of the present day is seeking to abolish.

There are plenty of politicians, by no means as well meaning, who find it to their profit to pander to the desire common to most men to live softly and easily and avoid risks and effort. Timid and lazy men, men absorbed in money getting, men absorbed in ease and luxury, and all soft and slothful people, naturally hail with delight anybody who will give them high-sounding names behind which to cloak their unwillingness to run risks or to toil and endure. Emotional philanthropists to whom thinking is a

distasteful form of mental exercise enthusiastically champion this attitude.

If the man who objects to war objects to the use of force in civil life, his position is logical, although absurd and wicked. If the college Presidents, politicians, automobile manufacturers and the like, who during the last year or two have preached pacifism in its most ignoble form are willing to think out the subject, and are both sincere and fairly intelligent, they must necessarily condemn a police force or a posse comitatus just as much as they condemn armies, and they must regard the activities of the Sheriff and the Constable as being essentially militaristic, and, therefore, to be abolished. When we have discovered a method by which right living may be spread so universally in Chicago and New York that the two cities can with safety abolish their police forces, then, and not until then, it will be worth while to talk about "the abolition of war."

The Sociological Society meets at Washington this year only because the man after whom the city was named was willing to go to war. If he and his associates had not gone to war there would have been no possibility of discussing "social values" in the United States, for the excellent reason that there would have been no United States. If Lincoln had not been willing to go to war, to appeal to the sword, to introduce militarism on a tremendous scale throughout the United States, the sociologists who will listen to this paper, if they existed at all, would not be considering the social values enumerated above, but the social values of slavery and such Governmental and industrial problems as can now be studied in the Central American republics.

At present, in this world and for the immediate future it is certain that the only way successfully to oppose the might which is the servant of wrong is by means of the might which is the servant of right.

Magazinists of the World on the War

Condensed From Leading Reviews

With this issue the survey of the world's leading magazine features has been extended to cover the field more fully than ever before. The excerpts that follow represent the most interesting articles of information and comment found in the current periodicals of Germany, Austria, Russia, France, Great Britain, Italy, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, and the United States.

Rudolf Eucken on the Tasks of German Idealism

Report of a speech by the famous Jena Professor of Philosophy in the Urania, Berlin's popular science institute, printed in the North German Gazette of Nov. 26.

BY contrasting German idealism with Indian and Grecian idealism Professor Eucken brought out in a few clear words its real characteristics. The philosophy of India, with its ideal of eternal calm, has made India defenseless, and in the present war her soldiers are forced to serve a foreign cause. Greek idealism, with its ideal of the artistic view and conduct of life, with its "harmony of the soul," which at the same time dangerously neglected human pain, promoted neither creative activity nor the impulse to form a new life.

How different is German idealism! It aspires to create in man a new life of freedom and cordiality as the upper story of an edifice based on the purely material life. This new world of the spirit, of mental labor, of freedom, and of intellectuality, by no means consists in fleeing from the world, but is victorious and heroic enough no longer to fear the opposition of the world. Through this, the world becomes the workshop of the spirit and the consciousness of this gives one the joy of life, as one feels himself to be a part of the great organization of humanity and can co-operate as an active spirit in the work of elevating and shaping the world.

Professor Eucken showed that this genuine German sentiment—the idealistic philosophers are the real interpreters of the German character—is able to solve the great problems of the present time.

The nineteenth century has shown us the great significance of the visible world and a great change in ideas already had

begun to take effect when the war began. Nevertheless, idealism would again have its great task to fulfill. Eucken disputed the opinion that idealism, with its cheerful faith in the human character, had been shipwrecked. Of course, many of our fanciful beliefs had been shattered.

The idea that peace would be assured when the peoples could express their opinions has proved illusory. In the future we will no longer say, with Rousseau, "The voice of the people is the voice of God." But idealism, remarked Eucken, did not believe in mere mankind alone, but in mankind after it had accomplished something in self-development. It turned from the ill-advised to that which was better counseled. History is not a reasoned-out journey, but reason develops in the course of history, and this is the only value the latter has.

Therefore, Eucken remains with Kant and Fichte in his "cheerful faith." He directed attention to some points where idealism should be particularly applied. For instance, in the criticism of our culture. Idealism should insist upon a drastic sifting of our civilization, strip off its historical associations, and test everything upon the base of imperishable qualities.

In the relations of man to man the war has also brought new problems. Idealism represents the German idea of freedom, which accepts the great general object and subordinates itself to duty. Idealism also shows us the way in the relation of the nation to mankind. It strengthens our feeling of proper dignity, so that our

nation, as the representative of a certain mental attitude, can perform her tasks in the real interest of world civilization.

The multiplicity of our tasks need not frighten us. Idealism strengthens men with its higher aims.

Saint-Saëns Cannot Compose While France Suffers

The Dagens Nyheder of Copenhagen printed the following article, descriptive of how the war has affected some of the leading composers and musicians of the French capital:

A SHORT time ago there was started in Paris a new musical publication with the title "Music During the War." In the introductory article of the first issue it was announced by the publisher that the aim of the newcomer would be to act as a link between artists—composers, players, singers—serving in the armies and those who on account of advanced age or for other reasons were unable to join the colors. "Those who fight," the announcement ran, "must make sure that they are not forgotten by those at home."

The publication interviewed numerous personalities prominent in the musical world. Foremost among these was the famous Saint-Saëns. The old master expressed himself in the following manner: "You ask me what I have been doing since the war began, and I shall answer you by saying that I have refused to prepare the score to the ballet that I had obligated myself to write for the scene at Monte Carlo. While France suffers, I cannot compose. So far as I am concerned, France comes first, music afterward. If it were possible, by declining to write another note, to make France victorious in this war, I would gladly break my pen in pieces. As for your publication, it is my opinion that in preference to spending money on such an enterprise the amount should be utilized for the benefit of the wounded."

The interviewer replied that he was of the opinion that the new journal would occupy a certain place, not only as a link between the two elements—the one on the

front, and the other at home—but that furthermore it would tend to spur musical activity, which ought not to be stilled while the war lasted. Saint-Saëns was reminded that he himself had been contributing to the *Echo de Paris* a series of articles dealing with various aspects of the music question. The composer insisted, however, that the contributors of the new enterprise should rather have sought out the great dailies as avenues for their ideas.

No sooner had the interviewer reached the stairway than the octogenarian composer called him back to tell him once more that he hated modern German music and all who championed it. Saint-Saëns declared that it was the duty of every loyal Frenchman to hate Germany.

Gustave Charpentier, the composer of "Louise," one of the operas that have met with the greatest success in recent years, declared emphatically that not for a single moment during the war had he thought of composing anything.

One of the younger composers, Paul Dukas, believed that the new enterprise deserved success and support. Despite the fact that the conditions were so unfavorable during the stormy period of the war, he thought it a praiseworthy purpose to keep the musical atmosphere charged with action.

The young musician André Gedalge supplied the following characteristic statement: "I am through with making plans. I am thinking of no music whatsoever. For more than a year I have figuratively listened to the roar of the battle in the distance. If it were possible for me to think of anything else but those who, more fortunate than I, are on the battlefield, then I would have written the 'Marseillaise.' Unfortunately for me, the

'Marseillaise' has already been written. Nevertheless, as concerns music, I hear only the national air, can only understand

this. I admire those capable of tearing themselves away from this state of mind, but I am unable to do so."

The Regeneration of Russia by the War

By Marcel Barinère

These extracts are taken from an article printed in La Revue de Paris, Nov. 15, 1915.

THE cause of Russia's inadequate preparation was due originally to the vice of its political régime. On the day on which the lines of Dunaïetz were broken, public opinion unanimously declared: "The Government has neglected its task; it is responsible for the disaster." And then, while the troops, scarce armed, struggled against the German offensive, an extraordinary transformation occurred in the political régime of Russia, dating from the beginning of July to the middle of September, a transformation marked successively by the strengthening of the hands of Goremykine, the convocation of the Duma, and, finally, its adjournment when the chief work of restoration to health and union had been accomplished, a work carried out under the personal direction of the Emperor. * * *

After nine months of struggle, a revelation of almost sudden danger was necessary before the Russian people, through the imperious voice of the Duma, carried its feeling into action, and the Czar, long vacillating between two currents of opinion, the one of old date, and having its source in feudal Germany; the other, wholly new, springing from the heart of Slavism, allowed himself to be irrevocably carried forward by the latter. * * *

The Ministerial readjustment which followed marks a long step toward the radical transformation of the Russian State; it would not be possible to calculate in advance the total effect; but it must result in the end of absolutism. * * *

The most remarkable feature in the war session of the Fourth Duma was the

complete understanding which was established between the National Assembly and the Government. On Sunday, Aug. 1, the first session was consecrated to the solemn declaration that the Russians, united by one purpose, would admit of no ending to the war save victory. "There is only one program to be proposed," said Count Goremykine, "that of decisive victory." And later, Mr. Adjemoff, in the name of the Constitutional Democrats, declared:

"It is the whole country which must furnish munitions to the army. All Russia must be organized as a single factory, a single machine. The vital thing is that the Government should at length realize that, without the people, it cannot achieve victory. Today it has recognized this truth. That which has been established in the past must be transformed by us. This is our victory, the victory of public opinion, a lesson, alas! which only these terrible times availed to teach us. Mr. Lloyd George recently said, addressing the Chamber of Commerce, that, in watering our troops with shells, the Germans broke the chains of Russian society and the Russian people. It is strictly true. The Russian people, liberated from today will organize for victory." * * *

The Duma has established its supremacy over the "bureaucracy," and the last hold of autocracy by the establishment of a committee of munitions, a departure from an industrial government in the direction of a political government. Its opinion and its action have become indispensable to the Ministers and to the Emperor himself. It is, moreover, a trustworthy safety valve for the possible violence of popular outbursts. Resting upon it, and, thanks to it, Russia has but one thought, vic-

tory, and one sees the Russian peasant read not only the newspapers, of which there is an increasing number, but also consult topographical charts, on which he follows the operations of the army. And one may say that Russia, by means

of this struggle against Germany and against oppression, instigated and sustained by the hated "Old Guard," is insured against the horrors of a revolution which might be even more destructive than war.

Using the Religious Scarecrow Against Italy

By Luigi Luzzatti

In view of the fact that there has been a revival of late in a certain part of the Teutonic press of the talk that the Central Powers wished to increase the power and prestige of the Pope, as one of the results of the war, the following article by Signor Luzzatti, the veteran Italian statesman and economist, which appeared originally in *Nuova Antologia*, is timely.

THE Minister of Justice has done well in defending the ecclesiastical policy of the Italian Government and the correctness of its attitude toward the Holy See with a few well-chosen words that answer the last allocution of the Pontiff, whose speech, as may be foreseen, will fill the German and Austrian newspapers with joy.

A more irreligious argument could not be imagined than that which these reviews and newspapers are now using against Italy.

They are worried about the liberty of the Holy Father, they are pained, they mortify their flesh and their souls because of the tyranny under which he is groaning; both Catholic and Protestant, they promise that after the war they will free Rome and restore it to the Pope.

In those sorrowful years when France fought against Italy, after 1870, the reactionary party that then ruled at Versailles and in the Government was also filled with sadness over the fate of the Holy Father, and, although it is not so well known, one of the "principal" reasons that induced Italy to join the Triple Alliance was the guaranteeing of the integrity of the kingdom, with Rome as the capital.

At that time the French Catholics wept, while those of Germany were dry-eyed. The Austrians hardly shed a tear, except on some solemn occasions. Today the tears have passed to the other side

of the Rhine and to the banks of the Danube.

Even the Frankfort Gazette, half Protestant and half Rationalist, feels the necessity of regulating the position of the Pope, who is no longer independent because he hasn't the diplomats of Prussia, Bavaria, and Austria-Hungary with him. No doubt he would be independent if the diplomats of the enemy States were absent! Now, the German diplomats departed on their own initiative, nor were they detained in Rome by any spiritual sign, but the Italian Government always respected them.

These idle preoccupations are growing stronger in the German press not so many months after the dignitaries of the Catholic Church, including those belonging to the belligerent States, among them Belgians, French, English, Austrians, and Germans, gathered in conclave in the Vatican on the hospitable soil of Rome, were able to carry out the greatest act of spiritual independence, the election of a Pope. The exercise of that right has never been interfered with since 1870, and it has been disturbed only once, and that was when, by the express order of the Emperor of Austria, an Austrian Cardinal voted against the election of Rampolla.

Ecclesiastical history is full of dramatic and tragic attempts against the liberty of the conclaves in the days when the Pope was still a temporal sovereign,

whereas the three elections that have taken place since 1870 have been free from any stain of violence, direct or indirect.

What better guarantee is needed than this? And in the carrying out of this supreme act of the Church is found the greatest and freshest proof of the perfect sincerity with which the law of 1871, confirming the prerogatives of the Supreme Pontiff, has been put into effect!

But the German dailies, especially those of Bavaria, forget that this world war, unchained by their authorities, "if the Pope still had been weighted with the temporal power," would not have spared him. As when his territory was under the protectorate of France, from 1849 to 1870, so it would have been invaded by one side or the other and ravaged by rival influences. This has happened many times, provoking the flight from Rome of the conclaves and even of the Pontiff himself, or bringing serious offenses against his personal dignity.

The inviolable hospitality of Italy saves him from the otherwise inevitable injuries of this infernal war, and here, in Rome, he is seated as upon an unscalable rock.

But some of these newspapers answer us by declaring that it is not a question of re-establishing the temporal power, but of adding a genuine international guarantee to the law of 1871, just as if international law had not been shown to be "without sanction," i. e., without effect, by those who violated (and in what a way!) the neutrality of Belgium.

And if we also suppose (an impossible hypothesis) that the Catholic States, after defeating Italy, succeed in attaching an international pledge to the law of the guarantees, how long would it last? It would be fought over on worldly grounds by the very Governments that signed it, and at the first sign of a war or of a spiritual conflict they would tear up the contract. And the Germans would have accomplished their object,

which is to humiliate Italy, not to guarantee the independence of the Pope.

Out of homage for the Pontiff, because of the prestige which Rome gives her in the world, for the repose of her Catholic people, and because of the very suspicions aroused by the Governments which wish to fight us for "temporal" ends, Italy is more jealous of the spiritual independence of the Supreme Hierarchy than are his pretended protectors, who, on the contrary, change their names according to political exigencies, the most shifting and varied things in the world.

And, although it was not provided for in the law of the guarantees, through indirect accord between the Government and the Vatican, the Church authorities instituted the special arrangements for the camp which are functioning regularly and affording consolation to so many souls, which, radiant with love for their country, also wish to live and die at peace with their God.

These agreements, inspired by the purest religious feelings, were made by the two powers which the German newspapers represent as being at swords' points.

And now we should like to look up again in our records, so systematic in the midst of apparent disorder, certain articles which the Frankfort Gazette, the present interventionist bearing guarantees to the Vatican, wrote against the French supporters of the temporal power when they were attacking Italy.

The Holy Father had better beware of these dangerous friends, who are worse than open adversaries!

And what deductions will be drawn from his recent words by the political enemies of Italy, who care even less for religious ideals than for Italy herself!

It is impossible that this misuse of the name of God will continue, of him who is the father of all the peoples, not merely of those who wish to "monopolize" him and who have the historic responsibility of this horrible war!

Bravo, Churchill!

This ironical address to Winston Spencer Churchill, apropos of his speech made upon resigning his position as First Lord of the Admiralty, is from the *Revue de Hongrie* of December, 1915, a Hungarian monthly published at Budapest.

MR. CHURCHILL, we salute you by reason of your speech in the House of Commons. You have revealed yourself as an apostle of the famous theory of war by attrition, which will end infallibly with the melting away of Germany. According to you, noble descendant of the Dukes of Marlborough, there is no need to conquer the enemy, for he is condemned to defeat by your arithmetic. Arithmetic, of course, also is pro-ally.

England's power, you say, is increasing as fast as that of Germany is waning, and you have only to wait patiently in order to obtain "the final victory." If you had marched into Berlin after the first year of hostilities, you and your glorious allies, the Serbs, Montenegrins, Russians, and Frenchmen—you have not mentioned your recently bought allies, the Italians, who are the most glorious of all—the enemy would not have been conquered so completely as he will be if you enter Berlin during the second or third year of the war. So you have said, Mr. Churchill, and the whole British Chamber applauded. Permit us to applaud you, too, O great prophet, inspirer, apparently, of numerous articles which we have long been reading in the *Ententist* press. * * *

You are right, Mr. Churchill, in preaching a war of attrition. To tell the truth, however, we fear it may last a few years, for if the Germans and their allies have taken fifteen months to invade Serbia, Belgium, a part of France, Poland, Courland, and certain other Russian provinces, it is hardly probable that they will be able to push their offensive as far as Paris, Calais, and St. Petersburg in less than a good few months. This will give time for the total wearing out of the Austro-German forces, and, in consequence, the complete victory of the Entente will be adjourned to a very distant epoch. For, if we are correctly informed, the Allies will have to drive the enemy from the occu-

pied countries before making a triumphal entry into Berlin.

The resources of the Quadruple Alliance are inexhaustible, their reserves of men are far from being utilized; but the Minister of War has declared in the French Chamber that it was absolutely necessary to call out the class of 1917, adding that these young men constituted the last reserve of France. The Russians also are far from having attained the culminating point of their efforts, though they have already been obliged to send the class of 1918 to the front. These are mere bagatelles. Likewise no importance need be attached to the junction of the Central Powers with Bulgaria (the traitor!) and Turkey, for the two or three millions of men which they can draw from those nations will not suffice to prolong the war more than a few years.

And then have you not said, Mr. Churchill, that England was the last reserve of the Allies? The English are only waiting until all the belligerents are in a state of exhaustion. When that moment comes, the English, whose spirit of sacrifice knows no limits, will have recourse to the *ultima ratio*—to compulsory service, which will have nothing in common, of course, with the abhorred system of Prussian militarism. And then one sweeping blow will break everything; the Russian avalanche will be resuscitated, likewise Serbia, Belgium, Poland, and the rest.

In vain, therefore, do the Austro-Germans fly from victory to victory; it is a deceptive mirage, for it is precisely from this series of their victories that your "definitive victory" will be composed. It is only the Austro-Germans whose limited notarial intelligence is incapable of seizing the logical connection between the continual defeats of the Entente and the victory that is going to result for you.

Long live the war of attrition! Long live eternal war! Bravo, Churchill!

The Inner Front in Germany

By Fedor von Zobeltitz

This article, by a noted German novelist, is from *Die Woche*, Berlin, Dec. 4, 1915.

ABOUT five weeks ago two articles appeared in two Paris newspapers—on the same day, strange to say—dealing with the life and attitude of war-time Berlin. The tenor of the first article was sufficiently shown by its title, "The City of Death." Its author said that the life of Berlin had practically died out, that trade and movement just managed to drag along, that most of the bigger stores were closed, also most of the theatres, and that the town lay in darkness during the night, as there was no coal to be had. It told how, in the workingmen's quarters of the city, there were no longer food riots, "as there were a short time ago," because the inhabitants had lost all their energy and typhus was sweeping them away daily by thousands.

The second article was of quite a different nature. It pictured Berlin as a new Babylon, plunging to immoral ruin; nights spent in carousal and revelry, while the police looked on powerless; orgies behind closed doors, depreciated currency, an increasing wave of crime. It declared that two churches had already been burned to the ground by the godless multitude.

Of course the two crazy articles had one and the same purpose—to give the credulous French public the idea that Germany's end was approaching, that the steel wall of "fighting it out" was a hoax, that the "inner front" was shaken to its foundations.

I was talking a few days ago with an officer, just returned from the eastern front on a short furlough, regarding these journalistic aberrations. This led to a discussion of the Berlin of war times. The officer said to me:

"I must confess that the daily life of Berlin annoyed me when I was first back. I asked myself whether the Berliners understood that I and the rest of us on the battle front were engaged in a continuous bitter fight wherein lurked

death and destruction. No, I told myself, they know nothing of the war here. Their household expenses have been curtailed, possibly, on account of the general increase in prices, but the restaurants are as full as ever, there is scarcely an empty seat in the cafés, the streets are all movement, every theatre is going full blast, everywhere one hears lively music. It seemed to me that this was not fitting at such a serious time—at least so it seemed to me at first.

"But I must admit that I changed my views after a while. There was I, returning home from a tragedy, yet enabled to become gay again. And this gayety served to impart even greater strength to my confidence, which had never weakened. In this manifestation by Berlin that it still lives there is astonishing strength.

"In Berlin people do not oscillate, as they do in Paris, from depths of depression to premature celebrations of victory, nor, as in London, from suffragette madness to indifference, nor, as in Rome, from martial tumult to secret apprehension of the future. No, the Berliners go ahead with their life, adapt themselves skillfully to the necessities of the hour, do not allow their heads to droop in discouragement. They find an outlet for their spiritual excitement in life itself. The Frenchman has a phrase to describe this—'élan vital'—the Berliner translates it into reality."

These remarks certainly had a good deal of truth in them. Berlin has become neither a city of death nor a Babylon. When the war broke out we in Berlin doubtless acted pretty much as people did in the capitals of the other belligerent nations. Tumult was paramount. But little by little the din subsided, a calmer attitude ensued, nerves calmed down, realities were looked more resolutely in the face, and life returned to its practical grooves.

In a time of excitement the educa-

tional power of work increases. It was so with us. Berlin was always an industrious town, but it never stood so completely under the iron law of reality as in this time of war. The feeling of duty in all classes rose to a height of ethical dignity, and ethical conscience led to spiritual exaltation. What was said at the last General Synod to the effect that the Church had not failed was true. And, judging by the numbers of people attending church in these times, it is right to maintain that religious feeling has become decidedly stronger. * * *

I can well understand that the officer whose words I have quoted should feel somewhat annoyed at first at the gayety of Berlin life, and it is likewise psychologically comprehensible that he afterward underwent a reaction. His feeling of annoyance vanished when the joy of life was reawakened within himself, when he saw about him his comrades whose hunger for enjoyment impelled them to drink in the fleeting pleasures of the moment, after having looked during months, by night and by day, into the icy eyes of death.

Another officer from the front, who had spent nearly half a year in the trenches of France, said to me: "I go out on the streets a great deal, I go out evening after evening, I must see people and gay faces." Out there in the trenches he had nothing before his eyes but dark hostility; here the bright light of existence shone upon him once again.

I do not for a minute fail to realize that war-time Berlin has also its dark side. It would be foolish to shut one's eyes to truth and harp only on the feeling of power that enables us to keep alive our enjoyment of life during these days of trial.

Among the stay-at-homes are many who remain callous to the great problems of our time, or find in them merely a keener sensation, a new form of excitement. And the eternal street loafers are still with us, the bane of our men of creative energy, and we still have our

carpers and grumblers. Mean and small minds are ineradicable; they slink about now as always, and low, self-seekers are at work, eddies on the surface which stir up the mud at the bottom. For, in every great city, extremes rub elbows and good and bad go side by side.

But when we read in the papers of neutral countries what life is in the cities that have become our enemies, we have reason to be satisfied. Not even in the early days of tremendous nerve-tension did Berlin witness anything like the mad turmoil of the Italian cities, nor the foolish street farce played in England when the drum of the recruiting party sounds, nor could the fear of air-bombs ever arouse in us the tragic-comic terror of Paris and London. We need no vilifications of our foes to keep alive in us the belief in victory nor theatricalism for preserving our enthusiasm.

We "keep on living," not in an ideal way never attained by man since his creation, but, with a few exceptions, we live on in a search for common sense. Common sense tolerates no impatience nor pessimism. In order that the bitterness of the present time, with its cares and troubles, may not lead to dulling of our feelings, life must continue to exercise its upholding and compensating influences. And this zest of life also includes within itself the willingness which we need to make sacrifices.

An oppressed nation, ground down by the iron fist and hard discipline, could never have risen to such a height of useful achievement. That we undergo without complaint the tremendous economic upheavals of today is due, to no small extent, to the fact that our enjoyment of life has not decreased.

It is not necessary to be a Pharisee, of course, in order to deplore certain manifestations of this life, a certain distortion and exaggeration, inner contradictions and perversities. But the fact remains that the unconquerable, youthful strength of our "inner front" gives to it the firmness which it needs.

Polish Legions on the Battlefields

The weekly publication *Polen*, issued at Vienna in the interests of a united Polish Nation, in its issue of Nov. 26 devoted considerable space to the work of the legions organized for defensive and offensive purposes. The extract printed below is indicative of what these soldiers, recruited from all the former divisions of Poland, are accomplishing.

THE collective Polish newspapers announce with satisfaction that, thanks to the foresight and solicitude of Archduke Frederick, the various brigades of the Polish legions are once more united. In view of this pleasant event, the commander of the legions, Field Marshal Lieutenant von Durski, issued the following order of the day:

"Soldiers of the Legions: It is with heartfelt pride and satisfaction that I today address myself to the three brigades of the Polish legions, which now for the first time are gathered together in one section. After the eventful fifteen months, in which you have worked so hard to improve the future of the entire nation through sanguinary battles, today writes finis to a chapter in the history of national import.

"A tried defender of the legion ideal, a splendid representative of Polish military training and deeds in war, the Second Brigade of the Polish legions has arrived here from the borderland of Bessarabia. After having covered the sword of Poland with glory in the distant frontier sections, the brigade has come to pursue further the enemy together with the other divisions of the legions.

"The physical separation between us has disappeared, and today and in the

future we are not only one in heart and spirit, but stand shoulder to shoulder under the folds of our proudly waving legion standard.

"The uniting of our military strength occurs along the frontier of Poland's future territory, and at a moment when the divisions of the legions stand in the fullness of their development. It comes also on the anniversary of the victorious battle at Nadworna. These coincidences in dates and circumstances, which bespeak a powerful symbolism, should spur us with prophetic insight to move forward to our military tasks ahead.

"The heroes of Nadworna, Molotkow, Pasieczna, Rafajlowa; the splendid participants in the more recent fights at Somosierra—the attack on Rotikna—offer you the position of honor in the family of the legion, and, utilizing your rich experiences, we will together go forward to victory and fame.

"Constantly growing and becoming more powerful, our military organization is also ever widening the scope of its appointed task. The legions, while not yet at the zenith of their victory over the enemies, will complete their labor in line with their historic mission and duty.

"Forward, united legion soldiers, to victory and fame! DURSKI FML."

Iron Industry in War Times

By Dr. E. Schrödter

Dr. Schrödter is executive officer of the Düsseldorf Association of German Iron Foundrymen. This article is taken from a booklet published by the "Kulturbund deutscher Gelehrter und Künstler (Culture Association of German Savants and Artists) at the building of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences.

EVERYWHERE in German territory one sees the same favorable appearance of calm, everywhere is increase of work and adaptation to the conditions caused by the war. German mines and foundries are not only able

to deliver all needed raw materials for the war—which is the most important thing—but can even provide these in the huge quantities required by the recent war operations in a manner which has astonished even military experts.

and, in addition, meet the demand for peaceful purposes, which, naturally, has been somewhat limited. But we cannot deny that some factories have not been able to adapt themselves and must struggle against adverse conditions.

A certain shortage in some quarters, which has caused loss of valuable time, but seems to have been eliminated by the strong general desire to help the Fatherland to the uttermost limit, must not hinder us from acknowledging the marvelous achievements of our Governmental authorities. The documents turned over to the Reichstag regarding economic measures brought about by the war show about 130 laws and ordinances, some of them deeply affecting the operation of our plants and marketing of our wares. We have all set to work to obey them, with the motto: "All, all, for the Fatherland."

The military authorities behind the front have done exemplary work of wide scope. The Prussian soldier plowing in the fields of Northern France, a few kilometers behind the front-line trenches—now he is to have motor plows—or driving teams of six horses hauling manure wagons, with the Cathedral of Laon in the background, makes a wonderful picture. As I contemplated it I felt the unshakable trust of our military commanders in the strength of our positions, as well as that of our commissariat officials in the certainty of our food supply.

We know that we must be sparing in our use of certain raw materials, on account of England's selfish contraband policy. According to the English note to the United States of Jan. 12 of this year, this policy is based entirely on national security, for which reason it is obliged to seize all articles suspected of being destined to the enemy. This applies especially to the copper imports of Italy, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Switzerland; it was stated that the urgent necessity of safeguarding the nation as long as it was at war compelled the English Government to do all in its power to hinder the importation of copper not actually intended for neutral countries.

How England can assign to each neutral land its quota of copper, by means of unreliable statistics, is England's affair. The fact remains that Germany, also for the sake of her national security, must get copper wherever she can find it. In other words, if we cannot produce enough ourselves, and our not unimportant stock on hand should be exhausted, we must take from the hostile territory occupied by us—of course, with due payment—everything made of copper—electric wiring, metal machine and furnace parts, caldrons for sugar refineries, and every kind of household article.

When we take into consideration the hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, of tons of copper which have been used in manufacturing during recent years, it is self-apparent that we can endure a war lasting thirty years. So what does England gain by such measures? Certainly they do not achieve the purpose aimed at, so far as Germany is concerned, but affect most disastrously the crippled manufactures of Belgium and Northern France. This effect is rendered all the more serious by the action of the French Government in spurring England on to severer measures, thus putting out of business for years the French factories which have up to now escaped almost unscathed from the terrors of war.

What is true of copper applies also to other raw materials. Though, for some, more than adequate substitutes have been found, there is nowhere fear of any appreciable shortage. England thought that the lack of certain raw materials deemed hitherto indispensable would, in the long run, seriously hurt us, but our scientific and technical knowledge, now so despised in England, has been so successful in finding substitutes that Germany is on the road toward independence of foreign countries for these articles and may look without anxiety into the future.

These proud victories will unquestionably be of great permanent value to our home industries and they give us a chance at the same time to smile at the petty attempts of the English to annihilate our foreign trade. In view of our technical progress the many dozens of

reports enviously issued by the "Board of Trade" and the "Chambre de Commerce" fall to the ground like packs of cards.

The men who have won these great victories in the most varied quarters deserve the warmest thanks of the nation. More detailed information regarding them cannot be given now for reasons easily understood.

In conclusion, I wish to compare the figures of crude steel production of the belligerent nations in 1913. According to statistics published in these countries, it was as follows:

	Tons.
Germany	19,000,000
Austria-Hungary	2,700,000
England	7,800,000
France	4,400,000
Belgium	1,900,000
Russia	4,500,000

giving a total for Germany and Austria-Hungary of 21,700,000 tons, as against 18,600,000 tons for the others.

Now that German armies have taken over all the Belgian and three-quarters of the French output of crude steel, the figures are as follows—disregarding the small advantage accruing to us from Russian territory:

	Tons.
Germany and Austria-Hungary...	21,700,000
Belgium	1,900,000
France (occupied territory).....	3,300,000
Total	26,900,000
as against	
England	7,800,000
France	1,100,000
Russia	4,500,000
Total	13,400,000

In other words, our victories, in addition to strategic and military results, have also brought to us the economic

advantage that, in the place of our excess production of crude steel before the war over that of the Entente powers of 3,000,000 tons, we now can show an excess of more than 13,000,000 tons, and we are now twice as strong in this province of industry as our allied foes.

Our actual product of steel per year at present is about 10,800,000 tons, so that, despite all the limitations imposed by war, it exceeds by more than 3,000,000 tons the production of conservative, backward England.

But far more important than such superiority are the immense intelligence, the powerful intellects, and the familiarity with hard work which, in the case of German foundrymen, stand behind these figures—qualities which had victoriously overtaken the English before the war.

It is the same spirit that animates our troops, from the highest commander to the humblest volunteer; it is the unflinching will to win, the strength of will of which Paracelsus wrote: "The human will can become so strong that one man may overcome another, without drawing the sword, merely by the mind alone, by mere inner willing so to do."

In the course of time the road to this splendid quality has been lost to some degree, but the earnestness and seriousness of the present day reawakened these powers throughout Germany, and, by no means least of all, among those in its iron industry. They will make all the weapons needed now and achieve that goal of which my friend, Dr. Beumer, has written:

Grasp, O German youths, the home-forged
sword in your hand,
Strike down the foreign foe, protect the
Fatherland!

Internal Conditions in Germany

The London Spectator of Dec. 18, 1915, gave its readers the following summary of a Swedish traveler's observations in Germany:

AN exceptionally informing series of articles on the condition of Germany by a Swede, who has just visited many German towns, has

been appearing in *The Times*. The Swede, who was educated in a German university and spent ten years in Germany, is frankly pro-ally in his sympathies, though he still counts many Germans among his friends. He is so reasonable in his comments and so quick to pick out what is significant that we

have no hesitation in saying that his diagnosis of the state of German feeling is as near the truth as any neutral writer is likely to bring us.

The moral of all that he says is very plain. Germany is not being "starved" yet, and it would indeed be difficult to starve her in the strict sense of the word, but it is evident that the one thing above all others which is making an impression on her is the blockade. She fears it. When it relaxes she rejoices; when it tightens its grip she becomes alarmed. If the blockade should be weakened, says the Swedish observer, the war "may continue almost indefinitely." What madness, then, to relax it by any deliberate concession! Maddest thing of all to do it in the name of humanity, when a relaxation means not only a prolongation of suffering, but a jeopardizing of the liberties of the world for generations!

On evidence collected in all directions, the correspondent was convinced of the reality of the German intention to try to conquer Egypt. Camels and mules are being bought in large quantities and railways are being laid in the desert. There is no excuse for any one who does not accept the warning. If we take the necessary precautions, we shall have nothing to fear and probably something to gain. But the Germans mean business. The correspondent, in spite of the universal confidence, was not unduly impressed by it. He knows Germans too well not to remember that, in spite of the traveling habit which has been fashionable in recent years, the vast majority of them know extraordinarily little of the resources and temper of other countries.

Although Berlin outwardly has been changed hardly at all by the war, the correspondent came across evidence of doubts, anxieties, and even of riots. Accidentally he lighted upon the information that, in the belief of one statistician, Germany could not hold out for more than twelve months unless she could maintain her supply of fat-matters—among which, we may say, copra is not the least important. In November there was a riot of some magnitude in Berlin, and there has been another since then.

These food riots—for such they are—appear to be originated by women. In a very curious and enlightening passage the correspondent says that the spirit of German women is giving out before that of German men. He does not mean that they do not work splendidly. They do. They are untiring in their hospital work, and even in hard manual labor such as navvy jobs on a Berlin underground railway, but their grumbling at the cost of necessities grows louder and louder. They have no idea of accepting privation or—not to put it too strongly—inconvenience in their domestic economy quietly. Here we may congratulate ourselves that Englishwomen have nothing to learn from Germany.

By decree there are two meatless days and two fatless days every week. That is to say, on two days no meat may be sold in shops or restaurants, and on two other days no fat. The law does not touch whatever may have been stored in private houses. Bread, flour, and milk can be bought only to the quantity for which the purchaser holds a ticket. Paraffin oil is almost unobtainable. An interesting point is the cultivation of fresh water fish—carp, tench, pike, and so on. The Government, contrary to some accounts, have not yet called up the copper supplies. An acquaintance of the correspondent had been instructed to send a list to the Government of all copper articles in his works, but he had heard no more of the matter. The Government have drawn up an inventory, in fact, and have not yet made use of it. Butter varies greatly in price with the locality, but this is true of nearly all forms of food. Butter reached 3s. a pound at one time in Berlin, but has since dropped to 2s. 3d. On the other hand, in one small town in West Prussia visited by the correspondent the maximum price of butter had been fixed at 1s. 6d. a pound. One of the most conspicuous shortages is in rubber. India-rubber tires may be used but rarely and taxicabs are disappearing. Motoring for pleasure is unknown.

The almost universal confidence is, of course, reflected in any discussion of possible terms of peace, though we do

not imagine for a moment that the statesmen of Germany really deceive themselves when they make such statements as that of the Chancellor in the Reichstag last week. The authorities assert what they wish the people to believe, and no doubt they also hope to bluff their enemies to some extent. At all events, the correspondent thinks that the German terms of peace as at present formulated are something like this: First and foremost there must be what is called a "Free Rhine." For that reason the Germans will fight for Antwerp to the last. They mean to persuade or intimidate Holland into abandoning her rights

at the mouth of the Scheldt. Possibly this might be done by the extension of the German Customs Union. Belgium would be treated to the Alsace-Lorraine system. The correspondent came across no anti-annexationists, though they are said to exist. He calls the notion that Germany will be persuaded, except by force, to evacuate Belgium "ridiculous." She has spent vast sums of money, both there and in Poland, on reorganization and on what she fancies is a tactful treatment of the population. Whence is she to recover this money? She is not rebuilding Belgium for love of the Belgians.

Longing for Peace?—Answers

By Maximilian Harden

This article by one of the ablest journalists of Europe appeared in *Die Zukunft* of which he is editor.

THE change in the Russian Ministry, announced by the leading newspapers of Europe during the last weeks of October, has not yet occurred.

A sudden change of opinion in the high imperial circles?

Fear that the rough surface of the Duma would soon rub the new men raw?

Only Mr. Krivoshein has gone, (with the postscript, it is said, that his early return to an even higher post is not impossible.) Mr. Kvostof, the strongest, and, as Minister of the Interior, the most important man in the Cabinet, has not yet got rid of old Goremykine, Ambassador Shebeko, or Mr. Sazonoff.

Old or new, it is all the same to us.

The unexampled freedom of criticism in Russia, Mr. Privy Councilor, is a sign of strength, not of weakness.

The public discussion of the failings and dirty acts of the administration, the censuring of the military doctors, (particularly by Menschikof,) and the expositions of the advantages due to German organization and technique should teach us how far Russia is from believing the

end of the world is at hand, as is thought by many in our "foolish zone."

The man who bares his wounds in the market place, and allows remedies and the possibility of a cure to be discussed before the ears of the crowd, seems, to the impartial, stronger and less in need of overnice consideration than the man who never lifts the bandage and who answers every question with: "Everything is in the finest condition. Besides? Nothing new of importance."

The Russian hears that his army in the field still numbers almost 7,000,000 men and that 8,000,000 men have been drafted and are being trained back of the front, that the railroad to the ice-free ocean being built by the busy host of prisoners of war is nearly finished, and he hopes, with the confidence swiftly following this news, that the fresh troops will be armed and equipped and sent to the front in the Spring. His slogan is:

"In March, or in April, at the latest, the offensive will begin, with ten or twelve million well-equipped troops, who, with the best of guns and projectiles,

made at home and in America and Japan, will drive the enemy from our extreme outer works."

Alexeieff, Chief of the General Staff, says so, and General Russky declares:

"We have, at last, as much ammunition as we need against the Germans and we stamp on the boxes this notice: 'Don't be stingy with the cartridges!' Our war is just beginning."

Eighty thousand workingmen and women (who have received the right to vote) have sent representatives to the committee for war industries.

Now there must be a change. In Russia's favor? Since her last fairly convenient connecting road through Serbia is barred, her hopes may prove deceiving. In the meantime she is alive, raises her head through the fog and snow, and wisdom advises us to take her into consideration.

Revolution? Not yet the slightest sign in sight.

When Japan pledged herself in November not to enter into peace negotiations alone, but only together with her allies, it was looked upon by the "association" as a still greater promise of salvation.

"The cunning yellow men will only take part when it comes to the end. If they don't join us on the western front, after the cession of French Indo-China, they will certainly do so in India, Egypt, and on the Persian Gulf, perhaps even at Alexandretta, or on the Turkish, Albanian, and Bulgarian coasts; there where they could take part more effectively and under more favorable conditions and release white fighting units for use upon other battlefields. Not only because their prestige, in case they should decide the European war, would rise enormously on the Pacific Ocean and in the New World, but also because a loss of power in Europe would force us to return to Asia and thereby endanger Japan's predominance, as happened after the peace of Shimonoseki and before the quarrel over Port Arthur and the Yalu." These are the words on the lips of politicians and diplomats.

They fear nothing from Sweden, as *they know* that the Finns will not be-

come Swedes and that the Swedes do not wish again to have a common Government with the Finns. The belief that is still floating around, and not entirely in the corners, either, that Sweden will draw the sword tomorrow against Russia in order to obtain the bagatelle of the Oeland Islands and to forestall an attack by Russia in the dim future, is silly, even if our enemies did not have powerful friends in the most enlightened and powerful of the Scandinavian kingdoms, equal to and above the Socialist leader, Branting. They have not been able to prevent the polite but firm repulse of English attempts at supervision and guardianship, (first the French language was chosen as the medium of negotiations, then the British emissaries' binding authority was wrested away, and finally acquiescence in London's demands was refused,) but they at once would have become the mouthpieces of the entire country if they had had occasion to protest against any German interference.

We should say to the Swedes, loudly and in unambiguous words: "We are glad of your German pride and of your stand for inflexible justice, and we have no intention of mixing in your internal politics, nor of imposing upon you the wanton outrage of a grievous war without a great object simply because it might suit our plans to do so. We have never intended that, because some day the Russians might threaten you, you should now force the struggle upon them. Whoever indicated such a conclusion did not speak for Germany's brain."

A separate peace between Germany and Russia?

For months I have been warning my readers against such irrational fabrications. That the pious single-mindedness of the peasants would never forgive even the Czar, the head of the church, the father, for breaking a covenant, that he would lose his divine attributes and become almost brutish in their eyes, if he tried to slip out of the iron-clad agreement which he has signed, is known to every one who is acquainted with the Russian's soul.

If Nicholas Alexandrovitch should abandon his comrades of the September treaty to conclude a peace unfavorable to the empire, the mujiks would rise against him and he would have revolution in the empire, and not, as ten years ago, mere city riots. He would not be able to find support in the army and he might as well pack the trunks of his child of trouble, Alexis, too. He doesn't need any Rasputin to tell him that.

Would you rather, in a time of crisis, deal with the oppressor alone, or in company with powerful partners? Neither can you expect that an autocrat of all the Russias, whose army is defeated and whose border provinces are under foreign rule, for fear that the stock of his empire may go still lower, will sit down

alone with the enemy at the council table where he might have England, France, and Japan as neighbors.

Even a weakling heeds the call of honor when there is advantage in doing so.

I have never believed in the possibility of individual treaties of peace. That such a thing is more unlikely to happen with Russia than with any of the other great powers is plain to a politician.

To the ash heap at last with the dead stick that has made too many believe it was a vine capable of developing life!

The people of Germany demand the truth from writers, too, and protest scornfully against the illusion that has delighted the drunken toppers in their swinish ecstasies in Auerbach's cellar.

Facing the Possibilities

By the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, M. P.

Below we print part of the leading article in the latest issue of *The Contemporary Review*, in which Sir Joseph Compton surveys the war situation and discounts the worst possibilities confronting the Allies.

LET us take things at their worst. Assume that the Austro-German-Bulgar-Turk combination is quite successful, and that the road is opened to Constantinople. Although the Allies keep a firm grip upon Saloniki they decide upon the evacuation of the Peninsula of Gallipoli. The troops so released would avail for Egypt if we had not otherwise provided for its defense.

Our fleet would still command the seaboard of Asia Minor, and with Saloniki as a base we should be on the flank of the German advance. Let worse follow and we evacuate Egypt because our troops can be better employed upon the offensive elsewhere. This would injure our prestige for the time, but it would bring no decision for Germany nor relieve her from the tension of a Winter's war. With Egypt and the Suez Canal in the temporary possession of the German-Turkish armies, what could follow? The Suez Canal would be closed by the allied fleets. We should throttle the Red

Sea effectually at Aden. Our possession of the Sudan would be secured by our naval hold on the Red Sea, and we should retain a direct communication with India as our military and naval base. An advance overland to Khartum would be impossible across the "belly of stones," the desert which separates Egypt from the Sudan. Our mercantile marine would go around the Cape to the Far East and to the Southern Hemisphere. In these days of powerful steamers, running at higher speed than formerly, the difference between the two routes is not so marked. This is particularly so in war time when we take into consideration the risks of the Mediterranean, the delays of the Suez Canal, and the slow passage of the Red Sea, which always bristles with dangers to navigation. Our empire would remain intact, and there would be no interruption in communication between the British Islands, India, or far-away Australasia.

Who imagines that Germany would at-

tempt an enterprise so impossible as a movement to India across thousands of miles and with Russia upon her flank? None of these things are likely to happen; but at the very worst our supremacy at sea would carry us safely through the crisis as heretofore.

The war will not be settled by "tourist trips" into Mesopotamia, but by our success at last in overpowering a weakening Germany, and the progress of the Anglo-French arms in the west and of Russia in the east. The real strength of our great adversary lies in her geographical unity, that solid body of the German race massed in Central Europe. Austria only holds together by the stiffening given to her by her ally, and Turkey again is a "geographical expression." The best of her fighting force today is found for her by races European in blood, whose ancestors were forced to accept the Mohammedan faith. When these races fail her she has little to hope from the pure Asiatics of her distant provinces. We have yet to test the Turk in the open against the class of European troops which France and Britain will direct against her. In all this we have left out of calculation the contribution of Russia. It may be that an advance from the Caucasus may prove the best diversion, or a landing on the shores of the Black Sea, or even a continued advance into Galicia and into Prussian Poland.

There is a question, however, which is as important as any of those which we have already discussed—the question of the terms which we are prepared to give to a defeated enemy. We may deprive Germany of her colonies, compel her to disband her armies and to surrender or to destroy her fleet to prevent its falling into our hands. We may even impose a war contribution upon her, but she will survive. Her defeat, however complete, will be attributed by her to the malevolence of Great Britain, whom she hoped to have kept out of the present struggle. Just as she recovered from the victories of Napoleon she will begin again to assert herself, to build up her industries, and to arm once more.

Catastrophe, if it overtakes her, will be attributed to ill-fortune, failure of preparation, or to the unlimited resources of her malignant enemies. The judgment of war may not bring moral conversion, and the old difficulties will then reappear. Her enlarging armaments will threaten Europe, and our children or our children's children, as the generations move on, will return to the same deadly crisis as before.

If she could be persuaded that Central Europe ought to suffice for her, and that her intelligence and energies were given to her for the peaceful penetration of less favored peoples, then there would be hope of future peace. For whatever may be the value of her culture it cannot for one moment be compared with that of Ancient Greece, whose political power counted for so little, but whose influence has so sensibly affected the whole course of European civilization. Unfortunately, this is not likely to be the case. She has tasted the forbidden fruit of world power, and the poison still runs in her veins. Unhappily, this means that we dare not trust her. It may be necessary for the allied nations to impose a peace which will involve a strategical command of Germany until they see what the future will bring forth.

No one desires to deprive the German race of their right to self-government, but we are bound to emancipate those peoples who have suffered from her dominance and whom Germany has failed, after years of occupation of their territories, to reconcile or to assimilate. We may have to secure the safety of the North Sea by intrusting the German seaboard to a new federation of little States and retain for ourselves a naval station, Heligoland or another, in order to command the Kiel Canal. It may be that the effect of the war will separate Germany once more into a north and a south, while the non-German people of Central Europe are gathered into new States which will guard the approach to the southeast. The problem is highly complicated, and cannot be settled by a denunciation in general terms of the evils of militarism. Germany must pay the

penalty for her lust of conquest, but in some way we must restore her to the company of civilized nations. We can

only hope that, chastened by suffering, she may at last rise transfigured into newness of life.

Reflections of the War in Germany

The passages which follow are taken from a very able and interesting article, by M. Lourier, in the Vjestnik Evropy, (the Messenger of Europe,) published at Petrograd:

IN August there was unveiled in Berlin a colossal statue to General Hindenburg—between the Reichstag and the Siegesallee (the "Avenue of Victory")—a wooden image as tall as eight men standing on each other's heads, to render everlasting the features of the present army commander, the former professor. Kaiser Wilhelm ordered that the battle cruiser launched in July should be called the Hindenburg. A pretty, fluffy little animal (of the kangaroo family) which was discovered in what was then German New Guinea, and successfully brought to Berlin, is also called the Hindenburg, by the unanimous vote of explorers and scientists. This long-tailed Hindenburg has been placed in a separate cage in the Zoological Garden and "attracts even more attention than Missie," as we are informed by a patriotic reporter. Missie is a large chimpanzee of the gentler sex, dear to the hearts of Berliners.

Zabrze, a town of 63,000 inhabitants, is to be called Hindenburg; and the whole district of Zabrze (in Silesia) is also to take the same name. The larger German towns have collected more than 10,000,000 marks, to be intrusted to the learned General, and to be spent by him according to his discretion. The Government of Saxony has published in its organ an amusing circular, appealing to the people of Saxony not to bombard the General with picture postals; the Commander in Chief cannot use his dining room, because it is filled to the ceiling with postals; the General has no chance to get at his private correspondence because in the daily wagonloads

which are delivered to him no one can divine which letters are important and which simply inform him that "a toast in his honor was drunk in such and such a restaurant, in the presence of so and so"; and the Saxon organ even calls the great warrior "a subject for sympathy and pity."

The heroes of the beer halls call their new-born sons Hindenburg; a newspaper announces that a little girl has been named Hindenburga. All these patriots are at war against all foreign words and names, insisting that the famous Hymn of Hate directed against England shall be made obligatory in the children's schools and incumbering the mail sacks of the army with postals that jeer at the nations which are at war with Germany. * * *

It is only just to add that public indignation against these beer-hall heroes was strong enough to compel the German Government to intervene. A whole output of postals especially offensive to the Allies was confiscated. This was done after many organs of the press, both Radical and Moderate, had printed innumerable protests against the lack of dignity and artistic worth that these postcards showed, and especially after the publication of many indignant protests from officers and soldiers at the front, who were wroth at being "disgraced by the heroes of the beer tables." The efforts to propagate the Hymn of Hate in the schools has also called forth many protests; and here the press did not miss the opportunity to point out the hypocrisy of the party especially interested in sowing animosity between England and Germany, which so rapidly changed front as soon as interest dictated.

An amusing instance of this: The central organ of German industry, the Mit-

teilungen des Kriegsausschuss der deutschen Industrie, in an editorial article, calls for a complete break in all intercourse with England, but in the very next number of the same periodical we find the following advertisement: "Business messages for England: A well recommended wholesale neutral mer-

chant, well connected in English official and business circles, who resides in Berlin, but visits England frequently, offers to transmit business messages for those who desire it. Detailed information may be had at the Commercial Department of the War Committee of German Industry."

Americans Disliked in England

By James Davenport Whelpley

Following is a condensed version of a surprising article by an American correspondent in England, which appeared in The Outlook, New York, Jan. 12, 1916:

AT the end of this war Englishmen will be liked better than they were in some parts of the world and more hated in others, and they will be as indifferent to these changes of feeling as if there had been none. At the end of this war Americans will be more heartily and generally disliked everywhere, except possibly in Belgium and Serbia, than they were in that peaceful year of 1913 which now seems to belong to a remote past. Also they will care more than ever. They will feel hurt and resentful, for they will believe that it should be quite the contrary, for good and sufficient reasons.

There will be many causes for this dislike, none of which will seem reasonable to an American, but the fact will remain. In the first place, we are, and probably will remain, neutral to the end. Neutrality means treading on every one's toes. The Germans, Austrians, Turks, and Bulgarians do not like our form of neutrality, for under the circumstances it favors their enemies. The English, French, Russians, and Italians don't approve of us because they think we have failed to protest sufficiently against German methods, have been too patient with German and Turkish outrages, and that we have profited enormously in a financial way from the misfortunes of others.

The Belgian relief work, the rebuke

to Germany for her submarine methods, the vast American contributions to all forms of assistance for the wounded and otherwise stricken among the warring peoples, the enlistment of several thousand Americans in the war on the side of the Allies, the unselfish labor of official and unofficial Americans for the relief of distress, the loans and credits given to warring nations in large amounts—none of these things, nor all of them, will prevail to make America or Americans popular with other peoples after this war.

We may reasonably be expected to ask why this is so. The answer lies in the domain of psychology and not of reason, and it is rather difficult to analyze.

At an English social gathering not long ago the discussion ran to America's part in the war. An American present, well versed in current events, analyzed and explained the position of his country in the various crises which have arisen since Aug. 4, 1914. The assembled company accepted the explanations in good part, and apparently all was harmonious, when an Englishwoman present, whose mind reflects that of her soldier husband and his friends rather than her original thought, suddenly dropped a bomb by saying, in almost spiteful tone, "You Americans feel so beastly virtuous because you are not in this war," and in the momentary silence that ensued before the topic of conversation was changed the atmospheric condition resumed the normal state which

generally prevails in an Anglo-American gathering in England in these times; the barometer suddenly dropped from "set fair" to "changeable."

"Remember the Lusitania!" is the challenge of one of Lord Kitchener's recruiting posters which is displayed in every English village. I went into a little shop in a small English town one day recently to purchase something. On a wall opposite this shop was one of these posters. The woman behind the counter, while attending to my wants rather absentmindedly, as they all do these days, began to talk of the war. Noting that I was an American, she said, in a very anxious tone, "Do you think America will soon come into the war against us?" I expressed my astonishment at her question, and she added, "Oh, lots of people around here expect that." I did some missionary work right there, and left her apparently much relieved in her mind, but her question haunted me, and still does.

Whence come these impressions of America and the attitude of her people toward the war? One can only theorize about it because of lack of definite knowledge, for no one is ever able to give any exact reason for his impressions or any exact information as to the stories he hears.

I have almost given up going to one of my clubs in London, where nearly all the members are military or civil servants of the British Government, because of the atmospheric change which has taken place in the past few months. On the club bulletin board is posted a "Roll of Honor." On it, the last day I saw it, were the names of forty members who had been killed in action and sixty who had been wounded. In the big smoking room, now half deserted, nearly every one is in khaki; even the old dodderers are doing something that entitles them to wear it or they are going on what they have done in the past. An American enters the club. A few glance over their papers at the unusual sight of mufti. His nationality is recognized at once. Men who are talking together, look around, a remark is made sotto voce or

conversation stops altogether. It is not a personal thing, it is national, and, while the American's own state of mind may exaggerate the effect through hypersensitiveness, still it is unmistakable.

"Why?" you ask yourself again, and the question remains unanswered.

"Will America sit at the council table when peace is to be arranged?" I can hear the indignant shouts of "No!" from men and women of every and any class in these British Isles. What would they have America do at the present moment other than is being done? They do not know. They think we should at least have made formal protest against the invasion of Belgium, and many of us Americans agree with them. They admit that there is no real cause for us to go to war as yet, and that we are wise and right in keeping out of it—that is, the intelligent Britishers do—and here their argument or talk trails off into sarcasm or growl which leads to no statement of definite program that they would lay down for us to follow. I can't help feeling at times that there is a great deal in the peppery outburst of the uninformed Englishwoman who said, "You Americans feel so beastly virtuous because you are not in this war."

How Americans will stand in England when the war is over depends somewhat upon the outcome of the conflict. A complete victory for England and her allies, with America neutral to the end, would, of course, dispose of all the stories current in rural England as to America siding with the Germans. The defeat or the partial defeat of England, or a draw between the nations at war, would unquestionably perpetuate a feeling of bitterness which has shown itself in the oft-heard remark that in a sense England is now fighting America's battles. The theory upon which this is based is that the principles for which the Allies stand and are fighting are those under which the American Nation conducts itself, and also that a world-victorious Germany would mean shortly either a humiliated or a war-ravaged America. Should England fail to win a complete victory, it will be felt by Englishmen that America

had it in her power at the critical moment to insure an allied victory and

failed to do it, notwithstanding a professed sympathy for the allied cause.

Religion During War

By A. N.

Translated from an article appearing in a recent issue of *Russian Thought*.

It was damp, and a cold and strident wind was blowing. We were in the midst of a long march in hilly country. The roads were horribly muddy after the rains. The wheels of our heavy cannons and munition cases stuck and were thickly covered with mud. The going was slow, with frequent stops. Crossing small rivers over shaky wooden bridges was especially hard. The latter had often to be reinforced with firmer planks before we were able to use them, and so the long trail of our artillery wagons was detained by us. The riders of the gun teams used their whips and yelled at the horses. The commanding officers yelled and swore at the riders, occasionally using their whips. The men were tired and hungry.

During an exceptionally long river crossing, while awaiting its completion, I dismounted and stood by the roadside on the edge of a plantation. Beet roots had been recently gathered from this plantation; I picked a forgotten root and cleanly peeled away the rind with my penknife. I cut it into small bits and chewed them, enjoying the juiciness of the pulp. Glancing up, I saw our doctor watching my mouth with greedy, hungry eyes.

"Have some?"

"Spare me a bit, do."

He ate the small piece I handed him, and with eyes still burning with uncontrollable, animal hunger, he said: "Perhaps you can give me some more?"

And if we were reduced to devouring roots destined for cattle fodder, you can imagine how hard it was on the soldiers who had not even been riding, but who had walked and worked, helping the progress of the train, helping the horses.

In these circumstances, on such a day, my attention was drawn to a swarthy young soldier. He was a cannon attendant and walked close to his charge on the right, between the front and rear wheels. There was nothing noteworthy in the figure of the soldier, save for the fact that he carried a tiny book in his hand, which he read as he walked. His expression was at once collected and serious. I was unable to resist an impulse of curiosity, and driving close to the gun, in an off-hand manner, I bent forward in my saddle and glanced at the book. The type was ancient Hebrew—evidently a Prayer Book.

So! The Jew soldier prayed. It was Autumn; probably one of the great Jewish Fall festivals. Some dim memory flashed through my brain. Yes—I was reminded of the "Taper," the wax taper in Count Tolstoy's narrative, lit by the serf Peter, on whom fell the duty to plow for his master on Easter Sunday. So he stuck a taper on the plow, and prayed and sang Easter hymns as he followed the plow. Was this not an analogous case?

The implement was different, however—no tool of the soil, but a horrible, death-dealing howitzer. The man, too—he was no village harvester, but a member of the artillery—with a number.

The artillery train moved and stopped. With it the young Jewish soldier walked, kneading the sticky mud, which clung to his boots, or halting with a jerk, instinctively taking his stand between the front and rear wheels, between the ammunition case in front and the gun behind. Only now and then he raised his dark, southern eyes from the Prayer Book to make sure that everything was

as it should be around him, and that he might continue his prayer without interruption.

Happily, no one interfered, no one presented obstacles, though in an angry moment any battery commander could have made it hot for him for inattention. Pos-

sibly, just at this time, each was too busy with his own affairs, possibly no one besides myself noticed the little sacred book, scarcely bigger than a box of matches.

Adonai, the God of Israel, will accept his prayer.

Copenhagen Repudiates Björn Björnson

Scheduled to lecture on the war in the Danish capital, the pro-German Norwegian, son of the famous writer, was prevented from doing so by a hostile audience, as related in *Dagens Nyheder*.

THERE may have been a number of empty seats in the big hall of the Concert Palace, but still it can be said that it was a large audience that witnessed the stormy incidents of the evening.

Björn Björnson's lecture, "From the Three Fronts," was to have started at 8 o'clock, but a quarter of an hour passed before Björnson showed himself after the audience had displayed its impatience by stamping. A few applauded on the lecturer's appearance, but this sign of approval was immediately drowned by violent hissing and whistling. As near as could be judged, this hostile demonstration came largely from the crowd in the upper gallery and from others scattered in the rear of the orchestra circle.

While all this is going on, Björnson stands leaning carelessly against the table on the platform and at his right is Reinhold Mac, the young Chairman of the Society for Public Information, who arranged the meeting. Reinhold Mac keeps swinging the Chairman's bell, and above the din in the hall he is heard to say, "If you go on in this fashion, then—"

No one finds out what is to happen, for while the whistling keeps on increasing everybody gets on his feet while voices meet each other from the galleries to the boxes and from the boxes to the galleries. Even chair seats are brought into requisition as instruments for noise making.

Here and there are cries that Björnson ought to have a chance to be heard. Up on the platform Reinhold Mac tries again and again to speak, but he only succeeds

with innumerable interruptions. Björnson himself says nothing.

"You have no right to judge any one until you hear him," says Reinhold Mac. [Interruption: "Oh, we know him!"]

"It is nothing but young fellows who are tyrannizing this meeting." [Interruption: "Do we get back our money?"]

"All opinions should be heard here. At later meetings there will be opportunity for French and English champions to express themselves." Singing in the back of the hall. "Yes, we love this land."

After the Norwegian national song has been rendered there is loud applause in which Björnson joins.

As time passes—an hour has already gone by—there are increased demands that Björnson should be allowed to proceed. He appears as if getting ready when suddenly there comes: "Are you a son of the old Björnson?" And from another corner of the hall: "He is being paid." Reinhold Mac proposes that the audience take a vote whether Björnson should speak. A voice: "May we have a written decision?" A vote is taken by raising of hands. The majority is for hearing Björnson.

At 9:15 Björnson takes a seat and drinks a glass of water. He confers with Director Jacob Jacobson, who has come on to the platform.

Now Björnson starts in: "I don't want to deliver this lecture, [the audience becomes restless.] Just be quiet a moment, I've got a cold and am unable to scream. The Social-Democrat of Stock-

holm said something about this being a peace lecture. To me it is funny that it has turned into a fighting lecture. But after all it is not the majority that is in control this evening. There is something else back of it. [Violent whistling.] Oh, as far as I am concerned, whistle at much as you please." Voices: "Throw them out!"

A couple of unruly fellows are removed from the front rows. An excited young woman has pointed them out.

When things have quieted down a little, Jacob Jacobson begins to speak. He reminds the audience that Björnson is there as an invited guest, and that he has a right to decent treatment. Björnson, says Jacobson, will merely indicate the nature of his lecture, and if the subject is objectionable he will take his leave.

Björnson: "No, that is wrong. It is now close to 10 o'clock and I am going to deliver no lecture. I just desired to protest against the charge that I was a

paid enthusiast. [Considerable noise.] It is sheer nonsense to say that I am an enemy to Denmark." Björnson here strikes the desk with his closed hand. "Sheer nonsense, I say."

A young Norwegian jumps up and cries: "I hope that when a Dane comes to Norway to say a few words the Norwegian youth will give him a chance to be heard!"

Reinhold Mac now dismisses the gathering with the remark that Björnson will speak some other evening in a smaller hall, and that all who desire admission will have to give their names.

And the memorable evening came to a close. It is to be regretted that it came to demonstrations and remonstrances that may cause unpleasantness in certain quarters. It is well known that many here in Denmark are out of sympathy with Björn Björnson, but they ought to have stayed away and given him a chance to speak to those who cared to hear him.

The Danes in the World War

By Dr. Fredrik Boeck

The well-known Swedish critic writes in the Svenska Dagbladet about the Danes who are participating in the great struggle in the article of which a translation appears below.

OF the northern race, only the Danes have come in direct touch with the world war—the two hundred thousand Danish brethren who live in South Jutland under German rule. Of all the literature on the war that has come to my notice, there is nothing which has so affected me as the letters of these Danish-Germans from the front.

Even the most casual observer will have to admit that these letters bear witness to an intelligence, a culture, an ability in respect to psychological reflection that unquestionably is not to be found among many other nationalities. The South Jutlanders are a chosen people. The majority of them are well-to-do farmers who almost without exception have had a splendid education in the folk high schools. During their long and persistent battle for the retention of their language and their individual cul-

ture they have possessed themselves of precious qualities.

It is one of the paradoxes of this war that the South Jutlanders have been better equipped for the war's terrific trials than almost any others. In spite of the fact that the task must have been a very hard one, they have stood the test with honor.

It is to be remarked that from many parts of Germany come evidences that the participation of the South Jutlanders is being thoroughly appreciated. There is something uplifting, something comforting in watching these Danish brothers who act with no less courage and initiative than their comrades, but who are completely without passion or hate. By virtue of their exceptional position they have partaken of the skepticism of modern culture, which again enables them to act without hardness or fanaticism.

One may be aware of the eternal relative in what is called the duty of man, and yet stand fast even unto death. One may be careful and refined, and yet strong in character and action.

The idyllic democratic, pacific sentiment of these farmer-soldiers crops out on every occasion. How touched they appear when they see those fine, well-fed Jutland horses harnessed before the cannons! It is like a dear greeting from

home. The dirt, the distress, and the poverty of Russia make a powerful and painful impression upon them. We should be proud of our kinship to these South Jutland farmers, who, perhaps more sensitive than any others in the war, suffer in silence. We are confronted with a heroism, a Danish heroism, without the least outward sign of pathos. It is for us Swedes to show that we understand how grand and genuine is this courage.

Denmark's Preparedness Propaganda

The Opposition press in Denmark recently discussed the need for military preparedness, as set forth in the subjoined article, translated from Dagens Nyheder, Copenhagen.

THE meeting in the Landsting has been followed with great interest throughout the country in circles championing proper defense measures. The well-considered plan of the Rightist Party was up for discussion, and in view of the situation the suggestion for a parliamentary commission to examine the existing means of defense was entirely logical. The session was bound to open the eyes of those at the helm of our hyper-democratic Government.

Our Democrats—the Leftists, the Socialists, and the Radicals—have been unable to find expressions sufficiently condemnatory of the Rightist Party's proposition for a preparedness commission. Parliamentarism is something great and uplifting, so, of course, the members of the Right must not touch it. That is a privilege belonging solely to democracy. And although Joergen Pedersen is that member of the Landsting who has called the present Rigsdag a "living corpse," yet he finds that a gathering fostered by "the corpse," for the purpose of learning our means for defense, can only cause uneasiness among the people.

The arguments advanced against the creating of a commission by the spokesmen for the cabinet and the Democratic Party were a wonderful concoction. A "beautiful" spirit of unity existed as regards the efforts of the Right going for nought. No one could conceive the

commission to be anything but mere agitation—a matter of personal experience, perhaps—although everybody must know that where it concerned the country's defense the policy of the Rightists has always been of the most unselfish kind. To the astonishment of the Democrats, the Right has more than once sacrificed members of the Rigsdag on the altar of preparedness.

The leader of the Free-Conservative Party attempted to mediate between the chief opponents, but the Minister of War, who was in control, did not even give him an answer. When the Left Party finally added a supplementary order of the day, the proposition of the Right was swept aside.

The whole proved to be parliamentary history of the most ultra-democratic stamp. But the good of it all is that the activity of the Right in the Landsting has caused an improvement in defensive measures in various territories which otherwise might have been totally neglected. And in the Folksting there is proof that now the voluntary army corps are to take the lead. No matter how the curious parliamentarism continues, much has been accomplished, and, as Herman Bang once wrote: "The corpse ate and drank, slept and woke up."

It ought to be no secret to Minister of War Munch that a commission of the kind proposed in Denmark has operated

to complete satisfaction in Norway, Sweden, and Holland. In these countries there has been no talk of creating uneasiness on that account. On the contrary, even leading Social-Democrats have publicly declared that it is important that preparations bearing on the military establishment, should synchronize with industrial mobilization. Why, therefore, should a similar labor in Denmark, executed under the direction of Minister Munch himself, and by men chosen by him, cause confusion in this country? We feel moved to declare that it should be impossible for whatever member of the Radical Left, outside the Government, to construct an opposing argument really acceptable to normal thinking.

There is at hand complete evidence

of how Sweden has been moving in this matter. The energy there displayed in organizing the industrial war machinery is praiseworthy and typical.

Whether we shall finally obtain a parliamentary commission to investigate the defense situation or not, peace and security can only be maintained when the people learn that something is being done to remedy existing defects. The main thing now is not to get tired of agitating the question. The men who are in the advance lines advocating adequate defense must submit to being called war-mad militarists. It is not impossible that the day will come when they will appear in a finer light to the eyes of the great public than will the very men who now point the finger of derision at them.

George V. in Danish Eyes

By Dr. R. Besthorn

The noted Danish historian, Dr. R. Besthorn, presents in a recent issue of *Dagens Nyheder* of Copenhagen an intimate picture of the British monarch as ruler and diplomat.

WHEN the Sailor King, the ruler of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Emperor of India, George V., shortly before the world war reviewed the great fleet—the greatest fleet the world has ever seen assembled in one place—Edward VII.'s son and successor may, perhaps, have dreamed of the day when, leading this powerful aggregation of sea fighters, he should sally forth in battle against the young but consequential fleet of his cousin, Emperor William. But the King-Emperor had scarcely considered it likely at that time that he should hold a review over a combined Anglo-French Army in the field against German armies that were attempting to snatch from France and England the city whose name stands indelibly written in the heart of Bloody Mary—Calais.

When George V., on May 7, 1910, assumed the reins of government, the new ruler over the world's greatest em-

pire of more than 400,000,000 souls was a comparatively unknown man, even in England. All eyes had been on King Edward and his foreign politics, and his death came so suddenly and unexpected that for a while it was quite impossible to get the Governmental machinery in proper order. Premier Asquith happened to be in Seville. The leader in the House of Commons, James Lowther, was in Constantinople. The Prince of Wales, who so unexpectedly became King George, had led a quiet existence, and even in England there were not many who had a well-grounded opinion regarding his personality.

That the new ruler of the British Empire was sailor with heart and soul was known, and also that he was enthusiastically interested in all that concerned the nation's men-of-war and the colonies. But most people must have had the idea that George V., who was so fond of his private circle and family life, and lived so quietly, had no special interest

for politics, whether those concerning foreign affairs or of the country itself.

Viscount Mountmorres, who knew the King well, assured his intimates that King George "resembled Emperor William by his irresistible, restless energy and his intelligence, and that he was a man who, in whatever interested him, insisted on playing an active, yes, a leading, part." But there were not many who placed much weight on this characterization, while the opinion was general that Queen Mary exerted a considerable influence over the King. This opinion was strengthened through the proclamation with which George V. took over the Government when he declared that he felt himself encouraged in his great task because conscious of the fact that he would find support in the aid of his dear helpmate.

Time has proved that Viscount Mountmorres had the correct estimate of King George V.'s personality. The Viscount's estimate is further strengthened by recalling the half-forgotten but no less interesting speech delivered by the King at his ascension after his return from the great journey, when he said that he "would emphasize the impression that, I believe, prevails among our brothers on the other side of the oceans, namely, that the old motherland must awake if it expects to retain its supremacy in colonial trade."

The words that King Edward's successor in 1902 addressed to his countrymen, "Wake up, England," at the time created much attention, and in reality constituted a program that has been followed by leading English statesmen. At any rate, that speech gave evidence that King George at the time had his interest rooted in great political plans.

The year of mourning passed quietly at the new Court, but when it was over, King George V. appeared more conspicuously in his public rôle. The dedication of the monument to Queen Victoria, with the accompanying entertainments in honor of the German royal couple, was followed by a series of Court festivals. Englishmen began to notice that the King took an interest in sports, including racing. The coronation in London showed

that George V. was popular, and the further coronation in Delhi, when the ruler announced the transfer of the Indian seat of government from Calcutta to Delhi, went to prove that the King had a program of his own in the domain of colonial politics, and saw a way to carry it to completion.

The constitutional struggles in Parliament as well as the Ulster crisis showed that where interior politics were concerned the King had his individual conceptions and made them tell, while perhaps he could not make his conservatism prevail. The interest in the royal sailor's pipe, that replaced King Edward's famous Havana cigar, and many other characteristics had long been eliminated when the world war broke out.

As regards the larger political affairs, it does not seem that King George, in contrast to his father, cares specially for them. It is, however, possible that also here the general public estimate has been led astray through the quiet, unpretentious attitude of the King. In this, as in other respects, King George unquestionably resembles Emperor Nicholas much more than Kaiser Wilhelm.

On various occasions George V. declared that he would continue the politics of his father, but in his speech during the unveiling of the Queen Victoria monument there was a reference which pointed to the fact that a much more intimate relationship existed between the ruler of the German Empire and the ruler of Great Britain than had been the case in the days of Edward VII. And this official sign found corroboration in other instances. But at Emperor William's departure from London, May 20, 1911, a scene took place at the Victoria railroad station which gave inkling that elements of misunderstanding had come to hand. Further, the speech that Emperor William II., on June 20 of the same year, made on the steamship *Amerika* of the Hamburg-American Line, and in which the Emperor emphasized the duty of the new German Empire to solve the problem of the Hansa ideal, might well indicate that it was the Germanic-English fleet question that was at the

bottom of the "earnest conversation" that, according to the *Lokal-Anzeiger* of May 20, took place between the German Emperor and the English King.

While King George V. has not made himself conspicuous in the foreign political arena he has fulfilled his promises. He has stuck to the politics of his fa-

ther, and as the faithful ally of France he went to the front. It was here the King sustained injuries while doing his duty as military ruler. It would have been a serious loss had the British Empire during this frightful world war crisis been bereft of its experienced, character-strong leader.

Sweden's Contribution to Literature of the War

By Nils Aden

Gustaf F. Steffen and Ernst Wigforss are classed among foremost Swedish writers on international affairs. A reviewer in the *Forum* of Stockholm comments on their most recent works in the light of the country's neutral position.

WHEN Gustaf F. Steffen recently published the second part of his "War and Culture, Social-Psychological Documents and Observations from the World War in 1914," there appeared almost simultaneously another Swedish work with a similar title, "World War and World Peace, Documents and Reflections," by Ernst Wigforss. These books undoubtedly belong to the most significant works dealing with the international situation today. Both authors appear to seek for the causes of the great war in the dominant ideas characterizing the powers that are now opposing each other.

That Sweden should present such literature, and from the standpoint of Swedish interests, is quite essential. Our country has from the start declared its neutrality; we desire to continue in this fashion and hope to be able to accomplish our purpose. And, yet, it behooves us to see what effect the war is having on the world at large, and even if we succeed in keeping the peace within our borders it is necessary that we investigate how we are being affected by the general unrest. The direct political consequences, as well as the economic and spiritual effects, are especially felt in the countries nearest the scenes of conflict.

How do the Swedish authors stand in relation to a study of such a war as this?

Steffen declares that he approaches

his subject scientifically so as to "let the light shine" and to make "lucid the inner workings," but on top of this he emerges with nothing less than a declaration of war against one of the powers in question. "I have always," he says, "upheld Germany's intellectuality, its genius for organizing, and its universal spiritual tendency as the most important contrasts to the English way of thinking, its individualism and is insularity." This is certainly prejudging England and its allies. That, in addition, reverence is being paid Germany as the "motherland of the Social-Democracy" stamps Steffen as the champion of that country.

In the case of Wigforss's book, the intention at first had been to make of it merely a collection of documents. But the author discovered early that such impartiality was quite impossible. Even the bare arrangement of the material, he explains, had to be made with a view of reflecting the author's personal observations. As for the arguments of the respective sides, it is up to them to clinch their contentions. Wigforss's critical parallels we may examine point for point. It may be asked, Is he, then, friendly to the Entente? Yes, but in a different manner than Steffen is friendly to the Germans. Wigforss treats the fundamental problems carefully and just as cautiously; without bombast, without passion, he speaks his mind. Even those who may find that now and again he is

not free from bias owe him a debt because he invites the reader to use his own judgment, for which purpose he supplies him with the material.

The two great books on the war ought to be read and studied together. Of course, we should not expect that as a result of them the problem of the world war will be solved. Both of these writers consider the national psychological factors before and after the war first started. The presentation has had its difficulties, and there is a tendency to be heavy at times. Steffen has apparently written his book in great haste. But both works contain important material bearing upon the facts about the war.

Steffen's chief theme may be said to turn on the idea that the world war was unavoidable. There is a double motive. In the first place, general development has driven the great powers forward imperialistically, which necessitated a collision because of the inherent desire to keep on growing. Secondly, there has been antagonism on the part of the Entente powers against the rising Germany. Such is his argument.

Steffen bases his conclusions on history dating back to earliest times, with Babylon and Egypt and Rome and their successors typifying imperialism. All show us the struggle for empire, world dominion, universal monarchy. When such entities grow up there arises the danger of the unavoidable world war. Steffen implies that the imperialism of the Entente powers is aggressive, but that Germany and Austria-Hungary are overwhelmingly defensive in purpose. The three Entente nations have conspired "not to treat Germany as an equal," nor have they "permitted Germany to occupy the place in the world that its powerful development entitles it to when compared with the intellectual and material resources of England, France, and Russia." There is not to be found a "more logical reason for the world war of 1914-15."

Now the question is, What is Germany entitled to as a reward for its unquestioned development? Is it a matter of new colonies—in Africa, the modern form of colonization entitled colonial penetra-

tion, in Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia? As against Steffen, Wigforss here takes care of this proposition to the extent of leaving the query in the dark. There is no doubt that Germany has had need for new colonies to further its economical plans, but it may be asked whether England or the Entente in reality place such great obstacles in the way of this desire.

Some will point to Morocco. It is admitted that here Germany was prevented from gaining a foothold. But even those decidedly pro-German in their predilections have declared that Germany had no pronounced interests to serve; that the Morocco question was more a matter of political honor, and this due principally to German diplomacy off its guard. The agreement of 1911 did not only secure place for Germany's colonial interests in Morocco, but afforded them entrance even into the French Congo.

When Steffen characterizes German imperialism as defensive, and the Entente powers as offensive, such a terminology does injustice to existing facts. For it must be admitted that Germany stands for the aggressive empire when it embarks upon colonial and other economical political expansion.

How far Steffen goes in his belief that Germany should be given a proper chance for its development is shown from his attitude toward one of the many schemes for a new Europe following the war. The noted international jurist Franz von Liszt published last year a pamphlet in which he pictured a Central European Union. Steffen illuminates this union by affirming that it is for Germany to "exert a dominant influence in the realignment of the countries" by an ever-increasing co-ordination of the interests of Germany and Austria-Hungary, and in the new aggregation should be included Holland, the three Scandinavian countries, Switzerland, and Italy. The pamphlet, it is well to remember, was written before Italy's defection as a member of the Triple Alliance.

Sweden may well consider what a new Napolonic Rhine alliance would mean to it. Where does it belong in the light of the political, military, and economic issues involved?

Holland Looking Both Ways

Dutch newspapers have been cautious in giving utterance to personal views, but according to the *Haagsche Post*, which claims to maintain a neutral attitude, there have been journalistic expressions to the contrary. The subjoined article is from the *Haagsche Post* of The Hague.

EVEN if it cannot be said that in the course of the war all suspicion of Germany has disappeared or that outspoken enmity is no longer existent, there is no doubt that a much better feeling is present today. The attitude of the anti-German paper *Telegraaf*, which has tried its best to get Holland mixed up in the war, has caused a reaction, and the agents of the Quadruple Entente may now realize that all their trouble and expenditure of gold have gone for nought.

A similar fate has met the unlimited hatred that centred around the *J'accuse* declaration. An Amsterdam physician has published a counterpamphlet, *Contra J'accuse*, which is appearing in edition after edition. The reception accorded the speech of the German Chancellor proved indicative of the feelings of the better classes.

We must say that we ourselves are surprised that there should be any country in Europe, and especially ours, where there could be any apprehension regarding the speech of the Chancellor. Some say that there is a threat in that speech and that German domination in Europe is established. Also, that we can keep

our independence just so long as it suits Germany.

As we see it, the Chancellor desires to make his country secure against foreign aggression. He wants to put an end to the kind of politics that keeps his country in a vise. The Chancellor says that the enemies hope for a crushed Germany, nothing less than a vassal of Russia. But that is not to be. The future points to a new Europe with a powerful German Nation. We do not desire to affirm that Germany will attain such a power that it will put an end to Great Britain's rule at sea. But, on the other hand, we do not believe that Germany wants to control the oceans but only to relieve them from English pressure.

Under existing conditions we are not saying much about England's domination at sea, but there is no question that those neutral countries which live by ocean traffic are at the mercy of the English. When once peace is established, or rather when the freedom of the sea comes before the peace conference, it will be seen that Germany's powerful position in Europe has worked for the benefit of neutrals.

Conquered Lands for Foodstuffs

By Dr. Lujo Brentano

Official adviser of the German Imperial Government on the cultivable areas needed by Germany to support her population independently, Dr. Brentano expresses his belief in this article, appearing originally in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, that the rich agricultural Lithuanian and Baltic provinces should be embodied for that purpose in the German Empire.

WHEN the fight about grain taxes was at its liveliest, many agrarians did not hesitate to demand that Germany be made over into a preponderantly agricultural nation. One of the principal arguments advanced in support of this was that the country, under present conditions, could be starved out

in war; that, therefore, all the grain needed by Germany must be raised on German soil, for which reason high grain taxes were absolutely necessary. This was opposed to the view of those advocating an increase of our navy in order to assure the importation of grain in war times. Many agrarians, prejudiced

by the advantage that might possibly be derived by grain-importing interests, were against the naval program.

Both arguments struck me at the time as unimportant. That of the Ministry of the Navy did not impress me because the German Empire does not consist of islands, like Great Britain and Ireland, which depend entirely on the sea for imports of grain. For the argument to hold, one had to assume our being at war simultaneously with all lands bordering on Germany, from which their own or foreign goods might be sent to us. Assuming, even, that such a war could arise, it seemed hardly possible that we should not have stored up everything needed. I considered a war lasting a whole year as out of the question.

The present war has proved the truth of so much that we deemed impossible that one may well ask who among us has been right in all that he foresaw. It is not only that the war has already lasted over a year and its end is not in sight, but our statesmen never expected such a world of enemies to rise up against us. But, on the other hand, our expectations of good have also been greatly surpassed, for the world has never before seen such unity in a nation of 68,000,000 people. Even experts of the highest standing were deceived. Writing in 1909, the late Count Schlieffen, Chief of the General Staff, said that the Landwehr and Landsturm could be reckoned with only in a limited degree as forming part of the "nation in arms," since the factory workman, accustomed to ride to and from his work on a bicycle, could scarcely be expected to do his thirty or forty kilometers a day, loaded with rifle, ammunition, and knapsack. For this reason, Count Schlieffen deemed an army of millions, more or less, imaginary.

Yet the army of millions has long been a reality. Landwehr and Landsturm, despite Schlieffen's prophecy, have become so adept at using the weapons and conforming to the fighting methods introduced since their days of active army service that nothing but praise is heard for them, and the marching feats of our

regular standing army, which, according to statistics, was made up of only 28.6 per cent. of men in agricultural pursuits and 71.4 per cent. of men in other walks of life, have made possible those brilliant successes of our Generals which have surpassed anything ever known before. This army of millions, that has been our salvation, would have been impossible were Germany a preponderantly agricultural nation. Such a Germany would neither possess the 68,000,000 inhabitants from whom to draw the necessary material for its armies, nor, with it, could we have provided our army with the costly equipment which has brought victory to our banners, nor the war loan of 25,000,000,000 marks, to the success of which we point with just pride.

On the other hand, it has not been proved that the yield of our agricultural lands has sufficed to feed the German people. The opposite, to be sure, was triumphantly announced at the beginning of the war, and even now one often hears the assertion. Nevertheless, as early as November, 1914, I and others pointed out to the Imperial Council that Germany could not feed its people if the consumption of foodstuffs continued in the same way as before, and I suggested the fixing of maximum prices and curtailment of consumption. I was told that this was impossible and likewise unnecessary, since home production was fully sufficient to cover home demand. Since then the measures branded as impossible and unnecessary have long ago been introduced, and all of us have been held down to an allowance in the consumption of the necessities of life.

That brings up for consideration what we must do in order not to be forced to surrender, in the event of another war against the entire world, because of lack of necessities. In answering the question I presuppose that all the grain needed by the German people must be grown on German soil, although I still deem this impossible, at least so long as we have to reckon only with the present area of the German Empire and must

depend on a continuing increase of the German population for maintaining the position of Germany among other nations.

Up to now, we have been satisfied with pointing proudly to our increased crops. Where, thirty years ago, we grew only 12 double hundredweights of rye per hectare, we now reap 18; in the same period our wheat crop went from 15 to 22 double hundredweights a hectare, our barley crop from 15 to more than 21, our oats crop from 14 to 20. But wonderful as is the progress of our agriculturists which has made this possible, it must be remembered that this increased yield has technical limits, and, even before these are reached, agricultural limits. These limits will probably very soon be reached.

Then the fact will make itself felt that the area in the German Empire used for agriculture, owing to the growth of towns, manufactures, and transportation, is not only decreasing yearly, but is decreasing especially in proportion to the increasing population. This area comprised in 1878 36,726,015 hectares; in 1883, 35,640,419; in 1893, 35,164,596; in 1900, 35,055,397; in 1913, 34,813,800. In other words, there was in 1878, for each inhabitant of the empire, 0.83 hectare; 0.77 in 1883, 0.69 in 1893, 0.52 in 1913. Thus for the period between 1878 and 1913 there was a yearly decrease of 0.885 ar (one ar equals 100 square meters) per capita of the population.

Only a portion of the area under cultivation produces grain, and, although this grain-producing area has, in fact, increased, it nevertheless is steadily decreasing in proportion to the increase in population. According to agricultural statistics, the grain-producing area has decreased, on an average, between 1878 and 1883, at the rate of 0.219 ar; at the rate of 0.314 ar between 1893 and 1900, and of 0.234 between 1900 and 1913. Assuming that the population of Germany in the middle of the twentieth century will be 100,000,000, which would meet the wishes of those directing the present policy of increase, there would then be only about 0.33 hectare per capita for agricult-

ural purposes, and for grain growing only about one-half a Prussian "morgen," (acre.) Not even the most fantastic increase of crops could make it possible to produce, on 0.33 hectare per capita, the total amount of agricultural produce necessary, nor to produce entirely on German soil all the grain needed by the German population, with only half a Prussian "morgen" per capita under cultivation for that purpose.

Let us now turn to the territory of our enemies now in our hands. Belgium and Northern France need to import grain from abroad in order to feed their inhabitants. The same is true of Austria-Hungary, for even if Hungary is a grain-exporting land its exports are not enough to cover the grain deficit of the other half of the monarchy, which has depended for years on imports from abroad. Even if the kingdom of Poland should again become part of Austria-Hungary, and the latter should be combined with the German Empire into an economic whole, this would not be sufficient for us, because Poland also lives on products from other parts of Russia.

It is otherwise with Russian Lithuania and the Baltic provinces. According to a volume by Kovalevski, published by the Russian Government for the Paris Exposition of 1900, entitled "Russia at the End of the Nineteenth Century," there were, at that time, the following number of inhabitants to the square kilometer in various districts: Kovno, 44; Grodno, 51; Vilna, 45; Courland, 27; Livonia, 31; Estland, 23. There were 123 to the square kilometer in the German Empire in 1914. Vast areas of land in these regions, among them some of extraordinary fertility, await German settlers and German capital in order to yield extraordinary crops.

Whoever wants an agricultural area commensurate with Germany's needs must desire to see fulfilled the wish of the Germans in the Baltic provinces, viz., that Lithuania and the Baltic provinces may be joined to the German Empire and settled by German colonists from Russia and Germany proper.

What Is Nationality?

An anonymous contributor to the January issue of *The Unpopular Review*, in discussing the misapplied doctrine of nationality, draws the following distinction between nations and races:

RACE is often used interchangeably with nationality, and there can be no objection to our speaking of the Irish or the German race if that is what we mean. But if race is used at the same time in the sense of physical type, there is a serious confusion. There are three main races (in the latter sense) in Europe—a blonde, long-headed, tall type found everywhere around the Baltic and the North Seas; a round-headed, partly blonde type to the south of the former; and, still further south, occupying the Mediterranean basin, a dark, long-headed type. If we agree to call the first sort of man the Teuton, we find that the Normandy peasant, the Flemish burgher, the Lithuanian and perhaps the Finn are Teutons, while the mass of south Germans, Austrians, and German Swiss are not. Ethnological nationality would evidently lead to some incongruous alliances.

The linguistic grouping comes out almost as badly. English, the most widespread of Teutonic tongues, is spoken by the majority of "Celtic" Irishmen, by Anglicized Hindus, and by Americanized Filipinos, Choctaws, Czechs, Italians, Poles, and negroes. Even the smaller linguistic group of the German language itself seems to be a poor criterion of nationality, for German-speaking Alsatians are so anti-German in sentiment that for more than a generation the German Government has felt constrained to govern Alsace as if occupying a hostile country. On the other hand, Belgium, which is cut in two by the sharp linguistic barrier between the Flemings and the Walloons, and Switzerland, where there are four native tongues, (German, French, Italian, and Romansch,) are two of the most patriotic nationalities in the world.

If not race nor speech but "country" is to be the test, then Germany might certainly claim Denmark and Holland as part of its coast line; but France could put in her claim for the Rhine boundary, and Poland might justly claim the Ger-

man city of Dantsic as the natural outlet for the valley of the Vistula, around which river the Polish people are grouped. Germany might find it necessary to yield as well the Alpine regions, which are not, strictly speaking, part of the German plain. Austria would also lose Galicia, which lies beyond the natural frontier of the Carpathians, but it would still retain within its mountain wall such a chaos of peoples as to prove that unity of country need not mean unity of sentiment. Besides, the argument from physiography cuts both ways. If Denmark is part of the German coastal plain, is not Northern Germany a part of the Danish plain? Could not Denmark put in a plea for re-annexing Schleswig-Holstein on the ground that it was simply bent on securing a better frontier?

The more modest Pan-Germans devote themselves to securing unity within the existing empire. They identify the "nation" with the "State." Since Poles are in Germany they must be German. Similarly the Hungarians argue that Croats and Rumanians living in Hungary must be Magyarized. Just as Philip II. could not rest so long as there was a heretic within his realms, so the Kaiser cannot bear any intrusion of an alien element into his Deutschland. Modern persecutions of nationalities are our twentieth century variety of the old human disease of intolerance, a new incarnation of the odium theologicum. But nations, like heresies, can survive much persecution. Ireland has been under English rule for centuries, and England has been forced to grant her home rule after all. Poland has not been a nation in the political sense for over a century, but at no time since its dismemberment has it permitted any one to forget that it was a nationality. The fiercely patriotic Balkan States and some of the minor nationalities in Austria and Hungary have undergone many generations of political obliteration without forgetting the memo-

ries of past greatness. It is no exaggeration to say that almost every historic attempt at forcible assimilation has resulted in failure.

If German nationality is not coterminous with the present German Empire, still less does it correspond with the "Germanies" of the past. * * * Any philosophy which would justify a German conquest of that part of France which was once Burgundy, on the ground of its Teutonic origin, could justify as well the replacement of the English language by the Welsh and the Gaelic throughout the island of Great Britain.

Nor can the boundaries of Germany be settled by an appeal to the bond of a common culture. There is nothing in the civilization of Germany which is not shared to a greater or less degree by Europe, America, and the Europeanized parts of Asia. With the modern means of transport and communication, and the modern abolition of illiteracy, ideas can no longer be kept from penetrating every part of the earth. If Germany ought to correspond to the limits of German influence, we must erect a world State and call it "Germany." This would not displease the Pan-Germans, but for the fact that there would be just as good reason for calling the cosmopolitan Commonwealth "France" or "England."

When reproached by liberals for maintaining a full-blown feudalism in the twentieth century, the German or German-American will always reply that republic and Parliaments might be all very well for other nations, but that without a hierarchical organization of the Government the Fatherland would never have achieved its splendid educational system, its scientifically fostered industry, its admirable municipal administration, its intensive cultivation and conservation of the resources of the country, and its well-diffused prosperity. But if these results are to be ascribed to the wise rule of the Hohenzollerns or the efficiency of the Prussian bureaucracy, it is amazing that results so similar should be attained under very different political systems. The German peasant may farm more intelligently than the British agricultural laborer, but he is no way superior to the

Dane. Prussian cities are clean, but so are Dutch. The industries of Germany are conducted with less waste, perhaps, than ours, but co-operation is as familiar to the artisan and enterpriser of Flanders as it is east of the Rhine. Education is more nearly universal in Germany than in France, but not more so than in Norway. Germans are orderly, law-abiding, and governed by officials who know their business. Very true, but so are the Swiss. There is really nothing peculiarly German about Kultur except the idolatry of the Prussian State borrowed from Treitschke the Czech and a dash of ruthless militarism derived from Nietzsche the Pole.

It is clear, then, that no one objective test of nationality will cover all cases. Race, language, religion, physical unity, political government, memories of the past, and a common fund of ideas may contribute to patriotic sentiment, but they should never be confused with it.

The popular will is nationality, and any other factor can at most be a cause. We see this most clearly in the case of the United States. With the possible (the doubtful) exception of the American Indians, all Americans are immigrants. They belong to every race and type under heaven. They speak all the tongues of Babel. They represent every creed the Old World ever knew and others which were invented on this side of the Atlantic. The country they live in has artificial boundaries to the north and the southwest, is cut by two great mountain barriers, and extends from sub-tropic Florida to the glaciers of Alaska. One thing they have in common—their choice. America is a nation of those who willed to be Americans. This unity has been all that was needed to keep our forty-eight Commonwealths one.

The same test can be applied to Europe, although there State boundaries correspond but poorly to the national will. If we wished to determine the nationality of an Alsatian, I do not think that we should ask the ethnologist whether he had a dolichocephalic or a brachycephalic head. I do not think we should ask the census taker what language he spoke or what church he attended. I do not think

we should send surveyors to locate his house with reference to the watershed west of the Rhine Valley. I do not think we should ask the historian whether Alsace was a German province stolen by Louis XIV. or a French province stolen by Bismarck. I think we should give the man himself a gun and ask him which

country he would rather fight for—France or Germany? When he answers you, you will have solved the puzzle of the man's nationality.

And when the war is over, and the guns are laid down, there will be many places where in their stead ballots should be put to settle similar questions.

War and Meteorology

A writer in La Domenica del Corriere (Milan) makes a valuable summary of the way in which atmospheric conditions have influenced the outcome of battles, both in the past and in the present war:

AN official instructor of the military school of Leavenworth, United States, has complained that the notices of the progress of the war published in the newspapers furnish very scanty information of atmospheric conditions in which military operations are developed. For students of the art of war (he notes) a knowledge of the temperature, of the amount of rainfall, of the direction and velocity of the wind in the various theatres of operations have more importance than entire columns in which skirmishes, reconnoissances, &c., are described. The complaint is perfectly just.

History records that the condition of the atmosphere has always been a factor of the greatest importance in the conduct of military operations, and has had a decisive influence on the issue of many battles. The destruction of the three Roman legions led by Varrus into the Teutoburgian Forest in the year 9 A. D. was due to the falling of very heavy rains which caused the overflow of a number of rivers. Fifteen centuries later persistent rains saved Venice from being destroyed by the Turks. In the year 1692 a persistent rain prevented the English troops which were sent to assist Namur, when besieged by the French, from passing the River Meuse; and thus the city was compelled to capitulate.

Progress in military art has in no wise diminished the importance of the action of the weather on the progress of war. It is true that the adoption of motor vehicles has rendered easier the transportation of artillery, but it is also true that the number of heavy cannon has increased and therefore that even today muddy roads represent a serious obstacle to the movements of artillery. The efficacy of modern firearms, the use of nocturnal projectors, (searchlights,) the application of aeronautics to the services of exploration, render more urgent than ever the necessity of posting troops in hidden positions; but a cloud, or even a heavy rain or a fall of snow, represents an excellent method of masking troops.

We know, for example, that the fall of Namur into the hands of the Germans last year was accelerated by a dense cloud, which allowed the artillery of the assailants to place their heavy siege pieces in favorable positions without being exposed to any danger. The frequent and abundant rains which fell during the battle of the Aisne must have hindered the movements of the artillery to the point of obliging the commanders of the two armies to modify their plans profoundly. In December, 1912, during the Turko-Bulgarian war after the battle of Tchaldja (as Barzini relates): "If the rain had not held back the Bulgarians they would have entered Constantinople on the heels of the Turks with the bayonet at their ribs." A meteorological caprice prolonged the resistance of the Ottoman Empire.

Of how great importance may be an

exact knowledge of atmospheric conditions in time of war the Germans are so well aware that it was not by accident that they were favored by the weather in more than one of their enterprises.

Father Moreaux, the director of the observatory at Bourges, shows that the Germans systematically apply the knowledge of meteorology acquired in the last few years.

"All readers," he writes, "have been able to note that certain typical happenings were developed in meteorological conditions favorable to our enemies; for example, the attack on the City of Antwerp and the passage of the Scheldt were made possible thanks to a persistent cloud which concealed from the Belgians the manoeuvres of the enemy; identical conditions favored the raid of German warships against Scarborough, Hartlepool, and Whitby; the clouds were so thick that the units of the Germanic fleet were able to come close in to shore to carry out their infamous project without being signaled by the lookout of the English fleet."

Father Moreaux observes that after the entry en masse into Belgian territory the German General Staff summoned the astronomers and meteorologists from beyond the Rhine mobilized for the purpose. From the 16th of August all the members of the meteorological staff of Aachen were transferred to Liège and shortly after to Brussels. The capital of Belgium possesses within a few kilometers of the city an observatory of the first class at Uccle, but for the German scientists it did not represent the final perfection in instruments. And the Belgian astronomers were replaced by colleagues from Berlin, who were perhaps more learned and more reliable.

The English suspended the international service of meteorological telegrams; but there remain particular situations of which an expert meteorologist can take advantage, especially if he pos-

sesses perfected material. And this was possessed by the Observatory of Uccle, thanks to the new instruments which the usurpers had brought from Berlin. The German astronomers set themselves to make soundings of the atmosphere. These soundings had been carried in Germany to a high degree of perfection. The new astronomers of Uccle began shortly after Sept. 3, 1911, to send up the little sounding balloons and continue to do so. The proof of this is seen in the little luminous balloons which are often found on French territory. In broad daylight the little balloons, whose flight indicates the direction of the upper winds, can easily be followed at a great distance by telescope, but at night the observer loses sight of them shortly after their release, and therefore the Germans have adapted to them a little electric light fed by a small dry cell.

The indications given of the direction of the dominant currents in higher atmosphere, combined with those which are collected by the meteorologists close to the surface of the earth by means of hygrometers, barometers, and so on, and transmitted by telegraph, are successful in giving, in many cases, a clear prevision of the weather.

In Autumn and in Spring, if the air is calm, with a high barometer and a moist atmosphere clouds can be foreseen forty-eight hours in advance.

The German scientists could not resist the temptation to bring the contribution of the most recent progress of meteorological science to the aid of the General Staff in the development of its military strategies.

At present the German meteorological stations have been reinforced by those of Zeebrugge and Ostend. These are destined, without doubt, to foresee favorable occasions for submarine and Zepelin raids, the former against English ships and the latter against London and Paris.

Rear-Rank Reflections

A writer who served in the First Training Regiment at Plattsburg last Summer has contributed his reflections on preparedness to *The Unpopular Review*, as exemplified in the subjoined article.

THE thought came to me: Suppose this were not the end of a drill, after two weeks of amateur soldiering, but the beginning of a battle, after two weeks of real war. Who would teach us to shoot twice a minute and to roll over when to rise were death? Not our present Captain and Lieutenant, not our smiling and steely-eyed regular Sergeant, just willing duffers like ourselves, fighting by day and learning how to fight out of "Infantry Drill Regulations" at night. As things go in modern war, should the regular army have to face a powerful foe, there would in a month be no regular army. The funded military intelligence of the nation would be shot to pieces in just about four weeks. The men who could make soldiers out of the million men, whom we are assured would spring to arms, would be themselves in soldiers' graves, or lying unburied amid thistle patches like this.

As from the rear rank I daily saw the miracle wrought by the regular officers in charge of us, my admiration grew for them, my regret that they were so few. How American they were, yet how novel. They were as far from the slackness of rural America as they were from the restlessness that marks our urban efficiency. They were always quick, but never fussed. What they knew, they knew perfectly. Yet they had one and all begun just as so many slouchy country lads, or snappy city lads. How had they attained such simplicity and dependableness? In many ways; some were fresh from West Point, others wore the service bars of Santiago, Porto Rico, Peking, the Philippines, but they were all like brothers of our forthright family. Loyalty to the service, Spartan obedience, the habit of quick command had made them out of easy-going men like us rear rankers.

Tradition had made them. A hundred years of coping with inadequate resources had sharpened them. Their alertness

had in it generations of Indian fighting on the plains. The habit of accepting disregard, of being paid only by the inward satisfaction of service well rendered, had simplified them. Wringing success from hopeless tasks, bearing unreasonable burdens, making tolerable bricks without straw, had hardened and composed them. There was a kind of large directness in them, the like of which I had glimpsed in certain French officers in student days. I could not wonder that when a gigantic canal was to be cut, or a fever-stricken island was to be cleansed, the work went to the army. For these company officers of ours moved as an embodied conscience and efficiency.

Often from the rear rank I burned, as I clumsily handled my rifle, to think that I had supposed that such human material as these officers could be improvised in the face of war. I had supposed it came just to learning a batch of tricks, like studying a new language, or taking on a new sport. I have learned better. To be an officer is a complicated and resolute state of mind. It can be attained only through years of outward experience and inward self-discipline. The nation that has any notion it may need officers plays the fool unless it trains them well in advance of its need.

Often I smiled when I thought of the innocent deception by which our work had been represented as "elementary officers' training." Training it was about in the sense that it is training to show a short-winded and corpulent runner the distant mile post, and tell him that he can get there in something over four minutes if he can develop a speed and endurance that are, if entirely possible, rather unlikely in his particular case.

A rear-rank man could hardly avoid considering noncoms., for it was they who kept him up to the mark. In particular Sergeant W., detailed for our good from a regular regiment, manifested an uncannily keen eye for equipment ill-ad-

justed or rifle ever so little at the wrong tilt. Yet his voice was more of an encouragement than a reproof. Sergeant W. was the only person I have ever met who could always tell me everything I wanted to know. He was minute military knowledge for a hundred and fifty of us. The good nature, dignity, and irony with which he played the oracle were wholly admirable. There never was a more pestered person, nor more unfussed. It had taken twenty years of service from the reeking Pacific islands to the Alaska snows to harden his arrowy form, and set the firm glint in his blue eye, to pack his erect head with the most practical knowledge, to discipline his temper while increasing his quickness on the uptake. I sometimes wish that Sergeant W. might be exhibited in a hundred run-down villages. Let him merely walk up and down the main street, and his very carriage would convict the entire community.

Yet my justified idolatry of Sergeant W. was on the whole ignorant, as I was soon to learn. I had underestimated the special knowledge required of all his kind. We had had a long march from Lake Champlain and our first taste of the powdery roads in the Adirondack foothills. H Company had eaten the dust of 5,000 men, 500 horses, and more than a hundred motors, guns, or caissons. The other companies of the First Training Regiment had eaten proportionately less, as they were nearer the head of the column; but all were given a day to digest it. In the afternoon we made the round of the outposts. A mile outside the camp grizzled Captains and white-haired Majors were controlling the far-flung patrols that should give us warning of any mischief from the indefatigable Red army. Each outpost commander showed us what he called generically "the position sketch." It was a free-hand map on a scale of six inches to the mile, contain-

ing the most minute information of the position covered by the outpost. Every wall, fence, and thicket, road or trail, gully, marsh or watercourse, house or barn, was clearly and neatly indicated.

Such a map is made by a Corporal or Sergeant in a matter of two hours. His bearings must be true, though from a cheap compass, his distances must be accurate, though they are measured only by his counted paces. In short, with the most limited time and the rudest means, a noncommissioned officer must be a fair land surveyor. His position sketch must be good enough to fight on. Every war-strength regiment would need 250 non-commissioned officers with these moral and technical qualifications. A modern field army would need 15,000 such non-coms.; a volunteer army of 500,000 would require 62,500. Not merely the aggressive efficiency of an army would depend on the Corporals and Sergeants, but also its safety. No service of security is possible without men who can make position maps, no comfort or order either in march, or in camp, not to say in battle, is possible, unless the entire force is steadied and leavened by such capables and imperturbable subalterns as Sergeant W.

If anybody believes that any athlete is ipso facto a soldier, I beg him to send a selected athlete to the next Plattsburg camp. Let him in a week consult that athlete as to the muscles that are concerned with crawling forward, let him in two weeks interrogate the muscles that are concerned with maintaining a continuous fire from a prone position, let him in three weeks inspect the muscles that are concerned with carrying a heavy pack. If the athlete will declare that it has all been easy and delightful, and that it can be done in a hurry and well, I will adhere to Mr. Bryan's formula of a million men springing effectually to arms in the space of a single sun.



The Fighting Honved

By Norbert Jacques

[From the Frankfurter Zeitung.]

A recent dispatch from Petrograd regarding the fighting on the southeastern front said: "The small number of prisoners taken by the Russians is explained by the ferocious stubbornness of the Hungarian Honveds, who are bearing the brunt of the defense." Here is a German description of how the Honveds fight.

HON! That is the Hungarian word for land. And ved means defense. Honved, defenders of the land. Soldiers whose very name is born of the language and soul of the land for whose preservation and freedom they have taken up arms.

Germany knows and honors the heroic deeds that the Honved of Hungary has performed for the Central Powers in this war. It is known that a great deal of Hungarian blood has been shed in battle, and, during the last eight days which I have spent at the fighting front with a Honved regiment, I have seen that these soldiers are ready to shed still more in the future.

Here they, together with other Hungarian and Austrian troops, are holding back the Russian flood on the last strip of Galician soil that is still occupied by the enemy.

The "steenth" Honved regiment has the worst of it these days. Three weeks ago it took up a position in the hills on the east bank of the Stripa which had not been intrenched and where it lay fully exposed to the Russian fire. Its right wing held back the enemy while the left was digging itself in. So, under a rain of bullets, hand grenades, and shells, it won its place in the ground and at night it threw up its obstructions.

The advance line runs this way from the north through villages along the hills, worms itself, in a stubborn zigzag manner, close to a hotly contested strategic point, draws near to the enemy's positions, crawls to within a stone's throw of them and never lets go an inch. Looking from below, the obstacles seem to meet here in a heap of hastily assembled stakes and barbed wire. Like a

bulldog ready to spring, the Hungarian fortifications lie under the small treacherous eyes that look out from the earth walls of the Russian advance line and spit bullets.

On the 3d of November an attack was begun by strong Russian forces. It was repulsed by the Hungarians. The Honveds left their positions, rushed to the outer slope, ready for a hand-to-hand combat, and so showered the ranks of the attackers with hand grenades that the Russians were forced to fall back. They dug themselves in about fifty or sixty yards from the Hungarians' advance line. Then the artillery opened on them. But, wild with rage, they fairly bit their way into the ground and stayed there, despite all their losses. They let the bodies of their dead lie between them and the enemy.

This attack that failed seemed to have been the signal for an outburst of bloody frenzy. During the next few days the Russians hurled themselves seven times against the Honveds' barricades. They made their onlaughts at night and sent regiments against battalions. The Austrian artillery sowed steel and death in their rendezvous.

The Russians advance by crawling and rushing until they are at the barbed wire obstructions. The Honveds can no longer be kept in their trenches. They rush out to meet the enemy on the other side of the wire fence. The hand grenades hiss and crackle. The barbed wire is broken down with the butts of their rifles. Shouts and blows, iron and blood, madness and horror mingle in the darkness. Back of the Russians, their own machine guns fire upon those who retreat. Between the Russian machine

guns and where the hand-to-hand combat is raging are bursting the shells from the Skoda batteries. In the fray all the passionate rage of the Honveds comes to the fore. Horror is piled on horror. A rocket shoots up and reflects a fiery light upon those entangled in combat on the ground, but the night soon extinguishes it. The beams of a searchlight wander over the field. The gloomy little eyes of the Russian loopholes seem lost in the sand walls of their trenches. Darkness settles again over the struggling bodies. The night seems like black, clotted blood.

Fire burned in the veins of the Honveds. The Russians fought like bears at their last gasp in the threefold death sowed by their own machine guns, the shells and the desperate onslaught of the Hungarians. One of these hand-to-hand fights lasted three-quarters of an hour.

Then the Russians broke and, with a hail of Austrian shells on their backs and a shower of bullets from their own machine guns in their faces, rushed back through the midst of death and fell into

the trenches where were their fratricidal mitrailleuses.

Throughout the night a field of dead lies between the Hungarian and Russian positions. Now and then a rocket throws its vivid glare over the field. Then night settles down again upon the seething, bloody mass.

In their trenches, to which they have returned, the Honveds lie upon their arms, keeping close watch through the tiny squares in the walls, with their rifle butts tightly clasped and with their red-hot nerves trembling from excitement, spirit and readiness.

Rockets fall upon the field and go out slowly, throwing their harsh glare over the heaps of misshapen dead who are covered by a mixture of sticky blood and damp earth. Flashes of lightning cross the heavens and from them fall masses of steel. Shots rattle like arrows against a drumhead. Shells howl through the darkness, bury themselves in the ground and throw up heaps of dirt. The hills and hollows are filled with crashing thunder. Men bow down, trembling in the face of death.

At Strumitza

By H. T. SUDDUTH

Bright your leaves, O holly green!
(Bitter cold the air!)
Sprigs of holly with their sheen
Decking tents in valley there;
Red as coral buds they glow,
Holly berries o'er the snow!

Holly hills and Christmas trees!
(Cold, ah, cold the snow!)
Guns hold high their revelries
On your summits, while below
Banners fly from o'er the sea—
English cross or Fleur de Lis!

Gathered round the campfires bright,
(Red, ah, red their gleam!)
Soldiers talk of home at night
Or in fitful sleep they dream
Home they are at Christmas time,
Listening to the church bells chime!

Morning wakes to strife again,
(Red, ah, red the snow!)
Hilltops shake with thunder then,
Red the streams in vales below!
Holly berries gleaming red
Lie beside those dreamers dead!

Far away, across the seas,
(Far, so far away!)
Dreams a maid she once more sees
Lover brave on Christmas Day!
Holly berries round him lie,
Dreamless now, 'neath Balkan sky!

Life in the British Fleet

By a Member of the Grand Fleet

IT is not necessary, when you are thinking of your friends in the Grand Fleet, to picture them as continually staring with strained vision into the mists of the North Sea. True, there is always some one doing it, but no one is doing it always. The fleet is so large, its distribution is so ingeniously arranged, that a murmur of the wireless can bring it together within a few hours at a given rendezvous, disperse it, concentrate it, and move it with ease and certainty at a touch of the master hand which controls it. In the intervals of movement its life is often a very quiet one, strangely like the routine of peace. For one of the profound differences between the navy and the army is the extent to which each is affected by a state of war. When war breaks out the life of the army is revolutionized; it is bodily transferred to a different country, its whole organization and environment are profoundly changed. But the navy continues to move in its familiar element; its peace routine is so entirely designed for war conditions that the imminence of tremendous issues hardly affects its daily life and routine; instead of being ready to fight at twelve hours' notice, it is ready at a minute's notice—that is all. There is no leave, there are no guests, there is less gold lace to be seen, but otherwise the daily round of life is very much the same as might have been witnessed in the North Sea harbors on any day during the last five years of peace. There are little differences, infinitely affecting the situation; but for the most part they are invisible differences, and only the trained eye would mark them or realize their great significance.

The landsman who looks out from his window on the waters of some harbor where a portion of the fleet happens to be lying in the pale sunshine of a Winter morning sees a scene of great, but, to him, incomprehensible activity. Perhaps yesterday the harbor was almost empty;

this morning it is populous with craft of every kind. The fleet lies, squadron by squadron, in its ordered lines. How it managed to arrive in the dark, showing no lights, guided by no beacons, and to anchor itself with mathematical precision, is a mystery which resides in the keeping of that officer in each ship after whose name a large "N" appears in the Navy List, and who is familiarly spoken of as the Pilot. But there it lies, battle-ships, cruisers, destroyers, colliers, store ships, oil ships, ammunition carriers, hospital ships, and a dozen other types of vessel included in the designation of fleet auxiliaries, apparently dreaming in the stillness of a Winter calm. Strange local craft—drifters, barges, and the like—ply among the immobile hulls of the war-ships, supplying their various needs; steam picket-boats are darting about over the glassy surface of the harbor—it is glassy today, but often they are buried in sheets of spray as they go about their duties. Colliers are casting off, having already, early as it is, poured their thousands of tons of coal down the iron throats of the monsters. Everything is moving except the ships themselves, which lie solidly planted like rocks, as though they were part of the earth which nothing but a cataclysm could move.

They are ceaselessly talking in their own strange silent language. Hoists of bunting break out at yardarms, ascend to mastheads, hover a minute or two, and come down in rainbow curves where flagship talks to flagship. A shore signal station is speaking in white flashes that dazzle you even in the strong sunshine; and between ship and ship of the same squadron minute conversations, visible only through a strong glass, are being carried ceaselessly on by the busy tossing arms of semaphores and by the small flags that a signalman, perched on the rail of a bridge like a fly, is waving to his opposite number in the next ship astern.

What are they all saying? The on-

looker longs to know; but really it is not so interesting as he thinks, nor so exciting as it looks. Some one wants two engine room ratings to be transferred from one ship to another; that glorious burst of color against the sky refers to boiler tubes; that violent whirling of wooden semaphore arms only means that some thousands of pounds of marrowfat peas are adrift. That variegated strip of bunting that droops from a yardarm near by is a church pennant, and signifies that the ship's company are still at morning prayers. Listen; you can just hear the harmonies of the band and the sound of a familiar hymn. Apparently unnoticed, a single flag is flying from the triatic stay of an auxiliary. It is as though you should put a Carter Paterson's card up in your window; sooner or later some craft will thread her way out in response to this dumb request, and deliver the fresh water that is being asked for. Up goes a hoist in a near-by battleship; it is a signal for the duty steamboat; and all it means is that in another ship some way down the line (whose turn it is to supply the boat on this particular day) a bosun's mate, after a preliminary blast on his pipe, will put his head down a hatch and shout, "Away second picket boat!" that half a dozen men, cheerfully and with murmured oaths, will hurry from the messdecks and crawl out along the boom, and drop into this boat; and a midshipman will be summoned from writing a letter home to take command of her and conduct her wherever she is required. All routine, all commonplace. The really interesting things are not being said by flags or flashes or semaphores. They come viewlessly through the ether, in a voice like the buzzing of a fly, to the ear of a wireless operator sitting in a steel box below the water line, and come to him only in uncomprehended groups of letters or figures, which are decoded by an officer in a locked office, sent as a sealed signal to the Flag Lieutenant, and by him delivered personally to the Admiral. That and what may happen because of it are almost the only difference that an outsider would notice between peace and

war conditions in many a battleship in the fleet today.

So the sunny hours pass on. The ships have been washed down after coal-ing; the men have washed themselves, their clothes, and the mess decks all together; all the other things that have to be eternally washed and cleaned and polished and tested and oiled have been attended to; dinner has been piped and eaten, the officers have lunched, some of them have gone ashore, and the ship settles down to the comparative peace of the afternoon. There is a cessation of tramping feet; and all about the mess decks, and in certain of the officers' cabins (for the ship only came into harbor in the small hours and has coaled since) men are deeply asleep. There is little left below decks to remind you of the sea. The click of typewriters sounds from the engineer's office, the armament office, the Secretary's office; but the rest, for an hour or two, is silence; you might be in a factory where the hands are all on strike, or in a city from which the inhabitants had fled. And the immobility, the everlasting fixedness, of the fleet seems greater than ever.

But that insect voice has been buzzing on in the wireless office of every ship, and in every ship an order of half a dozen words has been given to the senior engineer officer. Not six people in the whole ship know anything, and they say nothing. The officers come off from the shore, the ship wakes up again, the familiar bugles sound for evening quarters, searchlights, and a dozen other routine functions or exercises. Sunset sounds, the flags come slowly down, the boats are hoisted in, men gather in the wardroom and discuss the latest printed matter and resume their mild convivialities. A gin and bitters, a game of bridge, and—what was that?

Cable officers? the throaty voice of the bugle echoes down the enameled steel passageways. We are going out again.

No one knew, but it doesn't matter, because everything (except one's private arrangements, which are of no importance) is ready. As darkness falls little groups of officers and men assemble on the foc'sles and the titanic business of

unmooring and weighing is commenced. No lights, no sound, no signals—it is perfectly automatic. And presently, as you stand there in the peaceful darkness and silence, you hear a sound like the tearing of silk, and a destroyer slides past, black and secret as the night. Another and another and another, each tearing the silk of the waters, each keeping her perfect station, until a whole division has passed you and vanished. A pause, and then a deeper sound, like the murmur of a weir, heralds the passage of a longer and larger ghost—the flagship of a cruiser squadron—which follows in her swirling wake, each ship as stealthy and intent as her leader, out into the night.

And then at the exact moment, not sooner or later, a quiet order of two words is given from the bridge, and your turn has come. There is a little clanking of metal from the foc'sle as the last links of the cable are coaxed in over its steel bed, a voice or two, a sound of hammer-

ing, and then silence again. There is nothing in the action of modern turbine engines to tell you when the ship is under way. All you know is that your position in relation to the dark masses around you is slightly altering, that there is a ripple beginning to set outward from the ship's shoulder, and that a breeze is stirring against your face. As suddenly, as silently, as secretly as the rest, the great ship is again setting about her fell business. The dark shapes round you melt into the surrounding void, the loom of the land fades into the universal blackness, the breeze becomes a wind, and there is no sound but the steady surge of the waters where the ram tears them. Before you and on either hand is absolute blackness; behind you one shadow of grosser blackness which is the ship astern; and from blackness into blackness, nose to tail, thirty thousand tons apiece, you are rushing at nearly twenty miles an hour. And that also is routine.

Departure From France of the Indian Army

A cable dispatch from London, dated Dec. 27, 1915, announced that the British Indian Army Corps had left France for another field of operations. At the parade of the Indian Army Corps before it left France the following message from the King-Emperor was delivered to the men by the Prince of Wales:

More than a year ago I summoned you from India to fight for the safety of my empire and the honor of my pledged word on the battlefields of Belgium and France. The confidence which I then expressed in your sense of duty, your courage, and your chivalry you since have nobly justified.

I now require your services in another field of action, but before you leave France I send my dear, gallant son, the Prince of Wales, who has shared with my armies the danger and hardships of the campaign, to thank you in my name for your services and to express to you my satisfaction.

British Indian comrades in arms, yours has been fellowship in toils, hardships, courage, and endurance, often against great odds, in deeds nobly done in days of ever-memorable conflict. In the warfare waged under new conditions, and in peculiarly trying circumstances, you have worthily upheld the honor of the empire and the great traditions of my army in India.

I have followed your fortunes with the deepest interest and watched your gallant actions with pride and satisfaction, and I mourn with you the loss of many gallant officers and men. Let it be your consolation, as their pride, that they freely gave their lives in a just cause for the honor of their sovereign and the safety of my empire. They died gallant soldiers, and I shall ever hold their sacrifice in grateful remembrance.

You leave France with just pride in honorable deeds already achieved and with my assured confidence that your proved valor and experience will contribute to further victories in the new fields of action to which you go.

I pray God to bless and guard you and bring you back safely when final victory is won, each to his own home, there to be welcomed with honor among his own people.

Cost of the War to Europe

The figures given below are from an article that appeared Dec. 18, 1915, in a special war supplement of *The Economist* of London, the leading financial weekly of Great Britain.

THE expenditure of the United Kingdom was £1,490,000 per day for the first eight months, (or £1,270,000, excluding external loans,) and has been rising rapidly since, until it is estimated at £4,450,000 per day (or £2,740,000, excluding loans) for the five months to March 31 next. The total expenditure to that date is estimated on actual and budget figures at £1,222,200,000, plus £474,800,000 for external loans, or £1,697,000,000 together. These figures represent the excess over a previous £80,000,000 a year for the army and navy.

Of the loans, about £50,000,000 will be made to our own dominions, but this is offset by the loan we have obtained from the United States. We have, more than all the other belligerents, raised money by special taxation. Our loans to allies and neutrals are estimated to amount to £425,000,000 to March 31 next, and the burden which has fallen on us in this respect is doubtless more than twice as heavy as that of any other belligerent, Germany probably ranking next. We have lent chiefly to Russia, (for purchases in the United Kingdom and elsewhere outside Russia,) to France, (for purchases here,) to Italy, Belgium, Serbia, and certain neutral countries.

Judging by the credits voted, the war has cost France £660,000,000 to June 30, 1915, to which must be added £224,000,000 for the quarter to Sept. 30, £240,000,000 for the quarter to Dec. 31, and £327,000,000 for the quarter to March 31 next, making a total to the last-mentioned date of £1,451,000,000. Excluding loans, it is probable that the war has cost more to France than to any belligerent, except Germany. Special taxation of various kinds is only now proposed, including, in particular, a war profits tax. France has made loans to Russia, (for purchases in France,) Belgium, Serbia, and neutrals, and the total so disbursed in the first year was probably in excess of

£50,000,000; while it has borrowed £50,000,000 from the United States, and considerable sums from us.

The Russian war expenditure has been £188,000,000 (including £37,000,000 for mobilization) to Nov. 14, 1914; £576,000,000 to July 14, 1915, and £639,000,000 to Aug. 14, 1915. The seven months to Jan. 14, 1916, are expected to cost £429,000,000; and the year to Jan. 14, 1916, £764,000,000, making a total of over £1,000,000,000 from the commencement of war. The expenditure was at first £1,400,000 a day, excluding the costs of mobilization, while for August last it was £2,000,000 a day, and for the year 1915 it is estimated at £2,100,000. Special taxation is proposed, including an income tax. Russia has lent money to the smaller belligerents, but has doubtless received much heavier loans from this country, for purchases here and in America, and from France in respect of purchases in France.

Italy, which came into the war on May 23, is believed to have spent £80,000,000 on preparations prior to entering, and its expenditure for the four months to Sept. 30 last was £14,600,000, £16,500,000, £17,400,000, and £16,600,000, making a total of £145,000,000 to that date.

Belgium and Serbia have been largely helped with loans by France, Russia, and ourselves, their power to provide being, obviously, very considerably curtailed. The bulk of Belgium has been in the hands of the enemy since the end of the first month of war.

An estimate of Germany's costs has to be derived mainly from its votes of credit, which have been £250,000,000 in August, 1914; £250,000,000 on Dec. 2, 1914; £500,000,000 last March, £500,000,000 on Aug. 20, and £500,000,000 this month. At the time the August credit was asked for, Dr. Helfferich stated that the war expenditure was nearly £100,000,000 a month. To the above have to be added the £10,250,000 of mobilization

treasure in the Julius Tower at Spandau, and the product of the "defense contribution," or Wehrbeitrag—a capital levy payable in three installments, at the beginning of the years 1914, 1915, and 1916, which was expected to bring in £50,000,000 to £80,000,000. Partly, perhaps, because of this capital tax, imposed before the war, Germany has hitherto not levied any special taxation, but a war profits tax, formerly said to be impossible to formulate until after the war, is proposed to be shortly raised. Loans of large amounts have been made to Turkey, Bulgaria, and neutrals. It is not clear whether Austria-Hungary has also been partly financed by the German Government.

The expenditure of Austria-Hungary can only be surmised from the fact that its population, and therefore army, is 75 per cent. of that of Germany, and by remembering that its costs must be on a relatively smaller scale, because its commitments and resources are less. Dr. Helfferich on Aug. 20 put the then expenditure of the alliance countries at £5,000,000 a day and the expenditure of Germany at nearly £100,000,000 a month, which would leave £50,000,000 or so per mensem for Austria-Hungary and Turkey.

We now have material (with other data not here specified) for arriving at what may be regarded as being, on the whole, a fairly close approximation to the total direct cost of the war to the Governments

of Europe. A comparison of figures is, however, apt to be obscured if one does not disentangle the figures from loans made to other belligerents and to neutrals. In the table which follows "direct cost" is to be understood as the cost of the war to the Governments concerned for expenditure on their own war operations—expenditure in excess of ordinary peace outlay on military and naval matters—while the fourth column represents those direct costs, plus loans made, or less loans received, this representing the burden to be met during the war. The difference between the third and fourth columns represents loans made, less those received, or vice versa, for Russia, France, and ourselves have both borrowed and lent. It need hardly be said that the amounts of the loans have, except in the case of the United Kingdom, been guessed at, and are not based upon evidence. The difference between the grand totals of the third and fourth columns represents supposed loans to neutrals.

The table represents an attempt to gauge the direct cost of the war on the assumption that hostilities will cease at March 31, and the direct costs are continued to the end of July next, with the idea that full expenditure for a further four months (although not, of course, spent within the limits of that period) will cover the cost of clearing up after hostilities:

	First Year. Direct Cost.	Second Year. Direct Cost.	Direct Cost.	Both Years. Direct Cost, Plus or Minus Loans.
United Kingdom	£550,000,000	£1,000,000,000	£1,550,000,000	£2,025,000,000
France	680,000,000	975,000,000	1,655,000,000	1,755,000,000
Russia	625,000,000	800,000,000	1,425,000,000	1,200,000,000
Italy	110,000,000	250,000,000	360,000,000	225,000,000
Belgium and Serbia....	120,000,000	100,000,000	220,000,000	45,000,000
Entente total.....	£2,085,000,000	£3,125,000,000	£5,210,000,000	£5,250,000,000
Germany	850,000,000	1,250,000,000	2,100,000,000	2,270,000,000
Austria-Hungary	500,000,000	600,000,000	1,100,000,000	1,100,000,000
Turkey and Bulgaria...	40,000,000	130,000,000	170,000,000	30,000,000
Alliance total.....	£1,390,000,000	£1,980,000,000	£3,370,000,000	£3,400,000,000
All belligerents	£3,475,000,000	£5,105,000,000	£8,580,000,000	£8,650,000,000

Toward the end of 1914 Professor Wolff estimated the daily cost of the war at £7,500,000, the Vorwaerts in January last at £9,250,000, (for the first year,) while Dr. Helfferich on Aug. 20 estimated the daily cost at £15,000,000, and this week at £16,000,000 to £16,500,000.

On the matter of loss of human capital,

each man assumed to be killed or permanently incapacitated is taken at, roughly, six years' purchase of his average productive value, as compared with the seven to nine years' purchase at which M. Barriol's oft-quoted figures would work out. The figures of killed, wounded, and missing (the sick and those who die from disease are not included) are estimated from the best material available, and on the assumption of hostilities ending on March 31 next. It may be remarked that these estimates are very much below those sometimes given, and the total is only here set down to enable a judgment to be formed as to whether they are fair or not. What we really want to arrive at is the number of men permanently thrown out of production, and to arrive at this we take the killed included in

the total casualties, add 10 per cent. to this figure, and a further 10 per cent. of the wounded, to allow for those who succumb to their wounds, who die of disease, or who are permanently incapacitated by wounds or disease. The picture thus obtained is probably not exaggerated in any way, though figures could not be produced in support; but it may be mentioned that Germany has claimed that of the wounded and sick submitted to the military hospitals of the empire to July last 88.5 per cent. were discharged fit and 9.6 per cent. unfit, while the remaining 1.9 per cent. died. The dead and incapacitated on each side come out approximately equal, notwithstanding the estimated greater total casualties on one side because of the smaller proportion of prisoners in the hands of the enemy:

LOSS OF HUMAN CAPITAL

	Killed, Wounded, and Missing.	Killed, Dead from Disease and Per- manently, Incapaci- tated.	Human Capital Per Head.	Loss of Human Capital.
United Kingdom.....	800,000	235,000	£600	£140,000,000
France	2,000,000	515,000	500	260,000,000
Russia	5,000,000	980,000	275	270,000,000
Italy	500,000	140,000	350	50,000,000
Belgium and Serbia.....	550,000	130,000	350	45,000,000
Entente total.....	8,850,000	2,000,000	£382	£765,000,000
Germany	3,700,000	990,000	450	445,000,000
Austria-Hungary	3,100,000	840,000	400	335,000,000
Turkey and Bulgaria.....	600,000	150,000	275	40,000,000
Alliance total.....	7,400,000	1,980,000	£414	£820,000,000
All belligerents.....	16,250,000	3,980,000	£398	£1,585,000,000

The total of probable dead and permanently incapacitated is appalling, but is much less than is sometimes expected or suggested, as, for instance, by one recent lecturer, who put the total destruction of life in Europe in two years of war at nearly 20,000,000 persons. The population of the belligerent countries is 447,000,000, and the estimate of 3,980,000 represents 0.9 per cent. of that population. The proportion is 0.7 per cent. for the Entente countries, (population 304,000,000,) 1.4 per cent. for the Alliance countries, (population 143,000,000,) 1.7 per cent. for Austria-Hungary, 1.5 per

cent. for Germany, 1.3 per cent. for France, 0.6 per cent. for Russia, and 0.5 per cent. for the United Kingdom. * * *

Roughly, the effect of the war will be to increase the pre-war debts of the Entente countries by 60 per cent., and to double the debts of the Alliance countries, while the interest charge will be increased in much greater proportion, and the cost of pensions will be added.

In the above figures no allowance is made for the war debts of our colonies or of Japan, or for the expenditure necessitated by the war in the case of neutral

countries, all of which would add a considerable amount to the total given,

though by comparison with it they fade into insignificance.

Income Tax in Great Britain

IN discussing the new income tax in Great Britain, The London Times says that the tax for 1916 really fulfills the original purpose for which it was introduced by Pitt in the closing years of the eighteenth century, that is, as "an aid and contribution for the prosecution of the war." In 1799 Pitt imposed a duty of 10 per cent. on all incomes above £60 from whatever source derived. It yielded £6,046,624, as compared with £1,855,996, the produce of the tax of the preceding year, which varied according to the amount of income assessed. Mr. McKenna has raised the original rate for 1915-16 (i. e., Mr. Lloyd George's doubling in November, 1914, of the original rate for 1914-15) by 40 per cent. for a full year and 20 per cent. for the current year. The tax has thereby been increased, for 1916-17, from 1s. 6d. in the pound to 2s. 1d. (roughly) in the case of earned incomes, and from 2s. 6d. in the pound to 3s. 6d. in the case of unearned incomes. But for the present financial year the revised tax is 1s. 9½d. (roughly) on earned incomes and 3s. on unearned incomes. The total effect of these changes in 1915-16, Mr. McKenna said, will be to increase the revenue from income tax by £11,274,000, and in a full effective year by £44,400,000.

Incomes of £160 and under were formerly exempt from the tax. The limit is now reduced to £130. All persons who earn £2 10s. a week or over will have to pay the tax. This means that a very large number of clerks, mechanics, and other manual workers will receive the demand note for the first time, and will thus have conferred on them the privilege of paying income tax to the State of which they are citizens. The scale of abatements allowed on incomes from £160 to £700 is also reduced. The highest abatement that can now be claimed

is £120. This applies to incomes under £400. So that a person who earns £131 a year will have to pay tax on £11. The abatement on incomes which exceed £400 and do not exceed £600 is £100.

The following table shows how the new income tax affects incomes up to £1,000:

	Old Tax for 1915-16.	New Tax for 1915-16.	Proposed Tax for 1916-17.
£	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
131		0 19 9	1 3 1
140		1 16 0	2 2 0
150		2 14 0	3 3 0
160		3 12 0	4 4 0
180	1 10 0	5 8 0	6 6 0
200	3 0 0	7 4 0	8 8 0
250	6 15 0	11 14 0	13 13 0
300	10 10 0	16 4 0	18 18 0
301	10 11 6	16 5 9	19 0 1
350	14 5 0	20 14 0	24 3 0
400	18 0 0	25 4 0	29 8 0
401	18 16 6	27 1 9	31 12 1
450	22 10 0	31 10 0	36 15 0
500	26 5 0	36 0 0	42 0 0
501	28 11 6	36 1 9	42 2 1
550	32 5 0	40 10 0	47 5 0
600	36 0 0	45 0 0	52 10 0
601	39 16 6	47 15 9	55 15 1
650	43 10 0	52 4 0	60 18 0
700	47 5 0	56 14 0	66 3 0
701	52 11 6	63 1 9	73 12 1
800	60 0 0	72 0 0	84 0 0
900	67 10 0	81 0 0	94 10 0
1,000	75 0 0	90 0 0	105 0 0

Two concessions to income tax payers were contained in the budget proposals. The relief in respect of children was increased. When this allowance was first introduced it amounted to £10 for every child under the age of 16 upon all incomes under £500. Last year it was increased to £20. This year it amounts to £25. The other relief is the introduction of the system of payment by installments. Payment hitherto has been in a lump sum for the whole year. In future, individuals and firms who are liable to direct assessment in respect of trade, profession, or husbandry may (after the current year) pay the tax in half-yearly installments on Jan. 1 and on

God, let our Government understand the necessity of permanent prohibition, because from this hellish poison Russia was on the verge of ruin." "The morality of the people has advanced by a hundred years. No hooliganism, no crimes." One adds to his list, "No frozen people," lifting the veil from a once typical Russian Winter scene. 'A priest writes: "All are as if they were born anew. They are reasonable, gentle, and more capable for work; and, as a result, crime has disappeared." "All crime, &c., has lessened by 90 per cent. The village is quite different."

As a result of prohibition the number of fires has lessened. Law processes have also markedly declined in number. Seven correspondents say: "The police have nothing to do." One concise report runs: "Before prohibition there were thirty to fifty cases every month in the district court; now there are none. I (who write) am the Judge." A clerk of a district court writes: "Formerly we had 130 criminal cases every year, an average of eleven a month. Now from July till the present date (four to five months) we have only had seven, and not one of the most serious degree."

Besides the above, there are 118 reports where the correspondents answer quite shortly that prohibition has had a very good influence on the conduct and morality of the people. First of all, it is explained, the women can breathe more freely. "Women and children can now see the light of hope and redemption who were formerly suffering from beating, tortures, and injuries—as the poet Nekrasov writes, 'Peasant woman's life so hard and difficult, worse cannot be found.'" As compared with this life, the reports of the correspondents refer very much to the new conditions. "Nobody on earth ever had such rejoicing before as the women have now." "All the women are quite delighted." "God has heard their prayers." For what are they so grateful, and about what are they praying? "The women are very grateful for this good deed which has made them human beings and not slaves." "In a word, the country is preparing for a new life." "You can say without exaggeration that

for the wives of such peasants as drank before, this year has been the happiest."

Further questions are devoted to finding out whether the correspondents think it possible to have permanent prohibition. Is there any tendency among the population that would help in this direction? * * *

The answers to the second part of the question bring out not merely the possibility of, but an actual desire for, permanent stoppage of the sale of vodka. In twenty-nine instances only is there, out of 531 answers, no answer to the second question. All the other replies (502) are of this general type: "The permanent stoppage of the sale of spirits is quite possible and actually desired, as it will give good results in the future."

It is particularly important to study the reports showing shades of opinion among those who still believe in the possibility of permanent prohibition. Of such reports there are 104. "In most of them it is apparent," says the redactor, "that there are people who are discontented with prohibition, but only in twenty instances is any light shed on the point as to who these individuals are." It is clear, however, that they comprise, first, those who had profit from the sales, (for there were shops with licenses to sell vodka other than the Government shops, but which bought the commodity from the Government shops,) the owners of restaurants with sale of wine, and rich peasants who exploit their poorer brothers. (They run private loan businesses, and do better the more their weaker brothers drink.) Finally, "the owners of premises used as drink shops are for the renewal of the sale."

For the stoppage are those who did not drink very much, the poor, those fairly well off, and all women. For the renewal or reopening stand the rich peasants, hopeless drunkards, and winesellers. In most cases even these correspondents say that the discontented are really few. Only in a very few reports is it stated that the majority of the people are discontented with prohibition. So if the majority of correspondents see that the stoppage of the sale is desirable and possible, then

there is more reason for giving the more detailed explanations of the minority.

Some very human situations are depicted in this group of replies. "Before giving the answers to the question I gathered twenty householders from our village, and I read to them a little pamphlet on temperance. After discussing some questions about the influence of temperance on our life, I could see that every one understood the harm of vodka, but nobody wanted to deprive himself of it. And on my question, What shall I write about the permanent stoppage of vodka? nobody gave any answer." A priest writes: "I do not believe in absolute prohibition; it is quite impossible to be in mourning forever."

Some are afraid that with permanent prohibition the people will try to make their own drink and suffer from it. Others fear the financial deficit, and the consequent imposition of new taxes. Two or three correspondents do not like the implied restriction of the liberty of the individual. "Our sobriety was forced upon us, and at a time when every good person, even without prohibition, cannot enjoy life; therefore such a change in the life of the people is due not only to temperance, but to the expectation of something terrible and indefinite that is going to happen. In spite of newspapers which speak about the victory of Russia, every one realizes the cost of this victory for every family. How can they enjoy such victory if their dearest are missing? These thoughts, I think, make people sober much more than any prohibition."

From many of the reports it is evident

that fresh educational measures are considered necessary to aid continued prohibition, because a new sober country needs culture, and every kind of such measure will be accepted with great joy. "I cannot say," writes a correspondent, "what will be the case in the future, but they need something instead of wine." (He notes that some are taking to gambling instead.) "The need is so great that even the local intelligentsiya cannot meet the need," (i. e., even if they put all their strength into providing entertainment—lectures, &c.) Yet others fall back ultimately on prohibition. "Prohibition is quite necessary for everything—for economic wealth, for their health, physical and moral improvement, and for the stoppage of hooliganism and crime. Without it the people will be lost. Schools or hospitals cannot help."

The majority of correspondents are therefore agreed in principle about the possibility and desirability of permanent prohibition. The reports show that the country no longer approves of its dark, drink-sodden past. If it continued so any longer it would, in the opinion of many of the correspondents, be quite "ruined" and "degraded." The consciousness that the country can avoid this allows some correspondents to consider permanent prohibition as "the greatest reform, and a most beautiful action."

A priest writes: "When I was filling up the schedule about temperance, a peasant entered the room, and when I read to him what I had written he said, 'I should like every one to know how good our life is without vodka. Let it disappear forever.'"

Kultur In Full Operation

(From L'Asino, Rome)

A group of learned Germans in conversation:

"Oh, yes! Dante Alighieri was German. His name shows it—Aigler, aquila."

"And Donatello Bardi, too—Barth."

"And Raffaello Sanzio—Sandt."

"And Giordano Bruno was Braun."

"And Giotto was Jotte."

"In short, whatever was great in Italy was German."

"Even the Caesars?"

"Certainly! Were they not derived from the Kaiser?"

Is There a Sentiment for Peace?

By Dr. J. Steubben

Among German writers prominent in the literature of the war, Dr. J. Steubben of Berlin occupies a foremost position. The following article has been sent by Dr. Steubben for publication in *THE CURRENT HISTORY*.

IS there a peace sentiment? The question may be answered in the affirmative, but with a certain reservation. A sentiment for peace does not prevail, but it is nevertheless at hand, and especially in England and France. For it is being talked about, and that in public.

The speeches of the lords in the English upper house have found their echo in England and everywhere else. This echo is so loud that the accompanying utterances, which apparently are meant to nullify the peace desires, are hardly to be heard. The peers of the United Kingdom, Courtney and Loreburne, in language to be approved by both friend and foe, have pictured the cultural destruction threatening the world through a stubborn continuation of this war. But they have added, apparently so that neither they nor their comrades should be frightened by thoughts of peace: "Of course, it stands to reason that we cannot begin to think of peace until the German invaders are driven from France and Belgium."

We need not take this addition too seriously; in fact, we may admit that there are moments when this has been tactically necessary. But time will soften hearts, and events in the Balkans will also considerably minimize the influence of the war spirit beyond the Channel.

The reservations by the very honorable lords indicate an exaction of payment without return. It is the confounding of end and aim. Between these stretches a long and dangerous course, with no less than seventeen obstacles, namely, the twelve fortresses in France and the five in Belgium.

Furthermore, if all signs fail not, in the Balkans the English-French forces are confronted with a situation of the most far-reaching effect. And the Turk-

ish armies will be free to enter upon the well-prepared march toward Suez. The British giant-body, which reaches from Canada to beyond India, in order to furnish the London stomach with nourishment, possesses just at Suez a specially slender waistline not particularly well protected.

A thrust here might prove deadly. When the ships at Saloniki and Gallipoli miss fire, and when the thunder of the Turkish guns is heard at Port Said, then will Lords Courtney and Loreburne give their peace sentiments a new interpretation, and that without the aforementioned reservation. And perhaps it will come even sooner.

Viviani, and after him Briand, have also been talking peace. It somehow floats in the French atmosphere. With but one negative voice the Chamber has virtually acknowledged its acceptance of the Briand speech. Not only did Briand repeat the reservation of the English lords, but in addition demanded the previous request for the giving up of Alsace-Lorraine and Serbia. And the Socialists, sworn before the war to protest against any conflict, have even joined in this demand. The forty-four-year-old dream about the reconquering of Alsace-Lorraine is not yet dissipated.

Although the Frenchman himself is down, he does not seem willing to cease thinking about the deliverance of others. The English malady can be cured. In France there exists a mental sickness which seems quite incurable. Should the German armies gain Paris and Orleans it is doubtful if this sickness would disappear. Only England's lead and willingness can have any effect. The cloak will drop only with the fall of the Duke. So far the Frenchman talks peace as in a fever dream.

From Russia and Italy there come re-

ports about an increasing sentiment for peace. And our enemies speak with some zeal about the strong sentiments and longings for peace among the Germans. It would be wrong to deny our earnest desire for peace, but it is the peace desire of the victor. The victor names the terms, not the conquered. Not until the boastful speeches of Briand and Churchill fail to find anybody ready to believe them—when the Quadruple Entente acknowledges its defeat—not until then will a

new dawn of peace rise over bleeding Europe.

When the powers of the Quadruple Entente, each for itself, look out for their own interests, and try to save what is yet to be saved—even the Turks have a severe reckoning to make with England—then, and not before, will the speeches in London and Paris have something solid beneath them. The future of Belgium and Serbia is not to be decided in those cities, but in Berlin and Vienna.

The Splendid Serb

By JAMES BERNARD FAGAN

"By your old men's bones on the mountain,
By the blood of your youth in the plain,
By the tears unshed for your holy dead,
By the children of your slain,
Ye who fought till no fight availeth,
O Serbs! 'tis the hour to shield
All that is left of your people—
The hour to yield!"

Hark! on the hill-winds ringing
O'er the thundrous drone of war,
From the snowy height of Kara Dagh
To the valleys of Vardar,
The splendid Serb has answered
From a patriot's soul of flame,
"Better to die in honor
Than live in shame!"

"It is said * * * it is done. Till we perish
We fight and we ask not why,
Back from our blacken'd homes and fields,
Till we've nothing left but the sky,
Till the last last man on the last lone hill
Shall cry as death calls his name:
"Better to die in honor
Than live in shame!"

O world of men and sorrows!
In words of immortal light
The whole of the art of living
The creed of eternal right
Comes down from the Serbian summit,
For each man's soul the same:
"Better to die in honor
Than live in shame!"

"Tell Me the Worst!"

By Sir James Yoxall

The subjoined eloquent and pathetic comment on the British casualty lists reveals the agony of a war-stricken land. Sir James Yoxall's article appeared originally in The Daily News of London.

LIST after list is posted; each day unseals new sources of tears, and the woe of the war lengthens into a litany of sorrow, "That it may please Thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows and all that are desolate: we beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord."

We stand in purpose firm, to the end; but many myriads of mothers and fathers are waiting meanwhile—waiting in gray insular weather, for the worst; and those who know the worst already had also to know the long anxiety of dread. Perhaps the dread is almost as bad to bear as the worst when it comes, if come it does; yet the worst also is listened for. "Tell me the worst!" is such a natural cry of the heart; "Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee!"—even with the terrible truth.

Proverbs, those comforts in ordinary times, are now crutches that break. "No news" is not "good news" now. A crushing certainty has this much of good in it, that it stills the long racking of the dread. When the worst is known there is no longer a faint, fair hope left struggling with fears that assail it each sleepless hour, and doubts that worry it all day. Is "the worst" the worst indeed? It is a sharp and burning blade, on a sudden; but the pain of it blessedly lessens thereafter. It brings with it its own merciful anodyne, too; it stuns, so that the pangs are not entirely conscient—the blow is partly anaesthetic. And tears come to soften the impact; the good tears that relieve. "Men must work and women must weep" is another saying which breaks down now; men, too, should let the war tears come, not strive against their pain dry eyed.

Give sorrow words, also—unpack the loaded heart with speech. Do not only think of him; shut away alone, with the

worst as your relentless, silent companion, you hinder your own healing. Seek rather the presence of friends at your hearth, and talk with them of your loss, and of the lost as he used to be—of what he was, what he nobly did, and what is his exceeding great reward. Listen, as people speak to you of his bravery and devotion in a great Cause; accept and believe that whoso wars against the Mephistopheles that has entered into the German Faust is indeed a Crusader. Remind each other, beside the hearth which he died to defend against evil, of what he was there, at his best—all else that he was can be forgotten; the natural human dress of that has been refined away in the flame of his transfiguration. Think of him as being caught up from the trenches to the heights.

"But it is so sudden!" is the woman's natural cry. "I don't even know where he died!" Yet you know how he lived, and for what. And as to his resting place, it was burial in splendor for him, not in city fashion, borne to some city of tombstones, within the rusty trappings of a hearse. It was somewhere in Flanders or France that he died, or in a Balkan valley, or on a slope in Gallipoli, or upon the sands of Mesopotamia; or in the hale and hearty sea, upon the floor that has been strewn with the bones of the British for ages. No matter where—a grave is only a doorway; and wherever he died, he died well.

"But I can't find out how it happened! The ill news is so brief."

No record of his service comes to hand, Save in a soldier's curt and simple phrase.

"I regret to have to acquaint you that he died in action"—that is all. Yet in everything splendid there is something vague, a mystical halo. And, however or wherever it was, he died manly, on a field of honor which was also a field of

duty. In a great hour he died, and the laurel is everlasting for him, though—yes, I know, I know!—you so long to lay flowers on his mound.

But he lies in state, royal with his duty done to heaven and to humanity; following the great Exemplar he saved others from death, though himself he could not save.

The suddenness and acuteness of the worst will pass, moreover; for time does. The awful moment does not last. Time ticks again slowly at first, I know; faintly and tediously trickles the sand in the hourglass, but grain by grain it slowly carries some of your worst woe away. The touch of time is medicating, too; it is a spiritual and gentle massage; the pain is still there, still at the heart and in the memory, but it burns and throbs a little less intolerably each new day. You even blame yourself presently, because the first poignancy of the worst does not continue with you, but that, too, is natural; not continuous was the first rapture of your bygone joys.

Nothing continues, not even death, perhaps; why should you expect your sorrow to last on unlesened? It is not your heartlessness if after a while the pulse of your life begins to revive. Sorrow is like a tide; it cannot always be flowing up and moaning on the beach; an ebb must come, even for woe. Some one has said that we ought always to be lifting ourselves up and on toward one consummate hour, but there is none, not even in grief; the lines of life and death are curves; time bends over us, gentle and emollient, and kindly it offers us distractions. Bad and sad, then not so sad and bad, and then beginning to be almost a little glad, the hours keep coming up to us; some

pouncing, with the worst, others approaching with the material consequences of the worst, and then some bringing the healing dullness that gives sorrow sleep.

And the hours bring up to us so many matters to deal with—small things, perhaps, toys or tools with which we might divert our thoughts from what might else become a cankering sorrow. There is dignity in a deep grief; but small things can well assuage great sorrows. Life has to go on with us, even in our bereavement; apparently life lives on by recommencing and repeating, and it must repeat other things as well as death and sorrow. So that death itself can be no end to life, and life for the loved and the still loving, together again—somewhere and somehow, there is no need to theologize—may be hoped for. It is noble to hope for that, at any rate, and wise to believe it, and dutiful to become resigned to separation for a while. Then, it is healing to take up one's work again; the talismans which best conjure sorrow away are Hope, Resignation, and Work.

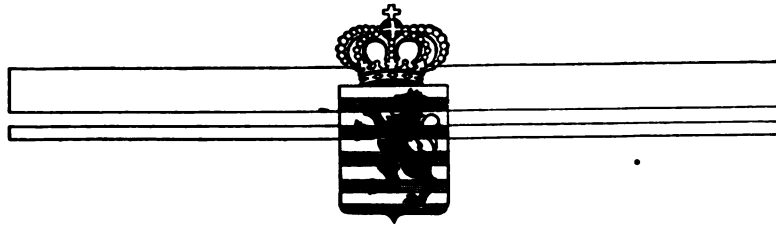
One tries to say words of comfort, but the heart knows its own bitterness, and the words of another can console but weakly, if at all. How silent we have to stand in the presence of a mother's grief! "Flesh of my flesh, little son that nestled so closely, were you born for this young death?" She weeps for her baby, for she sees him small and helpless again. Yet he needs help no longer:

All that life contains of torture, toil, or treason,

Shame, dishonor, death, to him are but a name;

Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing season,

And, ere the day of sorrow, departed as he came.



Life After the Great War

By Twells Brex

This article appeared originally in the Continental Edition of The London Daily Mail.

THE great war has altered the social face of Europe just as much as the glacial epoch once altered its physical surface.

The Hohenzollern glacial period has set back the growth of civilization by a hundred years; it has crumbled Europe's social structure, stunted its arts and sciences, and withered away its web of travel and intercourse. A hundred years hence the people of every warring nation will still be taxed by the debts of the great war; dreadful memories will still keep a spiritual and social gulf between civilized Europe and the Teuton.

Twenty-five million men have taken up arms. It is estimated that nine millions already have been slain or disabled, and that the total destruction of life in Europe in two years of war will be twenty millions.

This is the combatant waste alone. Civilian populations everywhere in Europe, even of neutral nations, are affected by the physical and nerve stress of Armageddon. Nearly everywhere the birth rate is falling, the death rate rising. British births are already 40,000 a year less and deaths 50,000 more than in 1913, a net deficit of 90,000 lives a year—the total population of whole towns like Coventry or Northampton. Paris is losing similarly, and Berlin and Vienna much more heavily.

When the great war is over a shrunken Europe will realize that no plague of the Middle Ages ever ravaged it like the black death that came from Potsdam.

The direct monetary cost of the war to the belligerents can be put at nearly ten thousand million pounds a year, figures that, like the astronomers' distances, out-pass the human conception. Titanic as they are, the figures of the indirect cost of the war exceed them; lost trade, lost production, and creations of science, art, humanitarianism, and discovery that have perished in embryo.

Europe after the war will be a little Europe, with a population not much greater than the population of Europe before the Napoleonic wars, a Europe with these stupendous social problems:

Two women to every man.

More old men than young men.

More boys than workers in their prime.

More physically unfit than physically fit.

Millions of men to be fitted again into civil employment, millions of women who have learned men's work and earned men's wages.

Millions of manual workers who will have become accustomed to wages twice or three times as high as they earned in pre-war days, and who will still expect those wages.

Greatly diminished food supplies for many years owing to ravage of cultivated lands, diminished breeding stock, and shortage of production.

High commercial freights, dear imports, and handicapped exports, owing to shortage of ships.

These are only a few of the major problems that will confront Europe after the war. There are pessimists who prophesy industrial revolution. There are other prophets who mutter of a war of that sex rivalry and antagonism whose grim beginnings we British saw in days when the "surplus" woman was only one to every seventeen men.

There are other pessimists who prophesy that the century after the great war will have to be spent in sheer material rebuilding, and that all the sciences will stand still, all the arts languish, all the humanities rust, while a shattered Europe lies in a spiritual and intellectual stupor like that strange stupor of the Dark Ages.

Safe prophets are ordinary citizens

who say to each other so often, "Our old life has gone; nothing will ever be the same again." The social face of Europe is changed. Old classes and castes have been leveled; new and assertive classes have risen. Many men have been broken, many men have been lifted. There were democrats when the war broke out who cried in despair, "This is the end of democracy." There are other voices which whisper now, "Democracy alone will emerge stronger from the war—and what will its demands be?"

As in the great things, so in the smaller things, it will be a new world. Look at the map of Europe and remember how the tourist agencies had made it a holiday ground for us. For a generation to come the centre of that map is blotted out. What Briton will take samples or patterns to Berlin? What tourist will talk in our time of the Rhine or of the Black Forest? The great war has set back European travel and comity to the days of the stage coaches.

Turn from the Continent to home, and think of the new world. Already all its chronicles of 1914 are musty and unreal. Where are its "celebrities" and its "notorieties," its puppet passions, its "isms" and "antis"? Where are its parties and politics, when the party politician has become an effigy to smile at in a museum? Was it not in the late Summer of 1914 that the "tango" was the newest relaxation, golf the serious preoccupation of multitudes, and the coming league football season the sole preoccupation of greater multitudes?

In July, 1914, the "daring" actress, the "realistic" novelist, the man who had broken a record on a billiard table commanded our homage. The Summer of 1914 was the last performance of a stale comedy. The book of words is torn up, the theatre is in the hands of the house-breakers, its license is revoked, its players have forgotten their parts and have crept away.

Nothing will be the same again. We must make our best of a harder world and a narrower world. Europe can rebuild herself only by that stern efficiency of Rome when she first rose by Tiber. The curfew hour of all who survive these days will be late, the play hours short, the pleasure money scanty. But, despite all the prophets of woe, the changed world is going to be a better world. These days of our test and agony have hacked out new touchstones of values and worth. Hundreds of thousands of the new men will come home from the battlefields to claim voice and power among the masons; hundreds of thousands of the women who have done the home work of the absent and kept their hearths shining will demand trowels and cement in our work of rebuilding. Neither marionettes who would dance us back to the old fancy fair, nor revolutionaries who would dance us to worse than Armageddon, will prevail. It will be a new world, and nothing will be the same again; but, for all its burdens and sorrows, it will not be a worse world—unless the Allies are tricked into "peace" before the war militarism of Prussia is utterly broken.

Hope

By CONSTANCE MORGAN
(From The Westminster Gazette)

I think the windows of my soul are overgrown
With briar stems, and creeping thorny sprays
Of withered rose; one little flower alone
Blooms softly through the chilly Winter days
And lifts her brave, bright head above the wail
Of misadventure, and when she turns her face
To the dark stretch of the road, the stormy gale
Seems like a Summer breeze about the place,
For then I see the bright stars looking through
The soft, sweet radiance of the after-blue.

War Finance in Germany

By Dr. Karl Helfferich

Imperial Secretary of the Treasury

In asking for the passage of the supplementary War Credit bill, which called for \$2,500,000,000, Dr. Helfferich made the following address before the Reichstag on Dec. 15:

THE security for our existence as a nation and an empire has still to be wrested from our enemies, who, after sixteen months of military failures and defeats, still indulge in fancies of crushing and crippling Germany. The war must and shall be prosecuted at all risks, and at all danger, until that security has been gained. [Loud cheers.] Your voting this credit will prove that all calculation on Germany's weakness, disunion, weariness, and famine are, and remain, wrong.

The great success of the September loan enables us to wait until March, and to manage till then with the issue of Treasury bonds. We had to convince the enemy of our strength on the field of financing the war; you will agree that nowhere has that been demonstrated in such a way as in Germany. On the first installment day 70 per cent. of the subscribed loan was paid, against the 30 per cent. asked for. Today the payments of 10,600,000,000 marks are in advance of those due by 4,500,000,000. This proves how easily German political economy manages to bring up such a capital. Only 580,000,000 marks of the third war loan came from loan societies. The savings banks afford a highly satisfying picture; after paying out for the first and second war loans the deposits are still 1,250,000,000 marks more than at the beginning of 1914. Among the 4,000,000 subscribers to the third war loan there were 3,000,000 of less than 3,000 marks income. This was, in fact, a national loan, such as England tried to raise but failed to do.

The British Chancellor of the Exchequer had to admit that the public subscriptions to the second British war loan,

which was kept open for many months, only yielded a few hundred millions. With regard to our banks, the deposits reached, in August and September, 1915, figures which they have never shown in peace times. The Reichsbank, with gold security for its obligations which daily become due, stands more favorably than the central banking institutions of other belligerent countries at war.

In spite of that, the enemy press condemns us to bankruptcy, just as it announces our final defeat from our war successes. The press repeats stories that our war loans are financed by loan societies, while the fact is that the total amount subscribed by loan societies for war loans and other purposes amounts to only 1,600,000,000 marks, and the loans granted for war loans are not even 5 per cent. of the total subscriptions. I repeat these statements to show the state of mind of the enemy people, created by an artful, unscrupulous system of deception by the enemy Governments' press. The German is too objective and too scrupulous to make the same mistake, but he sees his own difficulties more clearly than those of the enemies.

The war costs of all the belligerents are now daily from 320,000,000 to 330,000,000 marks, of which two-thirds is the enemies' share. With a hundred millions daily of war costs, England has beaten us, and in the total amount of accumulated war costs England also stands foremost. Germany and Austria are covering the greater part of the war costs by long running loans. Among our enemies England alone succeeds also with such a procedure, but, with her 18,500,000,000 marks, not in the same degree as we with our 25,500,000,000. France, so far, has raised only a nominal amount of war costs by ten-year obligations, and the remainder by short-termed credits from the public and the Bank of France. Only now is France making desperate

efforts with a 5 per cent. loan, issued at too low a rate.

We allies are covering our money supply from the inexhaustible wells of internal strength. Our enemies have had to take refuge in money sources abroad; we have carried through our money raising by a uniform plan chosen from the beginning—a type of 5 per cent. loan—and have increased the rate of issue from 97½ at the first to 98½ at the second, and to 99 per cent. at the third loan. The result is that the subscriptions rose from 4,500,000,000 to 9,000,000,000 and to 12,200,000,000 marks.

In the French 5 per cent. loan, the rate of issue, after the deduction of small profits and interest, comes out at 86.60 per cent. In England the raising of any notable amount of the war costs by taxes failed. The English 3½ per cent. loan was a failure, which rendered the market unfit for similar loans. England helped herself with Treasury bonds until the market was glutted with them. In July England chose a 4½ per cent. loan, which in reality was a 5 per cent. one, and again a failure as regards the result and its influence on the condition of the money market. The difficult condition of the English money market was accompanied by the deterioration of the English rate of exchange. England was faced with a convulsion of her prestige on the international money market, and the endangering of her supply of war material and provisions from America. Under the pressure of this situation, England and France sought credit in America. The result did not correspond with expectations, so that both soon tried to obtain further credit. The lack of success was greatly due to the resistance of American citizens of German origin.

Dr. Helfferich then proceeded to draw a comparison between the course of gilt securities in France and England and Germany before the war and now.

We are almost exclusively paying to ourselves, while the enemy pays abroad. Therein lies a guarantee that in the future, too, we shall maintain the advan-

tage. It must be added that money is a different thing with regard to England than with us. The British Empire is to a great extent built up on and maintained by British money power. England has founded her alliances and waged her wars mostly with money. In the present war, also, England hoped to work by this method, but our brave troops forced England to stake not only English money but English blood. The raising of strong armies increased the English war costs incalculably, and brought English finances to a state continually described by British statesmen as extremely serious. With the shaking of British financial powers the foundation of the British Empire is tottering. Germany's relation to money is different. She can bear to become poorer, but still remains what she is.

We overcame the Thirty Years' War and the Napoleonic wars; we were sucked dry, plundered, beaten, and cut up; but we always worked our way up and grew together again. But when the British Empire has gone to pieces it will never rise in a millennium; and this England pronounces the outrageous word of "a war of exhaustion." We know how to possess what we want, to live and to fight. Bread, potatoes, and other necessities are cheaper than in England and France. The enemy shall know that we had rather forego all abundance and bear all hardships than suffer an enemy's command. The enemy shall know that, besides that, our sharp sword, unbroken fighting spirit, and confidence in victory are at our disposal. The German iron fist, which has now blown up the Iron Gate and opened the broad road to the East, is ready, if her enemies wish, to strike anew. The responsibility falls on those who cannot make up their minds to draw conclusion from our war successes, and who, in criminal delusion, still talk of our destruction.

We stand firmly as a rock in its native ground, but on the golden pillars of the British Empire gleams, in flaming characters, "Mene, tekem, upharsin."

Britain's Secretary of the Treasury Answers Germany's

E. S. Montague, M. P., Financial Secretary to the Treasury of Great Britain, answers the statement recently made to the Reichstag by Dr. Helfferich, the German Imperial Secretary of the Treasury:

WHAT is Germany's position in regard to foreign exchange? Dr. Helfferich will hardly be able to remember the day when the German exchange was within measurable distance of being as good as our worst, and the recovery on sterling since August has been in an inverse proportion to the now rapid and steady collapse in the value of reichsmark. On Oct. 1 depreciation of the mark in the terms of dollars was about 12 per cent.; now the mark is 19 to 20 per cent. below par, while Germany's exchange in Amsterdam is more than 26 per cent. below par.

We keep a chart in the Treasury showing the statistical position of the various exchanges since the war began, and we have continually to extend the chart in order to prevent the descending line which represents reichsmark from disappearing below the bottom edge of the chart. This depreciation of the mark is occurring in spite of the fact that Germany is cut off by the British fleet from the outside world and is unable to spend money in America and elsewhere on purchasing supplies which she would give so much to secure.

Germany, with hardly any payments to make outside Europe, has, nevertheless, to see her exchange falling away to vanishing point. She has realized all her available assets in the shape of negotiable foreign securities, and ever since the outbreak of the war she has suspended specie payments. What is the explanation of this fall in the value of the mark? One only is possible—the manufacture and abuse of paper credit. The mark has lost all relation to the gold standard. If this has happened in the present con-

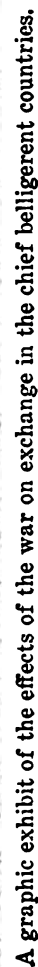
ditions, what will be the value of the mark when peace comes and the German importer wants to restock his empty larder and his empty storehouses, and tries to exchange his depreciated paper for goods from overseas? Will the mark then be worth 10 cents?

The criterion of exchanges is not one which Dr. Helfferich should have invoked so lightly. He pretends to believe that it is a sign of weakness on the part of France and England to have sought credit in America. Does any one believe that Dr. Helfferich would not have borrowed there if he could—that is, if the British fleet would have allowed Germany to make any effective use of such credits as she might have obtained in America, and if American lenders would have risked their money? I wonder, by the way, how he regards Canada's internal loan of \$100,000,000, of which the Canadian Government has offered to put one-half at our disposal for meeting the purchase of munitions. Is this another sign of the collapse of the tottering British Empire?

Germany's one public attempt to borrow abroad (a \$10,000,000 loan in the United States in April last) was not a very encouraging performance. But if Dr. Helfferich really objects to borrowing in America, how comes it that all sorts of advertisements have appeared prominently in the American newspapers offering Germany's internal loans for subscription in the United States of America at yields which become more and more superficially attractive as the mark exchange goes down, yet fail to attract because of the risk that the exchange may never rise again, and of the intelligent doubt of Americans as to where Germany is to find the cash to pay the interest?

Dr. Helfferich told how the first German war loan was placed at 97½, the second at 98½, and the third at 99. The stage manager was naturally proud of

Rate-of-Exchange:



his stage management. I dare say Dr. Helfferich can arrange if he likes that the next German war loan shall be brought out at 99½, leaving room for the fifth at par. But it is clearly a little too good to be true. We are asked to believe miracles. Not even in Germany can the raising of ten thousand million dollars in war loans positively improve public credit, even if you forget conveniently the remarkable fact that not a ghost of provision has been made for meeting future interest charges. How can finance be sound or lead to good results if no taxations are imposed when large loans are being raised?

The explanation of these loans is partly, of course, that there is no sort of freedom about the market for war loans in Germany. The Bourses are entirely under Government control, and, in fact, if not in form, there are minimum prices fixed below which no one is allowed (or, indeed, dare attempt) to sell the war loan, however much he may want to. The quotations are nominal and exist for rhetorical purposes only. Besides, if

you flood the country with manufactured paper credit it is easy to create a surplus of depreciated marks nominally available for investment. The operation of this latter factor is well illustrated in the quotations of Germany's pre-war debt. Dr. Helfferich boasts that this has fallen only 7 points since the war. This may be true in Berlin, but it is a sufficient commentary that in New York the price of this German loan has fallen 28 points—a fact which Dr. Helfferich naturally ignored in his eagerness to make debating points and to avoid discussing realities.

Mr. Montague discussed at length the raising of funds from small investors. He said England had taxed its public very heavily, and the taxes had been paid cheerfully, but asserted that Germany had not dared to do the same. He said that Austria's financial ruin was complete, and that Germany was "nearly sucked dry," but that there remained "great sources of private wealth within the British Empire still untapped for public purposes."

Ballad of French Rivers

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Of streams that men take honor in
The Frenchman looks to three,
And each one has for origin
The hills of Burgundy;
And each has known the quivers
Of blood and tears and pain—
O gallant bleeding rivers,
The Marne, the Meuse, the Aisne.

Says Marne: "My poplar fringes
Have felt the Prussian tread.
The blood of brave men tinges
My banks with lasting red;
Let others ask due credit,
But France has me to thank;
Von Kluck himself has said it:
I turned the Boches' flank!"

Says Meuse: "I claim no winning,
No glory on the stage,
Save that, in the beginning,
I strove to save Liège.
Alas that Frankish rivers
Should share such shame as mine—
In spite of all endeavors
I flow to join the Rhine!"

Says Aisne: "My silver shallows
Are saltier than the sea,
The woe of Rheims still hallows
My endless tragedy.
Of rivers rich in story
That run through green Champagne,
In agony and glory,
The chief am I, the Aisne!"

Now there are other waters
That Frenchmen all hold dear—
The Rhone, with many daughters,
That runs so icy clear;
There's Moselle, deep and winy,
There's Loire, Garonne, and Seine,
But, Oh, the valiant, tiny
Marne and Meuse and Aisne!

What Living in Brussels Is Like

This lively British view of life in Belgium under German rule is from The London Daily Mail.

RESIDENTS in Brussels, too ill to be fit for any sort of war service, have been released in exchange for German prisoners in England, and have just arrived in London. They speak of sixteen months of German rule which has only served to intensify a hatred and loathing for the invaders which is felt by the Belgian population. They have become so inured to the reign of tyranny and petty despotism that the freedom of England amazes and stupefies them. They still unconsciously speak in hushed accents, unable to realize that spies are no longer at their sides. One man pointed out, however, that there were three burdens in London life which have not to be borne in Brussels—the impenetrable darkness, the restricted hours for the sale of liquor, and the no-treating order.

“You Londoners think it all very terrible,” he said. “But you ought to have a taste of German rule to realize what war really means. There is no business in Brussels.

“It is true that the same milkman brings the milk to your door in the morning—that is to say, if you are a man of some means and can afford to pay the price. You still get your newspaper—such as it is, printed and published according to German orders. You can still buy good meat and bread and vegetables, and you can still have repairs done to your house.

“But you would find things intolerable directly you got into the street.

“Supposing your wife got into a tramway car, as one married woman did a little while ago, and a German officer came and sat opposite her and began to ogle her. She turned her face away to avoid his offensive glances, and the officer immediately ordered the conductor to stop the car, beckoned to some German soldiers and had her arrested for insulting a German officer! She was marched to the jail and sentenced to several

weeks’ imprisonment. What would you think of it? What would you do? That woman’s husband knew nothing about it, but knew that some harm had befallen her because she did not come home.

“You see scarcely any motor cars in Brussels now. In the early days of the war the city swarmed with them. But now there is a great scarcity, and even the wounded Germans are moved in tramway cars.

“We depend for our news on what the Germans give us, but there is the amazing little sheet, *La Libre Belgique*, surely the most wonderful little newspaper that was ever published. It was still coming out when I left. Who publishes it, who distributes it, and, in particular, who delivers one copy of it at the residence of the Governor, Baron von Bissing himself, the Germans simply cannot discover. For months their spies have descended like clouds of locusts upon every place where a printing plant or a typewriter could possibly be hidden. They laid all sorts of ingenious snares, all to no purpose—the two sheets printed on both sides periodically drop into the letter boxes of friend and foe alike. Its columns are full of the most delightful satire at the expense of the Germans, and there is always the official news of the Allies’ armies.

“One day a Belgian called at my door and asked me in a whisper if I had a copy of *The London Times*. One copy of that newspaper, which was smuggled into Brussels, was sold for over £12, and it was let out at £1 for a twenty minutes’ reading, so you can imagine how precious it was. English newspapers have not been seen in Brussels for a long time now, so vigilant are the Germans. But this Belgian was anxious to know if I had got one. I hadn’t, and, what was more, I had grave suspicions of the accent of that Belgian. He was no Belgian—he was simply a contemptible spy sent to try and trick me, so that I might be ar-

rested and imprisoned for a long time and possibly sent to Germany.

"These spies, men as well as women, are in every restaurant, every tramway car, every public place, in fact. One indiscreet word and in a few minutes up comes an automobile with an officer, and you are whisked away by soldiers and your friends may never see you again. I shall not forget an incident in a tramway car one day.

"A cart laden with pigs was going by, and a man said jokingly and unthinkingly, 'Why haven't they all got helmets?'

"The tramway car stopped at once, there was an awed silence—a man in plain clothes put his hand roughly on the man's shoulder and made him alight. They walked away together, and when they had gone some distance and were well out of earshot the man who had stopped the car turned to the other and said:

"'You awful fool! Don't you know you might have been overheard and got a very heavy sentence? I'm not a spy, but I pretended to be one in order to get you out of it. What on earth made you say such a mad thing? Now, you come and buy me a drink and thank your lucky stars you are well out of it!'

"One day some mounted soldiers were going by a house. Looking out of a window above was a woman who was amused by something she saw and laughed slightly.

"She may not have been laughing at the soldiers at all for all I now, but she did not remain many minutes in that house. She was arrested for insulting the German Army and spent some months in prison. Almost every week you would see posted up near the German war bulletins a list of persons who had been condemned and sentenced—some of them to death. You would recognize names of people whom you knew well as unoffending people who in past years you had done business with, and you wondered what crimes they

had committed that they should be shot or imprisoned for years.

"In their desperation the Germans have raided the monasteries, and the long-suffering Jesuits, a large number of whom have already been shot, are subjected to a rough handling, but I can scarcely imagine that they would dare to print the paper. When the history of the German occupation of Brussels is written one of the greatest stories will be the story of the enigmatical, irresistible, Hun-defying *La Libre Belgique*. The Germans have offered a reward of 75,000 francs for the discovery of the publishers.

"One day I wandered unmolested out of the town into the country and passed through villages, some of which had been ruthlessly destroyed and others scarcely touched at all. They were remarkable contrasts. You wondered how it came about that any had been spared. Rich and poor alike were being fed with the flour supplied by the American Commission, whose organization is so admirable. In Brussels a charming way of expressing the people's gratitude has become very popular. On the empty flour bags the women beautifully embroidered pictures of the country, and also inscriptions like 'Vive l'Amerique,' and send the bags back to America.

"Coming over to England, I was struck by the callous way in which the Germans had selected the prisoners who were to be exchanged. Many of ours were hopeless, paralyzed cripples who could have no object in going to England, but had been taken away from their friends and relatives. There was a paralyzed boy whose father, who was English, died when he was a baby. His mother was a Belgian, and the boy had never been to England and had no friends or relatives there, but yet they took him away from his grief-stricken mother in order to exchange him for a German. Certainly the German prisoners were physically much better."





ARTHUR HENDERSON

**English Labor Leader, Whose Decision to Remain in the Asquith
Cabinet Helped to Settle the Conscription Crisis**

(Photo from P. S. Rogers.)

in Summer and Autumn it was still lovelier. But I see it all through a mist. My thoughts and my heart are not here. This house belonged to a young matron whose husband, an artillery officer, is also at the front. We grew very intimate, and throughout the Autumn and Winter we made up packages to send to soldiers and officers at the front. On Christmas she and her little son set out for the frontier to try to get a glimpse of her husband. She caught cold and died from inflammation of the lungs. * * * Her coffin is on its way back from Galicia. Her husband and the little boy are here. He got leave of absence to bury his wife. For six months he was exposed daily to bombs and bullets, and then—he is perfectly well. And she, on her way to pay him a visit, full of joy and animation, is dead.

As to the Germans, I could never have admitted, even in my imagination, that Europe today contained such monsters and savages. You in your America do not know the tenth part of what we know—not by hearsay, but through our own eyes. I have photographs—I have living men here whose noses and ears were cut off, whose tongues were torn out. You would never believe how many wretches were hanged or tortured to death in Galicia during the Austrian retreat. The populations of entire villages were shot and hanged wholesale on the mere suspicion of being in sympathy with Russia.

Our soldiers are fighting for the right. I know not whether God will grant to such insignificant people as you and me life to see their ultimate triumph. The deeds of Germany and Austria remind me of some tale of witchcraft in which monsters, slain and cut to pieces, grow together and come back to life, but this power is of Satan, and only the cross and prayer can prevail against it.

Alexei is just now the national hero. His portraits are everywhere on postals and calendars. Besides the two degrees of St. George, our monarch has conferred on him the Order of the White Eagle, but I feel altogether indifferent to this. His health and final victory—I

can think of nothing else. Rostia has also been decorated with a high degree of St. Vladimir, with the Emperor's personal regards. Even Alexei junior has been decorated—I implore our Lord that the boy's young life may not be maimed.

If you only knew what we see in the hospitals. At present in my infirmary there are 75 wounded, and in the hospital about 700; in the Zemstvo hospital there are nearly a thousand; two private hospitals have 150 each.

During the Christmas holidays I organized amusements and presents for them all. We gathered the ladies into groups, each having its own infirmary and barrack. In this way no one was forgotten. Artists sang, recited, and danced. One dying soldier sat propped up by his pillows, and laughed heartily, for the last time on earth, at a comic song. In my own infirmary I had a Christmas tree, with presents for the soldiers and for two orphanages—eighty children in all.

We care for the maimed, feed them, clothe them, heal them, or—bury them; then *da capo*; this is our life.

Alexei does not exist for us. His whole being is in his great achievement. He no longer belongs to us. Rostia the same; but Rostia, having a less tremendous responsibility, is not so highly strung as Alexei.

Alexei's energy and moral strength are like the strings of a musical instrument drawn tight. His letters are no comfort to us: "Pray not for me, but for Russia. * * * Rest in the thought that we have given our lives to our country." * * *

Words and acts like these do not bring—comfort: I cannot "rest" in anything. I am tortured and suffer in the suffering and sorrow of others. I live between the upper and the nether millstone—between the terrible sufferings of our soldiers in hospital and the high tension of our Christian warrior, Alexei. * * * Lena is a great help to me in everything. But I do not know how much longer I shall be able to stand it. If we live we shall see. * * * Pray for us and for our warriors.

(To be continued.)

Four German Letters

By David Starr Jordan

THE great war is in no sense a people's war. In its initial impulse it is not a war between nations. Its fundamental impulses were two: the desire of privileged classes to restrain the rising tide of democracy, and the desire of the gray old strategists to try out their wonderful instruments of destruction before the day of international war should be past. We may remember the dictum of Professor Treitschke, that foreign war is the swift remedy for disunion and for waning patriotism. A foreign war frustrates all attempts at social or political reform, uniting a nation on the lowest motive, that of self-preservation; and under martial law, the law of war—which is no law at all—at the best merely co-ordinated anarchy. As bearing on these questions, I give extracts from four German letters, the first from a junker officer, the second and third from "Friedensfreunde," the fourth from an officer in active service.

I.

In the Adverul of Bucharest for Aug. 21 appears a letter addressed by a German officer to his friend in Rumania. This letter is accompanied by a facsimile reproduction of passages in the letter. This letter translated into French, and again into English, reads as follows:

Nauen, July 28, 1915.

Very dear Wilhelm:

Always in good health. Everything goes as we would wish and we have the best hopes. . . . When one thinks how difficult it was for H. to convince our Emperor that the last moment had arrived for letting loose the course of war; otherwise, pacifism, internationalism, anti-militarism, and so many other noxious weeds of our country would have been propagated to such a point that even our stupid people ("der dumme Michel") would have come to be infected by these maladies. That would have been the finish, the twilight of our dazzling nobility. We can lose nothing by the war—on the contrary, we have everything to gain.

We can never sufficiently thank our Emperor for having saved the German nobility from certain ruin. Even in case the fate of the war were doubtful, we

should have nothing to lose, because the people would never rise against us. We are going to be the absolute masters of the world. All the chimeras and stupidities like democracy will be chased from the universe for an infinite time. We already have got rid of Bebel. We shall soon be rid of that bull-head who calls himself Harden, and of all the fools who have the boldness to impose their theories upon us. That we may at last finish with all these charlatans, we must first become the all-powerful dictators of the world. . . . I rejoice already that I am going to travel through the vassal countries of Germany in the suite of our Emperor. What glory and what pride for us as Germans! At the end of the count we have to purge our own country of all its revolutionary ideas in order that our nobility will recover its ancient splendor, its power and its authority.

KARL VON H.

This, of course, is not characteristically German by any means, any more than similar utterances which one can find in England are characteristic of Great Britain. It is, however, typical of the attitude of a certain class represented in all nations, more or less, but potent in matters of military activity.

II.

A German writes (in German) to another friend in America:

B. writes from New York that there will be no more attempt at mediation. The battle must be fought out to the complete extinction of militarism. That is inconceivable. For militarism is in war time bound up in the closest manner with the people. It is extinct only with the extinction of the people. Militarism cannot be suppressed from the outside. On the contrary, every attack from the outside awakens and strengthens it, for it makes it appear necessary. The struggle against militarism is possible only from the inside. It is possible that after the war this struggle will be less difficult.

The greatest probability is that the war—according to our prophecy—will remain without result. Then may militarism be killed forever. . . .

One must realize that Germany, before she declares herself exhausted, can fight a very long time; and then when Germany is perhaps suppressed, Europe, too, can not maintain herself. The fighting of this war to the last end is a most ghastly conception.

III.

Another German friend of peace writes:

I hope that you will mention the fact that Germany has suffered more than Belgium. This is important for our peace propaganda, for it shows better than anything else could how futile in modern times it is to be victorious in the military sense.

IV.

A German officer, wounded, in a hospital writes this in English:

You will easily know my view now when I tell you that you were wholly right in what you say in "What Shall We Say?" of 19th January, 1915 . . .; especially the last two paragraphs contain all that I would say and prove by many details.

The paragraphs referred to read as follows:

"If we want peace we must prepare for it, guarding it at every angle, and reducing, so far as we can, all war's in-

centives. When nations are armed a very few men, a very small accident, may turn the scale. To lose at one point is to lose at all. It is the armament itself which is the true cause of war. Trade jealousies, race antipathies, land hungers—all these are mere excuses, which would not of themselves lead any nation to fight. It takes a vigorous agitation, war scares and war appeals, and unlimited lying to get these taken at all seriously.

"The safeguard for peace is the minimum, not the maximum, of armament. As to this, Washington—who warned us so sagaciously against entangling alliances—had also this word of caution: 'Overgrown military establishments are, under any form of government, inauspicious to liberty, and are to be regarded as peculiarly hostile to republican liberty.'"

The Bewitched Tower of Ypres

By Robert Blatchford

This anecdote appeared originally in the Continental Edition of The Daily Mail.

I HAD been reading the suggestive chapter on "Silent Ypres," in Valentine William's book, "With Our Armies in Flanders," and I asked some of our wounded soldiers what was the state of the town.

One of them told me that Ypres was a battered wreck. "It's really a pity to see it," he said. "The Germans have been shelling it for months. When I was there the only building that seemed to have escaped was the lucky tower, and I hear that's gone now."

"It's a queer thing," said the man of the R. G. A., "that sometimes a particular building, a church spire, or a mill, or a clock tower, will seem to be charmed, so that the best gunners simply cannot hit it." He looked around with his sparkling black eyes, and his humorous face became very serious. We all sat and waited for his next words. There was obviously a story to be told.

"There was," he went on, "a little

busy old town in Flanders, standing well back behind the Boches' lines, and in it was a slim gray tower. It wasn't a handsome, swagger tower, but just an ordinary old square thing. Well, somehow that tower got on our nerves. We got fed up with it. Every day we stared at it, and it was the only tall thing to be seen, and, though the Germans hadn't put it there, we felt they were goose-stepping about in their pride because they had kept it there and we used to get ratty and want to bash that tower about.

"And at last our Lieutenant caught the feeling and began to stare at the tower through his glasses and to seem to be thinking a lot. And after a day or two he says to the Sergeant, 'Do you think, Sergeant, that tower is an observation post?' and the sergeant said emphatically there was not a doubt about it. 'Well,' says the officer, 'we'll get a couple o' guns laid on it, and we'll knock it end-ways.' So the next day we laid a pair o'

guns and we raked up two crack gunners and we opened fire on the little old tower. It was a great bombardment. We stared out through the smoke, and the gunners blazed away, and, well—at the end of two hours the tower stood as solid as if we had been throwing snowballs. So we knocked off for the day.

“And the following afternoon we tried two more crack gun-layers, and we bombarded that blooming old tower till the light failed and never touched it once. It is like that sometimes. It was so with the tower at Ypres. Seems as if the bally thing's bewitched. Well, the Lieutenant was disgusted, and the champion gun-layers were jumping wild, and chaps began to bet money on it, and one of our bombardiers began to make a book. He said he should offer six to four on the tower. And there was a good deal of loose silver likely to change hands. But the book was never opened. No. When we woke up the next morning the blooming tower was gone.

“It was gone clean off the map. The officer stared, and wiped his lenses and stared again, and the Sergeant said he hoped he'd be an angel and with angels stand if he could guess what had become of the little old tower that had stood up against shell fire without a scratch and then had fallen without being hit. It was a mystery, and a mystery it remained till Sunday, which was three days after the little old tower had disappeared.

“And on Sunday there was a clatter of pom-pom fire, and a Taube flew over our position very high up, and down fell a long stick from the aeroplane, and tied to the stick was a letter. The Sergeant picked up the letter, and as it had no address he opened it. And this is what was written, as near as I can remember: ‘Kindly to chuck it. You have destroyed a hundred houses and spoiled our café and made many casualties, and it is a nuisance, so we have pulled the blinking tower down. Gott strafe England!’”

General Sir Douglas Haig

Career of the New British Commander in Chief in France

THE appointment of General Sir Douglas Haig to be Commander in Chief of the British forces in France and Belgium recalls to mind a paragraph in a recent report of Field Marshal Sir John French, in which he paid this tribute to the man who now succeeds him:

“I desire to express to the army under my command my deep appreciation of the splendid work they have accomplished and my heartfelt thanks for the brilliant leadership displayed by General Sir Douglas Haig and the corps and divisional commanders who acted under his orders in the main attack.”

The following appreciation of Sir Douglas Haig appeared in a recent issue of *The London Chronicle*:

“When the war began in August it is safe to say that few people in England knew anything about Sir Douglas Haig. As a rule we pay little attention to our military or naval leaders until their

existence is forced upon us, and outside the circle of experts and their own friends they enjoy an anonymity as perfect in its way as the publicity enjoyed by the politician. Sir John Jellicoe was known to students of naval warfare all over Europe; but how many of the general British public had ever heard about him? Yet today his name is a household word.

“Something similar is happening in the case of Sir Douglas Haig. When he went out to command one of the two army corps which made up Sir John French's small and gallant army in August he was hardly known at all. Nor did we hear much of him in the retreat, because in a retreat the post of glory is that of the rearguard, and the great rearguard action was fought by the other army corps under Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

“It was not until the battle of the Aisne that his name began specially to disengage itself from those of other gen-

eral officers mentioned in dispatches. In his dispatch dated Oct. 8 Sir John French specially selected Sir Douglas Haig for particular mention. On Sept. 14, when the first footing had been gained on the north bank of the Aisne, Sir John French wrote as follows:

"The action of the First Corps on this day, under the direction and command of Sir Douglas Haig, was of so skillful, bold, and decisive a character that he gained positions which alone have enabled me to maintain my position for more than three weeks of very severe fighting on the north bank of the river.

"General Haig had proved himself bold, skillful, and resolute as the leader of an advance. He was to prove himself a few weeks later to possess to the full that tenacity in defense which he had already shown in repulsing the German counterattacks on the Aisne. In October the British forces were moved from the neighborhood of Soissons to the line from Ypres to La Bassée, and the centre of what has been described as the greatest battle in English history—the three weeks' battle for the defense of Ypres—was in Sir Douglas Haig's hands.

"Throughout this trying period,' wrote Sir John French, 'Sir Douglas Haig, aided by his divisional commanders and brigade commanders, held the line with marvelous tenacity and undaunted courage. Words fail me to express the admiration I feel for their conduct, or my sense of the incalculable services they have rendered.'

"A more recent dispatch tells the same tale: 'The energy and vigor with which General Sir Douglas Haig handled his command show him to be a leader of great ability and power.' The British Army on the Continent has fought strenuously and without intermission, but its three brightest achievements are attributed by the Commander in Chief himself, so far as leadership is concerned, to one man. The Aisne, Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, these are clasps which Sir Douglas Haig will wear more proudly on his medal ribbon than any man in his force.

"Although the world has known so little about him, Sir Douglas Haig has, of course, been very much in the eye of the army for a long time. Sir John French

knows him well, for they took their first big course of practical military education together. Major Haig, as he then was, was Chief of Staff to Colonel French in that brilliant series of minor operations around Colesberg, which prepared the way for Lord Roberts's advance, and when that advance began he was closely associated with the present Commander in Chief in the work of the Cavalry Division. He has had experience at the War Office, where he has been Director of Military Training, and in India, where he was Chief of the General Staff to Lord Kitchener's successor. For the last two years before the war he commanded those divisions concentrated at Aldershot which, under Lord Haldane's scheme, were known as the 'striking force,' that is to say, a force always mobilized and always ready at a few hours' notice to go abroad.

"In the manoeuvres of last Spring it had become the custom to give him the command of one of the opposing sides, and he used generally to be pitted against the late General Grierson in these mimic battles. It would be hard to find two men more different in training and temperament. On the one side, Grierson, who had been from his earliest days a student of warfare rather than a fighting man, and who had by his intellectual and linguistic gifts always been held in bondage to a staff appointment; on the other side, Haig, who had spent his active military life as a regimental officer or Brigadier, and had only for a year or two had the time or opportunity to turn from the actual handling of men close beside him to the larger problems of handling troops in a body on the map.

"Both were Scotsmen, Grierson of humbler parentage than Haig, but Haig had remained almost undecorated and unknown, while on state occasions Grierson blazed with orders and ribbons from every sovereign and every army in Europe. They never got the chance of fighting together for the common object of their professional life, for Grierson died (as his friends say, out of pure exaltation and happiness) a few days before the British Army went into action.

"Sir Douglas Haig has carried on his

old opponent's and friend's tradition, as well as his own. There comes a point in every General's career, perhaps when he gets a division, perhaps not until he gets his corps, at which the problems with which he has to deal alter not merely in degree but in kind. Sir John French passed that point brilliantly in South Africa; Lord Roberts passed it also perhaps at the same time. On the other hand, there have been Generals like Sir Redvers Buller who never passed it at all, and remained magnificent Brigadiers,

but ineffective in the control of larger forces. The significance of Sir Douglas Haig's threefold triumph in France and Flanders is that he has proved himself to have made this fateful step with brilliant success. Before the war he had never commanded in action anything larger than a regiment; in manoeuvres never anything larger than a division. At the Aisne he commanded corps, and now he commands an army, and as his responsibilities increase so do his praises grow."

A Submarine's Feats in the Baltic

By Lieut. Commander F. N. A. Cromie

Lieut. Commander F. N. A. Cromie, who was personally decorated by the Emperor of Russia with the Cross of St. George for his services in the Baltic, having previously received the Order of St. Vladimir with swords, has written to his mother on his reception by his Imperial Majesty. Another British naval officer also received the Order of St. George, and five of Lieut. Commander Cromie's men were awarded the Silver Cross. In the course of his letter he says the visit of the Emperor to inspect the fortifications and submarines was a pleasant surprise. He continues:

WE did another 1,500 miles this last trip. I went to bed for the first two days out with "flue," and so directed operations from my bunk. We met a German submarine and had to dive in a hurry, and found ourselves down at 140 feet before I could get out of bed to take charge. The third day we found a lot of "wood" outside neutral waters, and after a short chase we made a lovely bonfire, being unable to sink the stuff. The "inhabitants" left hurriedly, leaving a small puppy dog, which we rescued. Its father was a Great Dane, and its mother a pug, but, considering it is a "hun," it is not half bad, and is a great favorite.

Nothing travels by daylight since our last raid on the "hen run," so my special haunt was very dull, and I gave it up

after four days and tried another spot where I knew train ferries must pass. We had an exciting chase, but it was spoiled by two destroyers and a cruiser turning up. Guessing that they would come back again, I lay low, and, sure enough, I caught the Undine in the afternoon. The first shot stopped her and put her on fire, but she was not going down quickly enough, so, avoiding the destroyer that was after us, I dived under the Undine's stern and gave her another from the side. * * * We arrived in covered with ice.

The Emperor was very polite and nice, and said our work in the — had made all the difference to the country. In the evening we "dined with all the Kings and Princes," &c., in the train, which was a palatial affair. We sat down twenty-eight at one table, and still left room for waiting. Nearly all spoke English, and said all sorts of nice, polite things, and I sneaked a menu card as a souvenir, but had not the cheek to ask for signatures.

Being a Chevalier of St. George, I am pretty safe, as no one can arrest me without an armed escort and a band to take me to prison, and both of these are pretty scarce now. I think I told you that the other cross gave me the right to go into girls' schools and taste the food and express my opinion! I only

hope now that we shall not be at sea on Nov. 25, (St. George's night,) when all members of the order dine in the palace and take the plate home with them as souvenirs! * * *

It was a very hard frost during the Emperor's inspection, and all were very

much surprised to see us without great-coats, but the cold is so dry here that one does not feel it so long as one moves about. The place is lovely under snow, and sledging is very pleasant with all the bells going. Unfortunately it has now all gone and is raining hard.

General Sarraill

Sketch of the Chief of the French Orient Army

By George Renwick

Saloniki Correspondent of The London Daily Chronicle

HE is tall, with a clean-cut, erect, soldierly figure. Fifty-nine, he looks at least ten years younger, despite a white mustache and hair, set well back from a high forehead, almost white as well. But his face has an almost youthful mobility when he speaks, and there is a strange attraction in his active, flashing, light-blue eyes. He goes about inconspicuously, wearing a khaki uniform with no decorations or signs of his rank save three stars on his sleeve. He is easily accessible to everybody, chats with freedom about things of interest, tells battle stories over again, and when he talks with the special correspondents here, as he does every day, he always humorously expresses his delight when, as he puts it, he has "passed yet another examination successfully!" He is fond of a joke and can tell many a good one.

General Sarraill has had a long career of very distinguished military service. He has seen war in Algeria and Tunis, but his best work has been done as organizer. That work has been tried and justified in the fire of the present war. For three years he directed the *Ecole Militaire d'Infanterie*, was "officier d'ordonnance" to General André while Minister of War, and, made General, was "Directeur de l'Infanterie" for four years. In each of those posts his work was brilliant and fruitful, for he hates red tape and he knows and uses a worker as does a Joffre or a Kitchener.

Before the opening of the war he com-

manded a "division de couverture" at Rheims, and on leaving that post was put at the head of the Eighth Army at Bourges. When the war cloud burst he expressed a desire for a frontier command, and was given the command of the Sixth Corps at Chalons. This corps was on the extreme right of the army which advanced toward the Belgian frontier, and from the 22d to the 25th of August it put up a splendid resistance to the advancing Germans. Its retreat on the Meuse, in carrying out the supreme instructions, was a cool and fine piece of fighting and manoeuvring.

On Aug. 30 the General was put at the head of the Third Army in the Verdun region. In that position the important task fell to him of holding that vastly important fortress. Here had to be done the lion's share of the work of keeping the left of the German line pinned down on the frontier while on the French left Joffre smote and hurled back the army of von Kluck. And all the world now knows how that work was accomplished. "Hold Verdun or—do not come back" is said to have been the final word of Joffre to Sarraill. He held it, and so contributed in no small degree to the success of that strategy which took the offensive out of the hands of the Germans and altered the whole aspect of the titanic struggle. And he did it with three army corps and three divisions of reserves against seven German army corps. Sarraill's work in that part of the war has certainly given him a high place in its history.

For the first half of the year the Third

Army and its chief were engaged in daily struggle with the strong and numerous legions of the Crown Prince in the Argonne region. The story of the way in which "der junge Herr" threw his forces time and again against Sarraill is already well known. Despite enormous sacrifices the army of the Crown Prince could make no progress, and, in the end, when the French took the offensive again, the Germans were driven out of many a position. The appearance of

General Sarraill in the Balkans, therefore, is a good augury that the campaign here—one of tremendous difficulties and of equally great importance—will be conducted in decisive fashion.

From what I have seen, though I may say but little of it, I am confident that the blow when it comes will be swift, unfaltering, and final. It will carry the Balkans out of the active war area and put an end to Germany's Oriental hopes.

Germany's Vigilant Navy

Special Report from the German High Seas Fleet

Under the title "The Navy on the Watch," the Vossische Zeitung printed during December, 1915, a "special report from the High Seas Fleet," as follows:

HITHERTO the High Seas Fleet has had no opportunity of fighting a sea battle, because the enemy fleet has refrained from advancing against the German coast, and has carefully avoided any fight on a large scale. The waiting for the enemy for a period of already sixteen months seems to all the naval officers with whom I spoke the hardest fate which could befall them. They are burning to get at the enemy, and they are confident that they can give him serious blows. But they do not grumble at having to go on containing themselves in patience.

As the fleet is determined to do its best, if ever it comes to the great battle with the English, every effort is made not only to maintain but even to increase by tireless labor the readiness of the ships and their crews for action. Even on outpost work every hour is employed for this purpose. Shot after shot is falling at no great distance from us. A little later there is firing from our ships too—firing from our 15-inch guns with infantry ammunition. The practice is the same as if battle shells were being fired. Toward evening naval airmen flew over us and away out to sea. They have to report whether enemy ships are venturing to approach. On board our ship all measures of precaution are taken, in order

that we may be safe against any surprise.

In the officers' mess we sat talking and drinking after our meal. What splendid companions these naval officers are, and how charmingly they can talk about distant cruises and far-off lands! The amusing description which the navigation officer was giving of his reception by a Chinese Viceroy was rudely interrupted by drums and trumpets. It was an alarm. Everybody rushed away. It was almost quite dark in the gangways, which for a few moments were filled with hurrying men. Within a few minutes every one of the 1,200 men on board had reached his post. This represents a fabulous achievement of organization. In the morning several torpedo boats of the newest type shoot out to sea at such speed that their tops are drenched by the foaming masses of water. A number of smaller ships come back in line from the sea. Out there they have been performing the equally laborious and dangerous work of seeking for mines. A whole flotilla of steamers is going far out to relieve similar vessels there, which day and night are cruising and keeping watch on the high seas as close as possible to the enemy. In these fishing vessels a crew of twenty or twenty-five men performs extraordinarily onerous duties, relieving the warships and enabling us to save more valuable vessels.

On board the armored ships every effort is made to amuse the men in their

leisure hours, and to promote their physical freshness and suppleness. Cinematograph shows are given on board many ships. As our ships cut through the waves, the band, stationed on one of the

turrets, played brisk tunes. On one turret stood a gymnasium instructor, while on deck hundreds of the men in their clean, white work clothes went through all sorts of exercises.

Cultivating Good Nature at the Front

Writing in the *Morgenbladet* of Christiania, Norway, the Norwegian pastor, E. Berggrav, gives personal experiences relating to the measures for maintaining a good spirit among the German troops on the west front, as presented in the subjoined article.

I HAVE given orders that at least once a day everybody in the trenches must indulge in hearty laughter," remarked Major W. at supper time in P.

"But you cannot compel people to laugh," I interrupted.

"Oh, no, but I begin by laughing myself. Just the mere command to laugh has something funny to it. Don't you see that we have to cultivate good nature?"

Major W. is by no means the first officer that I have met who considers it his chief duty to keep geniality alive among the soldiers. It has been one of the great surprises of this war that in addition to the many technical inventions there has sprung up a new psychological doctrine which one may call the "soul-culture" of militarism. The above-mentioned Major is a splendid type of this "soul-culture."

"And then," he continued, "once a day I walk through the entire line of trenches in my charge and grasp the hand of every man and speak some word of comfort. Before we take the offensive I usually gather them around me and quote something from the Scriptures. 'Now,' I will say to them, 'you are in the trenches of the Lord, which are much more secure than ours.' That pleases them and they go to their task with renewed spirit."

While the spiritual caretaking of the army is a chapter by itself, I shall confine myself more largely to the humanistic. The brutality of warfare brings all into a common fold. Where all must go together, through thick and thin, as if we were on an arctic expedition, it

becomes the duty of every one to watch his comrade, to see that no one holds back, wavers, lies down.

"Discover immediately who becomes discouraged, hangs his head, feels ill at ease. Form a circle around such a one, help him, give him courage." Such is one of von Kluck's daily orders, it is said.

Class distinction disappears in the trenches. Militarism as a conception of stern enforcement disappears in war. Rank becomes less and less noticeable the closer one approaches the front. That he is being treated as a comrade by his superior—this means to the ordinary soldier more than any material stimulant.

When it comes to keeping good nature uppermost there are many remedies at hand. In the German Army singing takes first place. Proceeding from the experience that military music inspires, it is unfortunate that it becomes impossible to have this music where it is most needed. The band must remain back of the front, where it at least does service for the reserve troops and the soldiers getting a temporary respite. For the marching millions and the battling divisions this music can do nothing. Here singing must take the place.

"There are two opposite poles that centre the interest of the men in the trenches," said an officer to me. "The thought of home and the thought of death. The further the line extends toward the enemy the wider apart become these poles." As concerns the home, it is one of the wonders of this conflict how the soldiers fix up their underground dwelling places like genuine

homesteads. Though they are compelled to live below the level of the ground, there is a homelikeness about it all. We find places with names like "Home Life," "Home Rest," &c. There is much to occupy the men in their leisure hours. Surrounded by twigs and leaves, we see here and there pictures of wife and children, father and mother. And not only here in the trench region but in the villages where troops are quartered we find the same neatness, the same thought of home. Those miserable, tumble-down huts have their comforts, due to the solicitude that governs the entire campaigning.

The flower boxes arranged in the hospital trains are not only evidences of care but direct means for healing. The wounded must not get the impression that they are victims of misery. Their longing for home, their desire after orderliness and neatness, is to be gratified. Not a piece of paper is allowed to lie

around. This attention to every least detail has a considerable effect on the mental attitude. It is all a part of the scheme to maintain good nature.

The moral effect of the field post office can scarcely be overestimated. The intention that the soldier shall not feel himself separated from every influence of civilization is admirably fulfilled by the working of the mail department of the army. The letter factor is not only a matter of great convenience; it is a means for success in battle, a stimulant to action. Those innumerable motor cars daily bring four million letters and post-cards into the camps, together with many packages, and a quantity of mail almost as large is carried back to the home lands. Witnessing the perfect organization of this field post office, one may well ponder on what it meant to Russia that its soldiers were cut off for so many months from all avenues of home communication.

Winter in Gallipoli

By the Correspondent of The London Daily Telegraph

British Headquarters,

The Dardanelles, Dec. 3.

WINTER has arrived earlier than was anticipated, with a severe blizzard. The hills are covered with a slight fall of snow, and there has been a sharp drop in the temperature. At Suvla the water rushed down into the trenches, and the stamina of the British troops underwent a severe trial. But they stood it better than the Turks, who, to evade the flood, left the trenches, and in some cases were shot down while sitting on the parapet. Several prisoners who were taken were poorly clad, and stated that they were on half rations. Apparently the severe weather, combined with our aeroplane and ships' bombardments, are considerably hampering the enemy's lines of communication. Recently the Turkish artillery has been more active, but the bombardment of one section of our trenches for nearly two hours was not followed by any attack. In another

section the New Zealanders easily repelled a half-hearted night attack.

The colonial troops, including the Maoris, withstood the intense cold satisfactorily, and even cheerily. The greater proportion of the Australians, who saw snow falling for the first time in their lives, viewed the storm with intense interest, and, though unused to Winter conditions, the indications are that, owing to their splendid physique and resourcefulness, they will stand the severe weather yet to come even better than their British comrades. The storm caused some damage to our boats and barges, but communication has now been restored.

On two occasions recently the Turks, thinking that we might be evacuating our positions, left their trenches, stealing out under cover of night to reconnoitre in considerable numbers. For the most part they were not molested, our officers wishing to encourage their belief in hopes that they would come on in

greater numbers. At one section, however, the Australian Light Horse fired, accounting for twenty.

Weather conditions are now normal, but more severe weather is expected, especially in January and February. By that time, however, it is hoped that the troops will be thoroughly well equipped. Already they have received a portion of wet-weather clothing, such as thigh boots and waterproof capes. When they receive their full equipment they will un-

doubtedly be much better prepared for a Winter campaign than the enemy.

Supply conditions here are more difficult than in France, but apparently every possible effort is being made to cope with the unusual circumstances.

Later information shows that the enemy suffered greatly in the storm. Many had neither blankets nor underclothing, and must have perished. Several bodies and mules were washed down into our trenches.

Pictures From Gallipoli

By Sidney A. Moseley

The official war correspondent with the British Mediterranean forces contributes to The Fortnightly Review for December a series of human-interest sketches, two of which are herewith reproduced.

A MAJOR in the Royal Welsh was the first speaker. He addressed his remarks particularly to me as a noncombatant.

"Only the man who leads can experience the sensation of his life at the first charge," he said. "It is neither fear, excitement, nor the novelty. It is simply a great fatherly anxiety and pride in the men whom you have watched from their infancy in soldiering to maturity. I never knew how closely allied in heart and soul I was with my men until the moment when I gave the order to 'charge.' 'How will they shape? How will they conduct themselves?' These questions came uppermost and with insistence in my mind. Nothing else seemed to matter. * * * It seemed to me that we were in a huge arena with everybody in the world watching us breathlessly, saying: 'Now we shall see what the Royal Welsh are made of.' * * * And then they—and I—saw what they were made of. Mind you, the men were dead beat. The rapid advance and the preliminary fighting had taken it all out of them, and even glory is a poor antidote to exhaustion.

"We were supposed to be relieved, but the brigade in reserve was done up. So we had to go on. When we thought we had just about done enough for the time

being we were warned that another difficult trench was to be taken. From a prominence we could see the Turks concentrating. They looked like a multitude of ants. Their number was overwhelming. * * *

"The Welsh Headquarters Staff was in the firing line, and it was 3:30 in the morning that the General came along and spoke a few words of encouragement to the men. The brief, simple address, delivered by a man who showed he was not afraid of his own life by standing on the parapet as he spoke, acted like a tonic to the men. I saw the glint in their eyes and the determined clutch on their rifles. * * *

"Five o'clock came, and I gave the word. With a cheer that still rings in my ears the men bounded forward. Nothing could stop them. The Turks literally flew. The slaughter was terrible. * * *

There has surely never been a campaign where the sniper has reaped such a harvest. Speak to any man who has taken part in the operations, even for one brief hour, and he will dwell half admiringly, half wonderingly, upon the manner and means with which the enemy has potted at our men from the most unexpected places. Sniping is, of course, a perfectly legitimate means of warfare, although to those whose idea of war is a

straight fight in the open it must leave a bad taste in the mouth. In these days, however, it is among the minor tricks of war, and the Turks have become adepts at it. The peninsula appears to have been specially designed by nature for the sniper, and the Ottoman soldiers have not failed to take the full advantage offered. Tree, bush, rock, and sand are utilized by him in a peculiarly cunning manner, and this, combined with a reckless regard of personal danger, has brought him so many victims as to justify special campaigns by special companies against him.

In the recent fighting a good haul of these snipers was made. The stories make dramatic reading. A Captain of a London territorial regiment happened to look back after his men had passed a solitary tree on the field, when he noticed something moving on it. It looked like a green bird. He took aim and fired, and the "green bird" promptly fell to the earth, dropping his rifle. Its hands, face, and rifle were painted green, and its clothing was of the same color, but of a darker shade. The bag was as heartily cheered by the men as if it were a Turkish regiment, for that particular sniper had been an undoubted terror. On another part of the field—north of the bay—a pretty harem lady sniper was,

after considerable effort, rounded up and brought into the British lines. She cried and struggled, pointing pitifully to another part of the bush from whence she had been brought. At length a detachment of men allowed her to lead the way to the spot indicated by her, and here they found her child in a dugout, tastefully furnished. In a corner was a pile of identification disks, probably taken systematically from the necks of dead soldiers, and an almost endless supply of ammunition. Carefully hidden away was her yashmak, (veil,) which the men allowed her to take away.

One of the most audacious attempts at sniping was discovered the same afternoon. Three miles in the rear of our line a company Sergeant Major was shot at close range. The most energetic efforts were made to bring the culprit to book, and it was only after another man was shot that he was discovered in a deep pit in the heart of a base camp. He had evidently been installed for some time. A good supply of food and, as in the case of other snipers, a very large amount of ammunition was found, and a quantity of reading material.

"It is like working on a knife's edge with the snipers all around," an officer told me, "but I believe by now we have them fairly well in hand."

An Indian Gunner and His Gun

A Letter From the Front

An account of how some gunners—in the Indian force—did their work during a recent attack on the enemy's position is contained in a letter which appeared on Dec. 14, 1915. The orders for the fight came as a great surprise, for the men had been "grouching" at their inactivity and the continued prospect of nothing to do.

ON this evening the magic word was passed along, and our instructions were issued. "So many hundred 'high explosive' and so many hundred 'shrapnel' were to be delivered to us that night. The bombardment was to

start at 12 P. M. and continue for six hours. Further orders later." When we heard the amount of shells we were to dispose of we looked at each other with astonishment. Never before had we had so many to play with, and we wondered what was in the wind. It took us a few hours to draw ammunition and get it all ready, and it was heavy work, I can tell you. Then we had a few hours' sleep, the last peaceful sleep we were to get for some days.

Next day at 12 we started and kept a steady rate of fire up for six hours. Sounds simple, doesn't it? But it isn't

quite so easy as it may appear. Every gun has its little peculiarities, just like a motor or a ship, and you mustn't think that so many hours' continuous bombardment is merely a matter of putting in the shell, laying the gun, and pulling the firing lever, because it isn't. We think just as much of our gun as a cavalryman of his horse or an infantryman of his rifle, and they all take a lot of looking after to keep in working order. We are very grieved sometimes when we are told, "Your gun is firing badly today," and if any particular gun happens to be temporarily out of action for minor repairs the detachment will have to put up with a lot of references to "old iron," "scrap heap," &c. Before we had been firing for a couple of hours the gun began to get red hot, the oil in the buffer expanded, and a host of other little things began to happen to cause us uneasiness. Our worst trouble consisted in trying to keep the breech as cool as possible, and the only way we could do this was to leave it open for the few seconds after we fired until a couple of

seconds before our turn came to fire again.

A bystander might have caught the following scraps of conversation: "How is she going now?" "Side slipping," "leaking," "jerky," "the old cow's got the jumps this morning," "steady as a rock," "give her a drink," (oiling the breech,) "fill her up," (fill the buffer,) and other little things which would have convinced him that the gunners, at any rate, think their gun is nearly human.

Six o'clock came at length, and we thought we were finished for a bit, at any rate, but no such luck; we got orders to keep up a certain rate of fire until further orders. This we did, and, although the number of rounds per gun per hour gradually dropped to three, we didn't stop until 5 A. M. on the fourth day.

Exactly how many rounds of ammunition we got through during that time I mustn't tell you, but if the Minister of Munitions could have seen how quickly "our old girl" ate into his supplies he would have wept with mortification.

Fighting in East Africa

By a British Signaler

The following extract is from the letter of a signaler in the East African Mounted Rifles, a corps raised in Nairobi at the beginning of the war and consisting for the most part of young settlers and coffee planters:

WE started at sunset, our orders being to storm a picquet—if there—at dawn, and then hold the ridge. The fact that we were to do a bayonet charge worried some of us because, you see, we are Mounted Rifles, and have never had much use for bayonets.

There was moonlight, and dust and little puffs of cold, dry wind whispered mysteriously through the long grass, and the forbidding-looking mountain we were making for stood out very black. Toward morning the breeze got bitterly cold, and the moon set and the plain

seemed peopled with horrible black shapes—ourselves in extended order. We arrived at the foot of the ridge before dawn and slept for an hour before forming up for the assault. That hill was one of the steepest ever, and we were a bit disappointed when we got to the top and found it unoccupied! If it had been, I expect it would have been a bit expensive to take. It finished our work for the moment, as it was still too dark to shoot, and the King's African Rifles were to carry on the assault.

I didn't see as much of their work as I would have liked to, because, being the squadron signaler, I had to keep a bit out of it if possible. When I did try to see what was happening the enemy sprinkled me with a maxim, so I decided mere curiosity wasn't worth it. Firing

didn't begin till daylight, and though quite a lot of people were moving about the hillsides, we couldn't tell whether they were British or enemy askaris, as their uniforms are much alike. Then there was a single shot, then a volley, then the circle of hills in which we were rang with the music. The maxims joined in, and rattled viciously, providing the light music; the heavy part of the opera being the rumble of rapid rifle fire in a rocky amphitheatre.

Then the K. A. R.'s charged. I heard the bugle sound and some distant yelling, and the Germans' maxims stopped their deliberate work and stuttered on and on without taking breath. After a time there came a lull in the fighting, and the firing sounded rather like a pack of dogs who had been severely reproofed for barking in the night and yet can't quite stop. A shot—then more shots—a lull. ("Stop it, you brute.") Then an enemy maxim would yap hysterically, and the whole pack would be off again.

We were trying to finish off a machine gun which wouldn't be silenced. I think we must have worried it a bit, for it did me the honor of taking a violent dislike to me personally for about ten minutes. It fired at irregular intervals into and over and around my rock, till I felt that I was playing an exciting game of roulette with rather high stakes. I got through about twenty rounds in that little gamble. I had to wait till they fired, pop up, pick up my mark, fire, and then

grovel again, judging the time between their bursts. I do not mind the twang of a ricochet, but I have no use for the soft, threatening little whisper in your ear.

Presently I was called to flag a message, and beat an undignified retreat to what seemed a safer spot; but a sniper had now started on me, and I had sent only a few words when I heard the beastly little whisper an inch off my left ear. I knelt down, and sent a few more letters, and a bullet passed between my arm and body, and hit the sangar in front of me with a sound like the breaking of a banjo string. Then I climbed over the sangar, and went on with it, but a bullet hit a rock somewhere near the back of my neck, deflected, and hummed off into space.

I got a bit further down the hill, and tried to hurry the message through, but they turned a maxim on to the man I was signaling to, and made things exciting for him, so we were jolly glad when it was finished. The worst of this job is that you have got to pretend you like being potted at; because everybody is looking at the pretty signaler at work on occasions like this. The sniper was a German askari, not a white man, because our snipers were kept well occupied by him all day, and saw him. Several enemy snipers had slipped through the K. A. R.'s, and sniped from between them and our snipers, so both lots had a busy time chasing one another.

Nish a City of Mourning

M. Adorjan, the Hungarian war correspondent with the Bulgarian Army, sent to The London Times this interesting message from Nish, the former capital of Serbia:

THE first thing that struck my eye as I approached Nish was a great American flag flying over a building beside a small Red Cross flag to indicate that the American Red Cross Mission is occupying it. In fact, America seems to be quite well represented in the occupied city, for on most of the shop

doors one can see an inscription in English, "American Property," a kind of precaution against the looting inclinations of the Bulgarian troops.

The streets of Nish are broad and pleasant, and make quite a good impression on the stranger. Over most of the houses flags are flying, either white ones as a sign of friendliness, or Bulgarian ones. On almost every house also one sees a small black flag and black drapery over the door, indicating that inhabitants of the house are in mourning.

The whole of Nish gives one the impression that all are in mourning, for I have not seen two dozen houses without the black draperies and flag. It is also possible that these signs of mourning are being exhibited to symbolize the tragic fate of the town and Serbia. In the streets every woman is wearing black clothes, the men having a broad black band on their sleeves. This is the more touching, as every shop is closed and the people are walking the streets depressed and seemingly unconcerned, yet there is a most tragic aspect on the whole city.

I was billeted in the house of a chemist called Jovanovich. A black flag was mounted on this house also, and, although the women folk received me with evident displeasure, and the landlady declared that she could not supply me with any cover for the night, I asked her if she had lost some one in the war, as I could see a black flag flying over the house. "Yes," she replied. "I lost my husband and son in the war, but they served in the Hungarian Army, because they were Hungarian Serbs, but I came home to my people as soon as the war broke out." Later on one of the servant girls brought wood into my room for a fire, and she told me that for three days there had not been a bit of bread in the house, so when I came back in the evening from supper I had with the officers of the General Staff, out of pure precaution I brought a whole loaf with me for the widow and her two maids. The next night I found an excellent cushion and a fine cover on my bed, but the landlady I did not see again throughout my stay.

The bread had a most wonderful effect. It was expected by the population that the invading forces would distribute food among the population, but this had not been done, for the necessary quantities had not yet reached the town.

It is evident that the people are practically starving; you can see by their pale faces that they have neither bread nor potatoes; yet they walk about in the streets with a dignity and contempt, es-

pecially for the Bulgarian soldiers, as if in the best of circumstances. At 7 o'clock in the evening the population has to be indoors, the streets are dark and deserted, and only the patrols are pacing their rounds. Not a light is to be seen in the windows, not because lighting is prohibited, but owing to the lack of oil and candles, which cannot be had at any price.

The Bulgarian Prefect whom I went to see told me that the attitude of the population has not been hostile, chiefly because the men had been taken away and the women had been seriously warned not to commit excesses, under capital penalty. "One proclamation to the people to give up their arms was quite sufficient," said the Prefect, "for they gave up every firearm they possessed without further trouble." He also said that the misery of the population as regards foodstuff was indescribable, for there was absolutely no bread, butter, eggs, or milk, and only a very little meat was available. The authorities were unable to supply them with foodstuff, owing to the blowing up of the bridges and the destruction of the railway lines by the Serbians, a circumstance which, under the present weather conditions, makes the transporting of large quantities impossible. The men, especially the German engineers, are working hard to put the lines in order, but at least another three weeks will pass before railway communication can be reopened. It also bears hardly on the population that Serbian paper notes have become absolutely valueless, and their silver coins are only accepted in the value of their silver weight—that is, they only get 65 centimes for a dinar.

Next morning I was invited to breakfast by Prince Windischgrätz, who lives in the building of the Austro-Hungarian Consulate. When I arrived there at 9 o'clock I found hundreds and hundreds of old men, women, and children before the building, the most terrible-looking, misery-stricken group I ever beheld, who had come there in their heartrending misery to beg for bread. I had seen misery already two years ago after the fall of Adrianople, when the Greek refugees arrived at Saloniki, and this year in Ga-

licia and Russian Poland, where the havoc of war ruined everything, but nowhere did I see misery so terrible and so naked as at Nish before the house where a sumptuous breakfast was awaiting me. But there was nothing to be done for them, and nothing will be done until railway communication has been re-established. The Prince himself distributed many thousands of crowns, Aus-

trian money, among the famine-stricken population, but money does not mean anything to them, as they cannot buy food with it. Among the people standing before the house from early in the morning until 7 in the evening there were also many Austrian and Hungarian subjects, as well as Greeks, many of whom had been interned before the Serbians quitted the city.

An Episode of the Crna

By a French Correspondent

In an account of the battle of the Crna, a special French correspondent with the Serbian Expeditionary Corps writes:

ON Nov. 2 two Serbian companies which had been cut off, and had offered a stout resistance in the village of Nirzon to the Bulgarian advance guards, fell back before large forces which began to make their appearance, and took refuge in our lines. The aspect of this handful of heroes, exhausted by fatigue and privations, their eyes shining with fever, made a great impression on our troops.

The order to attack was given for the next day. On Nov. 6 our batteries established themselves on the ridge commanding the Rajec River, and our troops began to climb the formidable Arkangel Height. On the 7th our infantry, notwithstanding the difficulties of the ground, continued to advance, and at nightfall on the 8th the Bulgarians, amazed by the bold advance of our men, were precipitately abandoning a position. At 5 in the morning we were in possession of their trenches.

On Nov. 9 we suspended our attack to make sure of our left before pushing forward. The stout regiments of the North captured in this direction the village of Sirkovo, and gained a footing, after a sharp action, on the heights to the west and northwest. Without a check they rushed to Krussevica, which a company took with the bayonet. Its Captain was wounded in the assault, and a Lieutenant fell mortally injured at the moment when he was shouting, "Forward with the

bayonet!" These rapid successes disquieted the enemy, which began to plaster our positions to the north of Krussevica and Sirkovo with shells, and directed against our company at the Green Hillock a strong attack made by a battalion and a half. Our men offered vigorous resistance for several hours to this attack, shattering every assault by a steady and accurate fire.

Unfortunately, the ammunition ran short, and during the darkness, which settled down very quickly, fresh supplies could not be sent them. At 7:30 in the evening the company was completely surrounded. At 11 o'clock a section having no more cartridges defended its trench vigorously with the bayonet alone for an hour, and withdrew only on the order of its commander, who formed his men in square. In this formation the heroic company continued its resistance. At 1:30 in the morning the enemy, which seemed to have suffered very severe losses, was attacking with less frequency. One of our sections had no ammunition left at all, and others only had a few cartridges per man.

A thick mist enveloped the Green Hillock and in this complete obscurity the situation was becoming critical. At 2 o'clock, by order of its commander, the company formed in columns of four and dashed forward with the bayonet. It succeeded in making a breach in the circle surrounding it and rejoined its regiment at daybreak.

On the 10th the chasseurs-a-pied captured the village of Cicevobas and the

enemy resumed with ardor his attacks on Sirkovo and Krusevica. The fighting was desperate and on four occasions hand to hand. A small hill was won, lost, and recaptured three times. The enemy was unable to make the slightest headway. Finally, on Nov. 11, our chasseurs succeeded in reaching Cicevo, whence they drove the enemy helter-skelter, but the General commanding on the Crna learning that the Bulgarians had received large reinforcements and were preparing a general attack, ordered our men to go

back to Cicevobas, which they did with reluctance. Mown down by the fearfully rapid fire of our mountain guns and our 75's, swept away by the gust of fire of our machine guns, held up by our bayonets, the enemy gave up the game and on the 15th fell back behind the hills, leaving numerous dead on the ground.

These days of desperate fighting, during which our losses were comparatively slight, cost the Bulgarians at least 4,000 men.—*Reuter*.

German Disaster on the Dvina

• By Gregori Petroff

Correspondent of the Russkoye Slovo.

In connection with the unsuccessful attempts by the Teuton forces to cross the Dvina, a graphic story of the operations is told by M. Gregori Petroff, the celebrated correspondent of the Russkoye Slovo, in its issue of Dec. 5, 1915. The translation appears below:

IT was a cold, damp, and foggy night, he writes, with a piercing wind.

Toward 2 A. M. the tramp of thousands of feet became audible from the direction of the German positions, and, just as if they had swept out of a newly opened mill sluice, hosts of men emerged from the enemy trenches and flowed forward over the hard-frozen earth. The Russian patrols on the watch fired a few shots against the advancing forces, and then rushed back to give the alarm.

The Russians in the trenches were warned and waited, with rifles and machine guns aimed at half the height of a man. The noise of footsteps became louder, and soon separate words of command could be distinguished above the general murmur.

Then a loud cry rang out, and from the whole of the enemy's line came a roar, to which the Russian rifles and machine guns made reply.

But the Germans came on, right up to

the trenches. Russian soldiers gripped them by their collars and swung them aside, or knocked them down with the butts of their rifles; but the thick columns rushed forward still. Some of the men, without rifles, ran on, with eyes wildly protruding, roaring as they ran.

Whole rows of Germans, who had crashed through the first line of defense, flooded the second line trenches as well, while some thousands of Russian soldiers who remained in the first line stabbed wildly at the opponents who rushed past them or made fresh prisoners. Russians were to be seen tying the Germans hand and foot within sixty yards of their fellows.

The enemy swept through the Russian first and second lines on a broad front; and, from the noise, it could be gathered that new and great forces were coming along behind them. Then the German artillery began to thunder, and the advancing lines of the enemy cleared a space for their own gunfire. The electric lanterns and rockets of the Germans were suddenly extinguished, as though they had been placed under a water douche.

From the rear of the German infantry came a voice: "You fellows in front, lie down!" Shells whistled, roared and exploded, but did little damage.

The Russians could see plainly the im-

possibility of retaining their positions in face of this furious German flood, so, detaining the enemy by rifle and machine-gun fire, they began a fighting retirement to the pontoon bridges. The retreat was conducted in perfect order, amid cries of "Straighten the lines!" and such shouts as though the men had been on parade. The guns halted at intervals and lashed the Germans with whips of steel as they came forward.

The enemy soldiers lay down on the ground, seized their spades and began to dig themselves in. The Russians held on their way and before dawn had crossed the river and removed the bridges. At sunrise the German vanguard reached the water and saw that the left bank of the Dvina was clear of their adversaries. This they reported to their commander, and soon battalions of men armed with spades made their appearance, commencing to intrench along a line of several versts.

It was as though thousands of giant moles were working there. One saw no men, but the earth flew up and fell back in one long dark brown line. The Germans were digging infantry trenches to cover the crossing of the river. Great forces were being collected in their rear, protected by both artillery and cavalry.

In the morning the enemy brought up his guns to the Dvina in considerable numbers and opened an infernal fire on the Russian bank. Attempts were then made, by extending the range, to drive the Russians further back from the river. A strip of land three to five versts (about $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles) broad along a length of $6\frac{1}{4}$ miles was deluged with shells, but the Russian infantry kept silence.

The Germans brought down pontoons and big piles on chains. The bed of the river is soft at this place, and it was easy to place the piles in position. They were dragged against the current, and the sappers had only to drive them into the mud. After about five minutes' work the piles were fixed firmly, and the pontoons were drawn up and attached to the chains. The Russian infantry lay on the opposite bank and the machine guns were placed under cover. It was with difficulty that the men were restrained. They wanted to rush on

the sappers. "Don't fire! Not a shot!" came the orders.

The German bridge grew like a building in a fairy tale. More than two-thirds was finished, and it appeared to the strained eyes of the soldiers that in another three or four minutes it would be joined to the bank and the dense columns of the Germans would be pouring across the stream. Meanwhile, on the other shore, strong German forces were being massed awaiting the completion of the bridge.

Squadrons of cavalry came down almost to the water's edge, ready for the rush, and battalions of infantry stood behind them. Small wonder that the Russian soldiers began to get excited. The bridge came nearer and nearer, but the Russian troops were still silent. "Let us fire," appealed some of the riflemen, but their request was answered by the stern command: "Quiet! Lie down!"

All at once the roar of a gun was heard from behind the Russian infantry and the wail of a shell sounded in the air. The men at first did not understand, but the shell fell on the other side, near the bank, and exploded over the first pontoon. There was a crash, and sheets of iron and fragments of wooden piles flew upward. The pontoon was torn from its moorings and began to whirl in the eddying current.

The Russian soldiers, forgetting their instructions and oblivious of the circumstance that they were opposite the machine guns of the enemy, rose to their feet, took off their caps, and made the sign of the cross. The Germans were so startled at the well-aimed shot that they did not fire a single volley, but the Russian soldiers fell to the ground again, while Russian guns continued to speak from the rear, and their shells destroyed one pontoon after another.

Then other guns poured a hail of shell into the massed German columns. The German batteries were next attacked, and failed to answer effectively. Meanwhile, the Russian machine guns and riflemen were active, their fire being directed on the remaining pontoons, which were covered with men, and upon

the other bank. There terrible confusion reigned, especially among the cavalry, for the horses were maddened by the fire.

For a time the Germans sought to retrieve their fortunes by mad rushes toward the bridge, but they met a hurricane of shells. Men dashed into the icy water, but their hands and feet became numbed, and they could not climb the bank on the far side.

In less than two hours nothing remained of the bridge works except a few

piles, which were swaying loosely with the stream. On the opposite bank heaps of dead Germans were mingled with the bodies of horses and the wreckage of carts.

Then the Russians crossed to the other side of the river without hindrance, and drove away the retreating enemy, pursuing them beyond their intrenchments. The Germans' attempt to cross the Dvina had ended in failure and had cost them, according to their own computation, no fewer than 12,000 men.

Bullet-Swept "No Man's Land"

By H. Warner Allen

Special Correspondent of the British Press with the French Armies

NO MAN'S LAND " is all day long a bullet-swept desert, where no living thing can show itself and live, but as soon as darkness falls it becomes alive with gray, mysterious forms that glide to and fro in ghostlike silence. After hours of walking in the trenches—where, perhaps a mile or more behind the lines, all traffic passes below the surface, for fear of the enemy's shells—it is a strange and memorable experience to find one's self in the open, in the "No Man's Land" between the trenches, with nothing but a narrow barbed-wire entanglement and a screen of darkness between one's self and the Boches only 200 yards away. At the particular point of the front which I visited yesterday the opposing trenches are from 500 to 1,000 yards apart. The ground is very marshy, and it is impossible to push forward the lines, since any attempt at trenchmaking is impracticable.

The approach to this debatable ground is impressive enough. First we passed through a ruined village, where not a light or a sign of life was to be seen. Barked wires and walls of great stones, roughly piled together, trenches and barricades have turned this village into a fortress. Never has a town been laid out and planned with more thought and care, though chaos itself would seem order compared with that unhappy village.

Every section of it is a centre of resistance, carefully devised to give a maximum of cover, and capable of carrying on a defense even if all the other sections on either side were captured. Yet it seemed that an invisible army must be protecting this point in the great wall of civilization; none of its defenders were to be seen. Even the sentries were completely hidden from view—so much so that, while on our way, we had an amusing hunt for one of them, as the officer who accompanied us was anxious to prove that, despite appearances, unsleeping watch and guard were being kept.

We blundered along in the darkness beside a garden wall, but not a living soul was to be found. At last we came to a doorway, and there, in an armored greenhouse—from which, it need scarcely be said, all the glass had disappeared—we found our sentry placidly gazing out across the marsh. In the heart of the first line there is a trench which leads out in audacious fashion into the marshes, straight toward the German lines. We walked on wooden gratings set high above the muddy water at the bottom of the trenches, and everything was silent with a sinister silence. A gray mist, which had risen with the end of the short December day, seemed to muffle every sound.

We followed this trench to an isolated

block of buildings, once a factory, some 200 yards in advance of the French front trenches. These buildings had been mercilessly shelled, and looked as desolate and uninhabited as the ruins of Pompeii, but our guide groped his way to a door, which was thrown open at his knock. The dim light of a smoky lamp showed a small and cozy shelter, dug deep in the ground, and protected with sandbags and piles of debris. There were half a dozen men inside it—cheerful French cavalrymen, chasseurs à cheval—who were amusing themselves with a game of cards. At his officer's order the commander of the section, a gay, venturesome youth of just over 20, came out to guide us to the poste d'écoute, the advanced post, where all night long the sentries strain their ears to catch a sound of the enemy's movements. As soon as the first gleams of dawn appear, they return hastily to the cover of the trenches, for delay means certain death.

The trench we had followed still continued. It passed in complete blackness through the very centre of the factory, and as we passed we had a dim impression of monstrous machines, half wrecked by the enemy's shells, that loomed weird and menacing on either hand. Then, as we neared the marshes, the trench grew shallower and shallower, and eventually came to an end. We stepped out into the open, and our guide warned us to move warily and not to talk above a whisper. We set out toward the German lines, with a hedge dimly visible on our right to guide us. Caution was necessary, since we had to find the gaps in the barbed wire—gaps that could be filled at a moment's notice with chevaux de frise, and movable barbed wire obstacles lying ready to hand.

In Indian file the four of us went forward until we reached the first postes d'écoute; a pile of railway sleepers offered a semblance of cover and that was all, for anything more solid would certainly have attracted a German shell. There was no one there, however, as the sentries had two days before moved forward a hundred yards or more. As we went on we were startled by a low whistle on our left which was repeated three

times. Some one in the darkness was on the watch, awake to the slightest sound. Our guide replied cautiously, "It is the maréchal des logis," (cavalry Sergeant,) he said. The Sergeant had been out on a little scouting expedition, seeing that the barbed wire defenses were all intact, and the sudden appearance of four shadows moving furtively along the hedge had filled him with suspicion, and it was with fixed bayonet ready for immediate use that he came toward us. Reassured, he took the lead, and, after another 200 yards along the hedge, we reached the most advanced post.

We were more than half-way across "No Man's Land." Further progress could only be made by crawling forward in the mud, with the imminent risk of finding one's self free to face with an armed Boche in a similar attitude. We came upon this listening post suddenly. It consisted simply of three men sitting in a hedge. They were sitting there as motionless as statues, and as silent, their muddled, pale blue uniforms almost invisible, while their half-seen trench helmets gave them a strange mediaeval air. With their rifles, bayonets fixed, held between their knees, they were ready to charge or challenge at the smallest noise. Their only protection was a few lines of barbed wire, which they had put up two nights before.

They rose and saluted on our arrival. They were very pleased at the unwonted appearance of visitors from the rear.

The Sergeant went to inspect his barbed wire and apparently found something to interest him very much, for he went down on all fours and began to crawl forward. On the other side of the hedge two more sentries were talking together in low, mysterious tones. And then one suddenly realized that the silence of the night was full of little noises. There was a cry of a marsh bird, and one wondered whether it was a German signal. We felt that the darkness was full of hostile forms, creeping with the stealth of red Indians upon us. A rustle in the hedge—a bird, probably, or a mouse—made one start and strain one's eyes into the darkness.

The Sergeant rose to his feet with an

expression of annoyance. "They have cut the wire," he whispered. "Who has cut it?" I asked. "Why, the Boches, of course," he answered impatiently. "One of them must have crept up last night. It is a trick we are always playing on one another. You see, their advanced post is only 200 yards away, and it is quite easy to worm one's way through the long marsh grass without giving any warning that one is there."

In this debatable country war is full of surprises and stratagems, and from the French cavalryman's point of view it is ideal. Though he is deprived of his horse and sabre, he has the joy of fighting in the open, and of pitting his wits, man to man, against the enemy's. One

of these men told me afterward how, one night when an alarm had been given, he crawled forward to see what was happening and found nothing but a German officer mortally wounded. The curious thing was that, though the officer still had in his pockets his military papers, nothing of any value was left upon him. Watch and money had all disappeared.

"To my mind," the *chasseur* said, "there is no doubt that he had gone out with a couple of men to scout, and that when he was wounded they robbed their own officer and left him to die."

After saying "Good night" to the *chasseurs* we tramped away back to the cover of the trenches.

War Cuts the Birth Rate

By HAROLD G. VILLARD

So much attention has been paid to the military losses incurred by the various belligerent powers that the equally severe impairment in their population caused by the falling off in the normal birth rate is apt to be overlooked. Since hostilities began millions of possible fathers have been torn from their families and sent to the battle front. This was naturally bound profoundly to affect the number of the coming generation. It is only very recently, however, that the results of the enforced separation of the sexes are becoming known.

For the period April 4 to July 31 last the number of children born in the twenty-six largest German cities was one-fifth less than during the same time in 1914. With the exception of Essen, whose population has risen from 345,000 to 477,000 on account of its being the seat of the German war munition industry, every civic centre shows a decrease ranging from 6 per cent. in the case of Cologne to 31 per cent. for Nürnberg. If the average loss occurring in the leading cities prevailed over the whole of Germany, the falling off for the entire empire would likewise equal one-fifth of the births normally registered. As these have been averaging 1,875,000 a year, this would mean that 1,000 less children are being born each day in Germany in consequence of the war.

This figure comes very close to the daily fatalities incurred by the German forces in the field. According to the declaration made to Parliament on Dec. 21 by Mr. Tennant, the British Under Secretary of War, the official German casualty lists up to Nov. 30 showed that 512,902 soldiers in all had either been killed outright or had died from the effects of wounds or disease. Seeing that sixteen months were involved, the daily loss figures out 1,100. Thus the ranks of Germany's present fighters and of her recruits of a generation hence are being equally thinned.

The same is true of the other great warring nations. The British Registrar General reports the birth rate in Great Britain for the second quarter of 1915 to be the lowest in any like period since civil registration was established. In France the war simply means an accentuation of the country's depopulation. Even in the first six months of 1914 the newly born failed to replace those who died by 17,000. Extremely ominous, too, for the future of the French race is the falling off in the number of marriages since the war began. For the last half of 1914 these totaled only 43,585, as against 122,754 for the same months in 1913, or a decrease of 65 per cent. If children are the greatest wealth of a nation, France must be deemed poorest of all the belligerent countries.

Three Men in the New French Cabinet

By Charles Johnston

I.

Aristide Briand

Prime Minister

ARISTIDE BRIAND calls himself a Socialist. For years he was one of the leaders, aggressive, militant, triumphant, of the active Socialist Party. Victor Berger, who is willing to reform the American Commonwealth, assures us that the choice of Briand to head the new French Cabinet, and his willingness to undertake the job, show that France is getting ready to make peace—on Germany's terms. There could be no more radical error, no more complete misunderstanding of the spirit of Briand and the spirit of France. It is true that Aristide Briand is a Socialist; but for him the name means a humane and generous sympathy with mankind, a sympathy to be expressed not in words but in deeds, and, if need be, in the fiery sacrifice of war. He himself tells us the plain truth when he declares that the new Cabinet means one thing, and one thing only—victory!

Aristide Briand is a man of 53, comparatively young, therefore, among the statesmen who are directing the war. He was born at Nantes, the big industrial city at the mouth of the Loire, in Western France. He was not a struggling child of toil, born in poverty and misery, but the son of prosperous, well-to-do parents, good French bourgeois townspeople of the normal type. But from his very boyhood he was an enthusiastic dreamer, full of fine theories of human betterment, eager to work for the new golden age that should make a paradise of earth. He passed through the law schools, as a clever, diligent student; but his heart was not so much in law as in politics. And, finely endowed with what his friend

and fellow-worker Georges Clemenceau calls "the clear and critical spirit of France," he burned to set forth his views and ideals in fiery, enkindling words.

There was, in those days, when the Third Republic was struggling to its feet in France, menaced by the aftermath of the Communist movement on the one side and by the renewed hostility of Bismarck on the other, a journal called *The People*, which loved freedom with such a white-hot passion that it was not so much socialistic—since socialism is, in some ways, a kind of serfdom—as frankly anarchist; and to *The People* the young Nantes lawyer first contributed. Next, he held an editorial post on *The Lantern*, the purpose of which, like the lantern of Diogenes, was to find an honest man. From *The Lantern* he flitted to *The Little Republic*, and this in turn he deserted to found, in brotherly accord with the famous Jaurés, the ambitiously entitled sheet, *Humanity*. The two men were really in essence irreconcilable, destined from the first to take antagonistic sides on every vital question; but, for the moment, they toiled together like comrades, in the fullest socialistic sense. Young Aristide Briand was passing through the process of "finding himself," and his association with Jaurés was a stage of the way.

It has been said that the typical Socialist is a man with a splendid imagination—but a weak will; so that, able to dream magnificent dreams, he cannot even take the simplest steps to turn them into actuality, and so ends by frothing at the mouth in impotent anger. But Briand has an exceptionally firm and vigorous will, and, while cherishing gold-

cn dreams of universal joy, he has always been determined, at the same time, firmly and courageously to take the next immediate step toward realizing them. So, while writing for Humanity his visions of things to come, he saw very lucidly that the first practical step in improving the conditions of the toilers lay in the development of trade unions, which might build up, line upon line, here a little and there a little, winning, at each contest, some small practical advantage.

Without fully recognizing it, he took the most decisive step in his career when, at the great Congress of the Workingmen at his native city of Nantes, in 1894, he espoused the cause of the labor unions as against the Utopianism of the famous leader, Jules Guesde, who belonged to the school that regrets and decries all remedial legislation, every betterment of the condition of the toilers, because it puts off the day of "the Social Revolution."

From the day of the Nantes Congress, twenty-one years ago, the destiny of Briand was decided. He became one of the recognized and trusted leaders of the Socialists, but of that wing of the party which did not believe in waiting for the millennium.

Like all good Frenchmen, he felt the tremendous fascination and stimulus of the wonderful life and spirit of Paris. As a lawyer and politician, his ideal and goal in Paris was the Chamber of Deputies, and several times he offered himself as a candidate for the votes of his fellow-countrymen. He was finally successful in 1902, being then a man of forty. The bane of French Parliamentary life in those days was the splitting up of the popular Chamber into a dozen little parties—in striking contrast with the traditional English system of two great parties only; so that the task of a French Prime Minister who wished to keep a Parliamentary majority together was something like that of Eliza crossing the Ohio River, by jumping from one floating ice raft to another; with the result that no French Ministry lasted more than a few months.

This had its good side, as all French parliamentarians got an unrivaled train-

ing in practical tactics, and every able man among them got a chance to try his hand at the actual work of Government, as a Minister of the State. But it had its crying disadvantages, too; among them, extreme instability; and Aristide Briand first distinguished himself in the French Chamber by warmly advocating, and practically working for, a union of all the more radical elements, to the end of obtaining practical legislation especially making for the amelioration of the working classes.

But one great question was then absorbing all the most active minds in France, to the exclusion almost of foreign and domestic questions alike; this was the relation of Church and State, or, rather, of the churches and the State; for not only the dominant Roman Catholic Church, but also the Protestant, and even the Jewish religious organizations, had an official standing and were paid from the State Treasury. But it was practically a question of the Roman Catholic Church alone, and of the traditional continuance of the theory of Gregory VII.—the great Hildebrand—that the State must be subject to the Church; that Kings and even Emperors all hold their thrones from the Pope of Rome and are his vassals.

This tradition, that the Church should control the State, was complicated in France by the fact that the Clerical or Church domination party was also the royalist party, bent on attacking and overthrowing the French Republic; so that clericalism meant also an attack on popular government and the principles of democracy. This fact accounts for the bitterness of the struggle, which was in no real sense a fight against religion, or even against the Catholic Church in France, though it was a struggle against Roman influence and dictation in French politics.

Aristide Briand first became a world figure when, chosen to report the bill for the separation of Church and State, he made his report to the Chamber of Deputies with such power, such clearness, and, withal, such urbanity and gentleness, that his handling of the whole question has healed many ugly wounds. He was

not only the principal author of the law of separation, which gave the Church in France much the position which it holds in the United States; he was also the chief executive of the law in the Sarrien Ministry of 1906; though his acceptance of office under the bourgeois Prime Minister led to his expulsion from the Socialist Party.

For one other great achievement the name of Aristide Briand has been celebrated. His war, his victorious war, against syndicalism, as expressed in the great railroad strike, in which he gal-

lantly, and with complete success, accepted and enforced the principle that the interests of the whole nation are supreme, and must and shall outweigh the interests of any class, section, or body.

"Aristides became Draco," says Maximilian Harden, well summing up the part Briand then played, with magnificent courage and firmness. Briand himself met the objurgations of his enemies with sparkling humor: "You call me a dictator!" he said. "If I am to play the dictator, I must learn to ride. I shall look out for a horse tomorrow!"

II.

Charles-Louis de Freycinet

Vice President of the Council

WE have grown accustomed to think of General Joffre as "the Grand Old Man" of the present war, perhaps because his once blonde hair has turned to finest silver; and all his soldiers speak of him with loving tenderness as "Grandfather Joffre." But, in comparison with the new Vice President of the Council of Ministers and Secretary of State, Charles-Louis de Saulses de Freycinet, to give the good gentleman his full style and title, General Joffre is but a youngster. This, with sheer literalness, for, when Joffre, as a gallant subaltern of eighteen, was fighting a battery in the girdle of Paris forts against the Prussian invasion of 1870, Freycinet, then a man of forty-two, who had made a high reputation throughout Europe as a scientist, a philosopher, an economist, a man of affairs, was co-operating with the fiery patriot, Léon Gambetta, in the work of reorganizing the armies of France, outside the walls of Paris, from which he escaped in a balloon, to lead the work of national defense.

Freycinet is literally venerable, splendid, even, through sheer force of age alone. Joffre, the Grandpapa, was born just about the time of Louis Napoleon's coup d'état. That dates the Generalis-

simo. But Freycinet was born in the reign of King Charles X., lived through the mean, disappointing years of Louis Philippe—whose grandson now rules over Bulgaria—saw the Second Republic of 1848, the Second Empire which blazed into glory at Magenta and Solferino and fell into ruin at Sedan, played a leading part in the reconstruction of France as the Third Republic—and is living still, even standing next to the Prime Minister, in the greatest Cabinet of notables France has ever seen. Yes, Freycinet is the fine flower and epitome of modern France; in him lives a whole epoch of her history.

The old gentleman will celebrate his eighty-seventh birthday in a few days—on Nov. 14. On that day he was born, in the little town of Foix, in Ariège under the Pyrenees—almost midway, as it happens, between Rivesaltes, where Joffre was born, and Saint-Béat, General Gallieni's birthplace. His kinsmen of the preceding generation had gained renown for doing the kind of work that Charles Darwin did in the *Beagle*; the kind of work associated with H. M. S. Challenger; a wide scientific survey of the Southern seas, in search of new truths in oceanography, geology, botany, cartography. So it happens that, in Western

Australia, due south of Java, there is a Freycinet Harbor, while in botany a genus of pandanus bears the name of Freycinet.

He made a high reputation as a scientific writer years before the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, doing somewhat the same kind of work as President Poincaré's cousin, the mathematician. In the New York Public Library there is a formidable collection of his works, such as "A Treaty on Rational Mechanics," in two volumes, (1858;) "A Study of Infinitesimal Analysis, Being an Essay on the Metaphysics of the Higher Calculus," (1859;) "The Mathematical Theory of Railroad Gradients," (1860.) Only the last of these suggests the more practical side of Freycinet's work. Graduated from the Ecole Polytechnique in 1848, he had held an appointment as a mining engineer under the State; had passed from that, eight years later, to railroad work, and had gained a great practical success as manager of the Southern Railroad of France, a post he held for five busy years. He worked out there a scheme of operation which has been widely copied and which has left its stamp on the entire system of French railroads.

Beginning with 1862, when he was already eminent as a man of affairs and not less as a writer of singular force, he entered on a series of economic studies, the main purpose of which was the kind of thing Lord Shaftesbury accomplished in England—to secure the greatest measure of health and well-being for factory workers, and to reduce as far as possible the part played by women and children in industrial life, or at least to surround it with all possible safeguards. For seven years he studied these problems in England, France, Germany, Belgium. Two of the works in which he recorded the fruit of his researches were so excellent that they were "crowned" by the French Institute in 1869.

This brings us to the eve of the Franco-Prussian war, in which, as already recorded, he played a great part in conjunction with Gambetta, who speaks of him as "Charles de Freycinet, my col-

league, whose devotion is equal to all difficulties, and whose resolution surmounts all obstacles." With Gambetta he left the French Government after the armistice with the Prussians was signed.

In 1876 Freycinet returned to public life in France, being elected Senator as an adherent of Gambetta. In the Dufaure Cabinet of 1877 he was Minister of Public Works, and in that position carried through a great scheme for the State ownership of railroads—a military necessity in France—besides constructing new lines at a cost of three billion francs (\$600,000,000) and developing the canal system at a cost of \$200,000,000. He retained this post in the Waddington Ministry, and succeeded his chief as Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1879. This was the first of many times that he held the Premiership. Freycinet passed an act granting an amnesty to the Communists of 1871, and made a preliminary effort to solve the question of Church and State; but he was far too tolerant for Gambetta, whose watchword was "Clericalism is the enemy!" and their difference brought about the downfall of his Cabinet in September, 1880.

But, so quickly did the whirligig then turn in France, within fifteen months he was once more Premier, soon coming to grief again, this time because of a difference with England over Egypt. In April, 1885, he became Foreign Minister in the Brisson Cabinet, becoming Premier again in the following year, and playing a vital and highly honorable part in the development of the vast colonial empire of France—her greatest achievement in the years after the Franco-Prussian war. So firmly did he lay the foundations that, at the outbreak of the present war, while Germany had about 1,000,000 square miles of colonial territory, France had between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000. Of course the disparity is vastly greater today, when, as a colonial power, Germany has practically ceased to count.

In 1887 Freycinet stood for the Presidency of the French Republic. Had he been elected this would have meant a practical retirement from active politics, since the French President stands

aside from political struggle almost as completely as the sovereign of England; but he was too moderate for the Radicals, and Sadi Carnot reigned in his stead.

He had his revenge, however, for he became War Minister in the Floquet Cabinet of 1888, the first civilian to hold that post since Louis Philippe's fall, forty years before. Here he did his most valuable work for France, holding the War Ministry through five consecutive years and five Ministries, and passing the three years' service law, establishing the French General Staff, and organizing the Supreme Council of War, the committee of a dozen Generals who, under the Chairmanship of the War Minister, dictate the policy of the French Army. In August, 1914, Joffre, Gallieni, and Pau were the three best-known members of this council.

During one of the five Ministries just mentioned Freycinet himself was Premier, besides holding the war portfolio—a proof of his force and skill as a parliamentarian. In 1898 he was once more Minister of War in the Dupuy Cabinet; after that he devoted several years to the writing of his "Souvenirs," two volumes of memoirs; his book on "Egypt," (1905,) and the "Thoughts," which he contributed to *The Contemporain*.

In his memoirs, the most interesting thing is his account of the part he played in the formation of the alliance between France and Russia, in 1893, an alliance which is likely to determine the history of this and the next generation. The story is too long to tell; but, on the Russian side, the Emperor, Alexander III., and the Grand Duke Nicholas (father of the present Grand Duke) stretched out

cordial hands which were clasped by Freycinet and the President of the French Republic. Bismarck and his Ambassador at Paris, Count Munster, tried, by all the arts known to them, to frustrate the Franco-Russian Alliance—and of this Freycinet tells an entertaining tale:

In 1889 Freycinet called on Count Munster at the German Embassy. The Count's daughter, Countess Marie, was present. Said the Count: "My dear Freycinet, what possible interest is driving you into the arms of Russia? Believe me, no good thing comes from the east!"—a rather stupid remark from France's eastern neighbor!

"My dear Count," Freycinet replied, "between Russia and ourselves there exists an old-time sympathy, which showed itself in Napoleon's days, and later under the walls of Sebastopol. And besides it is quite natural that we should seek a counterweight to your Triple Alliance! That you should not wish to attack us, I believe; but with your new Emperor, who knows what may happen?"

Countess Marie burst into the conversation: "Oh, undeceive yourself! I know Wilhelm well. I often played with him when he was a child. He has deeply religious sentiments. He will never take the initiative in making war!"

Freycinet records the elder Grand Duke Nicholas as saying to him, in March, 1891, "If I see clearly, the French and the Russian armies will form one in time of war. And this being well known, will hinder the war. For no one will desire to attack France and Russia united. This is what I repeat in my family."

III.

General Joseph Simon Gallieni

Minister of War.

GENERAL GALLIENI is twenty years younger than Charles de Freycinet, so that we may reckon him as one of "the boys." But, to speak justly, General Gallieni had completed, as he believed, a great and noteworthy

career, and was preparing to pass the evening of his days in retirement in his villa at Saint-Raphael, when the war broke out and called him back again to active service.

In one sense, Gallieni was a much bet-

ter known man than Joffre a year and a half ago. He had earned a high reputation as a soldier, a pioneer, an administrator, in France's great and growing colonial empire; he was exceedingly well known and admired also as an author, the writer of two very popular and graphic books on African travel and of a beautifully printed as well as finely written volume, "Nine Years in Madagascar," the great island, as large as France or Germany, which he practically added to the French domain; as a lecturer, too, as a scientist, as a charming figure in the social life of Paris, he was justly popular; while, outside the War Ministry, General Joffre was hardly known.

Joseph Simon Gallieni is, like General Joffre and General Foch, a Pyrenean; beginning with the Bay of Biscay end of the mountain chain, where General Foch was born, of stock in part aboriginal Basque, one passes, about the centre of the chain, Saint Béat, Gallieni's birthplace; then Foix, Freycinet's home; and, at the Mediterranean end, Rivesaltes, near Perpignan, home of muscatel wine, where Joffre's father was a vineyard owner and cooper.

While Joffre went to the Ecole Polytechnique—just a score of years after Freycinet had graduated from it, young Joseph Gallieni went to the military school of Saint-Cyr—once an "academy for young ladies," for whose benefit Racine's plays, "Esther" and "Athalie," were first played there.

Gallieni received his commission in July, 1870, just in time to enable him to take part—as did Joffre, Pau, and Kitchener—in the Franco-Prussian war. Pau fought in Alsace, Joffre in besieged Paris, Gallieni, seemingly, in the northeast. After the war, with the rank of Lieutenant of Naval Infantry, Gallieni went out to the French colonies in the Indian Ocean, being stationed for some time in the island of Réunion, just south of Mauritius. On his way home in 1875 he touched at some of the islands off the coast of Madagascar, which had belonged for periods of a hundred or a hundred and fifty years to France.

His next service was in West Africa, where, beginning with the small colony

of Senegambia with its capital city Saint-Louis, France was preparing to build up the huge territory of the Western Sudan, while England, beginning at the other side of the Dark Continent, was extending through the Eastern Sudan, with which Earl Kitchener's name is so closely connected.

From the outset, Gallieni showed himself to be at the same time a daring explorer, a benevolent and resourceful negotiator of treaties, and a skillful and effective soldier; and his country, recognizing this, sent him on one expedition after another into the African wilds. During the interval between two of these West African expeditions, Gallieni served in the French West Indies, the island of Martinique being his headquarters; but, so far as I know, he has not recorded his experiences there. There are no "First Impressions of America" among his books.

With Africa, quite the contrary; indeed, one of the best, most entertaining, and most vivid books of travel in that much-traveled and much-described continent is his book on the Sudan, in which he tells the story of his great adventure, starting from the upper waters of the Senegal, piercing the forests and mountain ranges that form the watershed between that great river and the still greater Niger, until he finally reached that river, and, after months of difficult negotiations, succeeded in obtaining a treaty very favorable to the expansion of France.

General Gallieni was one of those who did much to build up an auxiliary army of Senegalese, which has given such a good account of itself in the defense of France against invasion. In 1891, Gallieni, who by that time had reached the rank of Colonel, was transferred from West Africa to the extreme east of Asia, to Tonkin, where, under the inspiration of men like Freycinet and Jules Ferry, France was already building up a valuable Oriental realm—a region which Commander Viaud (Pierre Loti) has enshrined in the literature of France.

In Tonkin, first as head of a regiment and later as administrator of newly

acquired territory, Colonel Gallieni worked hard through four consecutive years, his name being bound up with the organization of territories along the Clear River and at Monkay. He cleared the country of bands of marauders, who had invested it for centuries, and established excellent relations with the neighboring Chinese authorities to the north, assisting in the building of the railroad from Phu-Thuong to Lang-Son.

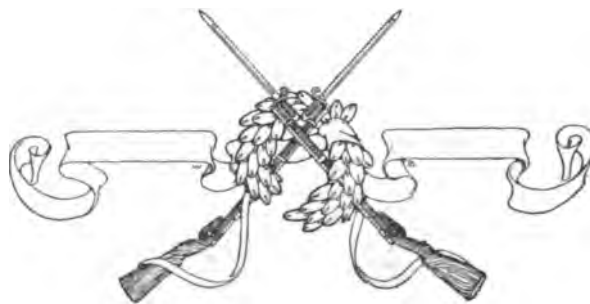
From Tonkin he returned to France, hoping to enjoy a period of tranquillity at home; but the Minister of the Colonies, M. Le Bon, sent for him, and offered him a mission to Madagascar, which would make him the supreme arbiter, military and civil, of the fate of the great island. Gallieni accepted, and, sailing on the Yang-Tse, and touching at Aden and Zanzibar, he reached Madagascar, beginning the nine years of brilliant service of which he has given so good an account in his best book.

Gallieni's more recent history is better known. On his return to France he commanded successively two army corps, the second of which was stationed at Lyons, of which he was made Military Governor. Then he went to Paris, to the War Ministry, to serve on the Supreme Council of War, and that position he

held, as well as the chief position in the Department of Colonial Defense, when the war broke out.

We all remember how, immediately after the Ministerial shakeup in the first weeks of the war—which made M. Viviani Premier and M. Millerand Minister of War—General Gallieni was appointed Military Governor of Paris; how, when the civil Government departed to Bordeaux, he took supreme charge of the city and prepared it for the expected siege, announcing his determination to “fight to the last” in a little address which has become a classic.

We know, too, how after the battle of the Marne when Paris was no longer in immediate danger Gallieni nevertheless bent all his energies to the task of making the city invincible, constructing new concrete trenches with impassable entanglements, placing larger and heavier guns, sweeping entire blocks of residences and shops away to make a clear field for the cannon; measuring with nice accuracy every possible range on all sides of the city. It is, in part, because he has brought this task to the utmost perfection that he is now free to take the Portfolio of War, joining, with the strongest Ministry France has even seen, in the work of “organizing victory.”



Shakespeare and Victory

By Sir Sidney Lee

This article by the most authoritative biographer of the great poet and dramatist—his "Life," drastically revised and enlarged, has just been reissued—appeared originally in the Continental edition of The Daily Mail.

*"Now set the teeth and stretch the
nostrils wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every
spirit
To his full height."*

THE poetic fervor which the present war has evoked has at times proved stirring and stimulating. Its power of kindling hope and energy may not have been in direct ratio to its poetic accomplishment. Yet much which has been written has cheered the hearts of our men in action or has helped to alleviate the griefs of their friends at home. At the same time it must be allowed that none or very little of the new poetry has adequately caught the essential spirit of the time. The old Greeks testified from experience to the compelling force of patriotic song in bringing victory to their arms on stubbornly fought fields of battle. In our moment of crisis no Tyrtæus, no Rouget de Lisle, no Thomas Campbell, has arisen to make our triumph certain and complete. Nevertheless, there is no cause for repining. Great poetry such as can render a people every imaginable service in the stress of warfare is at our disposal in all its freshness, although it is no longer new, and does not owe its inspiration to the passing event.

Shakespeare's words are accessible to all the world. Our German foe is making many arrogant and unvarnished claims, among which his boast of identity with Shakespeare's spirit is the most ludicrous. Shakespeare is free of the Prussian taint, and no Teutonic casuistry can rob Britons of their exclusive affinity with him. "Yes, this Shakespeare is ours; we produced him; we speak and think by him; we are of one blood and kind with him." In English ears Shakespeare's poetry of war has, by

virtue of its animating vigor, no rival. Englishmen have but to study their Shakespeare in order to recognize that, if a nation's poetry can now, as in older times, lead army and navy to victory, Great Britain stands small risk of failure in today's mighty conflict. It is well to bear in mind Carlyle's moving words, now seventy-four years old: "This King Shakespeare, does he not shine in crowned sovereignty over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying signs; indestructible; really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever?"

On every phase of our present situation Shakespeare offers us words of cheering wisdom. Here is one rousing assurance which should be written in letters of gold in every recruiting station:

If you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do swear to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.

Never was penned a better recruiting speech for Englishmen than this passage:

Dishonor not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you,
good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I
doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

Many a man of high station today may

justly address to his fellow-countrymen lines like these:

For he today that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were
not here.
And hold their manhoods cheap while any
speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's
day.

As for what England means to all
men and women of British blood, Shakespeare sums up all that is worth saying in the Great Speech:

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred
isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England, * * *
This land of such dear souls, this dear,
dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the
world * * *
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious
sleage
Of watery Neptune.

None saw more clearly than Shakespeare England's destiny to command the seas: "Which He hath given for fence

impregnable." For Shakespeare the sea was the "natural bravery" of this island.

Which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and palèd in
With rocks unscalable, and roaring
waters;
With sands that will not bear your
enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast.

Surely the voice of prophecy speaks in these verses:

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's
thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.

There is prophecy coupled with warning in the familiar words:

This England never did, nor ever shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
* * * Nought shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true.

Many other links could be added to the golden chain. Shakespeare has much to say on the horrors of war and the blessings of peace; but he insists with all his angelic strength on the practical and prudent creed:

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in
Bear't that the opposed may beware of
thee.
* * *
In peace there's nothing so becomes a
man
As modest stillness and humility.
But when the blast of war blow in his
ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger.

Joan of Arc to Edith Cavell

By MARGARET CHANLER ALDRICH

Daughter of England, my once flaming foe,
With sons of France thou hast most nobly died!
Gentle leech-maiden, come where we abide
Who were called Martyrs in the long ago.
Here healing visions light us to and fro
As we pass, shepherding o'er spaces wide
Weak souls so fear-tormented they have tried
To shrink within the graves that bade them, "Go!"
Toward courage thou shalt lead sick terror's ghosts,
Thou who hast latest learned, mid cruel hosts,
What strength the God of Glory giveth love.
Hearts glow like planets traversing earth's wars;
I hear brave soldiers, where the armies move,
Name us together, looking to the stars!

Reading in War Time

By Edmund Gosse

Late Librarian to the House of Lords and author of many standard works on English literature, Mr. Gosse speaks with authority and distinction on war's effect upon reading. His article appeared originally in *The Morning Post* of London.

WHEN a war of great magnitude has been raging without a decision for fifteen months, it is quite obvious that the strain of attention to its daily oscillations becomes relaxed. We cannot recover, and we should long ago have broken down if we had tried to support the ecstatic concentration of the opening weeks of the campaigns. In October, 1914, every one was in a slightly abnormal state of suspense and almost of delirium. There was nothing to be thought of, nothing to be talked of, but the war. I presume that under no conditions and in no age that peculiar tension has been long kept up, except in districts actually suffering from the presence or near approach of an invading enemy. And by sheer accident I happened just now to notice that, at the most critical moment of the Napoleonic wars, when Junot was overrunning the peninsula, and we were in the gravest anxiety with regard to the fate of Wellesley's expedition to Portugal, Samuel Taylor Coleridge writes to a friend that he is absorbed by "the heat and bustle of these disgusting lectures," the subjects of which are to be "Modern Poetry" and "Wordsworth's System of Composition." There were to be sixteen of them, and they appear to have been much looked forward to by a cultivated London audience. It is plain, then, that in the Summer of 1808, when Napoleon seemed on the high wave of success all over Europe, there were a large number of people in London who were still interested in the system of composition of Mr. Wordsworth. We are not to think that they lacked a most sensitive patriotism, but they could not help relaxing to a study of the things they cared about.

What makes it very difficult to form any general impression of what people are reading at this point in the progress

of our own war is the difference of temperaments. It would be a mistake to suppose that there is a uniformity of habit among readers today which answers to what existed among the same people before the war. Our strains and anxieties have drawn different minds in various directions, and have torn them into groups. We have good reason to believe that there are persons of some intelligence who "never look at the war news; it is so disturbing!" These find a protagonist in Mr. Punch's old peasant, who flatly won't have it that there is any war going on, and who does not allow the supposition to be breathed in his presence. The violent contrast to these quietists is to be found in the class of people who read newspaper after newspaper, and wear out their eyesight in trying to distinguish Pinsk from Minsk and Dwinsk. Instead of being satisfied with what *The Morning Post* communicates to them about Strumitza and Valandova, they must be feverishly applying all day long to the "Daily" this and the "Hourly" that, in order to complete and confuse their impressions. If these last were readers of books before the war, they have ceased to be so now.

With readers neither so cold nor so inflamed as those of the extreme groups just mentioned, a good deal of the effect of reaction is, I think, displaying itself. Soon after the outbreak of hostilities there was a tremendous output of purely propagandist, or at least of explanatory, literature. People must have spent a great deal of time in reading these little books, which defended the justice of the Allies, exposed the machinations of Germany, prophesied (sometimes very rashly) of the future, and appealed to the sentimentality of noncombatants. A little later there were mingled with these books of circumstance, works which ex-

posed the brutalities of the Germans in Belgium, and appealed to humanity against their violence in France. All these formed a class which appealed, and was bound to appeal, to thousands upon thousands of readers. The literary merit of these books and pamphlets was of the most various quality, and most of it was in its very nature ephemeral. I am only expressing a personal opinion when I say that Owen Wister's "Pentecost of Disaster" seems to me the most likely specimen of it to survive. But it is plain that the longer the struggle is protracted the thinner this stream of special war literature is bound to become. We cannot read over and over and over again about the destruction of Rheims and the infamies of "a scrap of paper." When the colors of the war, have completely blended into history, and the seals of diplomacy are broken at last, a new interest will be awakened, but for the present those questions which can be intelligently discussed in books have become intrenched and stationary, like the battle lines in Poland and Flanders.

In the state of affairs, there seems little room for new interests, but plenty for a resumption of the old. We have attempted to discover what is being read, and the result seems to point to a reaction in favor of old favorites, and friends of seasoned responsibility, whose sobriety can be depended on. A distinguished lady, whose foible is the circle of the sciences, in response to our questioning, somewhat unwillingly admits that she finds it distasteful to look at "popular" scientific books, but still gets pleasure from more abstruse works. This seems to parallel the case of Byron, who, when he was overpowered by anxiety, went out to the Mekhitarist Convent on St. Lazarro, to study Armenian, because he found his mind "wanted something craggy to break against." The worried brain finds a relief in being subjected to discipline, in being in fact tortured into attention. A study of some sort, difficult yet not impossible, is what seems to be wanted. As some one said who took up trigonometry at a time of acute moral distress, the soul requires a file for the serpent to gnaw. We are acquainted with a

family who this Winter have undertaken to read aloud by the fireside the "Diary" of Fanny Burney. There is probably no book in the world which is more peaceful, or in which the tiny events of a secluded life are more emphatically described. But the choice of it for household reading has proved eminently successful, and in the excitement of wondering whether Miss Planta will or will not contrive to induce Mme. Schwellenburg to invite the Colonel to tea, the machinations of Bulgaria fade into momentary insignificance.

A glance at the bookshops gives me the impression that there is a great animation in the realm of autobiography. An extraordinary number of Bishops have simultaneously obliged the town with their recollections. The reminiscences of ancient citizens of Edinburgh, of persons who have languished in foreign prisons, of diplomatists en retraite, of caricaturists, of actors, of anonymous men of business, hustle in the air of Paternoster Row. We must remember that the memories of past time appeal to the elderly, and that these books find their audience among readers who are over military age. In the absence of the young men at the front, Lord Redesdale helps us to forget our disability. It is less easy to understand why there should now be published an essay on "The Pedagogics of Beauty." We could with less effort welcome a discussion of "The Beauty of Pedagogics." There is a far-away flavor of sport and romance about "The Ibex of Sha-Ping," an animal which seems to challenge the mountain tops far from the roar of the "75" batteries. We know nothing of "A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace," but it does not sound like a war publication. Nor have such novels of the present year as have come our way seemed designed to feed, but rather to distract, the attention of readers from the fever of war. But are these anodyne productions largely read? We cannot tell.

The announcements of the publishers, moreover, distinguish the attitude of the English reader from that of the French. Since the Summer of this year, Paris has once more begun to put forth a consid-

erable harvest of books. But a mere examination of their titles is enough to show the consciousness among our neighbors of a more imminent danger than is realized on this side of the Channel. The novel has practically ceased to exist, and such exceptions as the remarkable specimens published by Mme. Marcel Tinayre and M. Paul Bourget, merely prove the rule, because they are exclusively occupied with noting down for future purposes the passing effects of the war on social life. It is not too much to say, if we include patriotic verse, history, and sociology, that ninety-nine per cent. of what has been published in Paris during the last twelve months can be included under the heading "Ouvrages sur la guerre actuelle." This represents a totally different state of things from what our publishers' Autumn and Winter lists announce in England, and it shows a much

more absorbed concentration on the problems of the war than exists with us. So far as I have observed, not a single important contribution to general literature—to archaeology, or criticism, or biography, or literary history—has been made in France since the Summer of 1914. I think the solitary exception has been an edition of the "Amours" of Ronsard, and I can only suppose that this had been subscribed for by a number of special readers and was ready for distribution when the war broke out. Against this lonely apparition, we have to place a variety of enterprises, the most courageous of all being, I suppose, Mr. Summers's stately edition, in many volumes, of the works of Mrs. Aphra Behn, published by Mr. Bullen. The difference of strain between Paris and London is, therefore, curiously illustrated by the advertisements of the publishers.

Left Behind

[From The Westminster Gazette]

By FLORENCE M. WILSON

He was my friend, an' the same ould land
Was our place o' birth.
The bogs were ours, an' the mountains grand,
An' the warm, brown earth.
Sure, he was but a boy when the bugles blew,
Yet a man it was that went marchin' through
Thon wee white town; an' the childer run
To see him go by; him the soul o' fun!
I mind how he gripped me—whisperin' low,
"Och, Micky, a sojer has hard ways to go,
But God knows 'tis so."

He was my friend, strong, brave, an' kind,
Until Death come.
An' his hands are slack, his eyes are blind,
His lips are dumb.
When my feet slipped an' I went astray,
He'd follow me close on the downward way,
An' he'd say wi' a smile: "What's the use o' a pal,
If he doesn't stand by ye, for good an' for all?
Catch hold o' my arm, Mick. Rise up an' come on!
'Twas always the darkest afore the dawn."
An' now he's gone.

Important War Books In Press

This department will be devoted to significant extracts from advance sheets of books relating to the great European war or to world affairs that are directly affected by the war. The volumes here treated are still in press, though they will appear this month. As stated in our last issue, this is the first time that an American magazine has undertaken systematically to give such anticipatory glimpses of forthcoming books. The object is to give the reader the same sort of information that may be had later by turning over the pages in a bookstall.

Major Bigelow on World Peace

MAJOR JOHN BIGELOW, a son of the noted diplomatist and a retired officer of the United States Army, will publish through Mitchell Kennerley a thought-provocative volume entitled "World Peace: How War Cannot Be Abolished; How It Possibly May Be Abolished." He devotes his first chapter to "Illusions of Pacifism," exposing the weakness of all the plans of universal peace now before the world, with special attention to the ideas of Norman Angell and ex-President Taft. His attitude is indicated in this pithy paragraph of his preface:

The signal failure of the pacifists to end war is due principally to their being under the guidance and influence of two classes of persons, of peace fanatics and international lawyers, each building on an imaginary or impossible foundation—the peace people, on the despicable dogma of peace-at-any-price; the international lawyers, on the fetish of national sovereignty. Why world peace cannot be securely based on either of these ideas and how it may possibly be attained, the author has undertaken to set forth or suggest in the following pages.

It is Major Bigelow's belief that universal peace can never be attained by arbitration, by a world court, or by any league of peace. Yet he believes that it will be attained some day along the natural lines of political evolution. Following are some typical passages from the chapter in which he states his conclusions:

International peace is possible only as an enlargement or expansion of national peace. If, then, universal peace is ever brought about, it will be, not by judicial, arbitral or any other mode of settling questions between sovereign States, but by the

obviation of such questions, by their elimination from human affairs; it will be, not peace by arbitration, nor peace by justice, nor peace by agreement, nor peace by compulsion, but peace by government; which means for the world, one people, one sovereignty, one country.

Has the idea of surrendering national sovereignty to a world government been anywhere subjected to a *plebiscite*? It has not reached the point of being considered by responsible statesmen. It is safe to say that it could not be discussed at a Hague Conference or an Inter-Parliamentary Congress without breaking up the meeting.

International lawyers have the same interest in national sovereignty that soldiers have in war. National sovereignty is what they live and thrive on. Without national sovereignty the career of an international lawyer would be about as dark and void as that of a soldier without a prospect of war. To abolish these things is to reduce the international lawyer to an attorney and the soldier to a policeman. For a long time soldiers have been held up to popular opprobrium for selfish disingenuousness in apologizing for war. It has apparently not occurred to any one to suspect the motives of international lawyers, who so earnestly defend national sovereignty.

Internationalism, says Major Bigelow, is an abstraction on which nothing substantial can be based. He says it behooves our people to watch closely the "visionary reformers who seek by resolutions of peace congresses and agreements among Chancelleries to divest the United States of its sovereignty and make it a province in an unknown country." Until we can see a world State about to become an accomplished fact we should "hold firmly to our national sovereignty, prizing and preserving it as the vital

principle of our national life." The author concludes:

Under a world government, foreign affairs, diplomacy, and so-called international law will be things of the past. The great incentive of international conflict, competition for the possession of markets, will be forever abolished. All markets being open to every one, it will be a matter of indifference to whom they belong.

World federation means an increase of individual freedom. It will release men from the restraints and relieve them of the burdens imposed upon them by the political and military exigencies of war, and bring about a more general recognition and wider application of the principle that the best government is the

one that governs least. The function of government will be reduced nearer than ever before to protecting the individual against his neighbor, to securing men and women in the exercise of their inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The world State will be governed by individuals for the individual. What democracy has been to Americans, individualism will be to—what shall we say?—to worldians.

The way to all these things, the road to peaceful union, though shorter than the endless one to disunited peace, is very long. Traveling it may be a matter of ages; men may be deterred by its length from entering upon it, but mankind is already on it.

Diplomatic Background of the War

ARTHUR BULLARD has in press with the Macmillan Company a volume entitled "The Diplomatic Background of the War," which the author modestly characterizes as "an introductory textbook, a first-year course in European diplomacy." This, one discovers, is a figure of speech; the book is for the general reader. It is a rapid survey of the diplomacy that led up to the war, followed by an exhaustive discussion of the multitudinous issues that will come up for settlement after the war has burned itself out, when the diplomatists gather around the traditional green table to see what they can save from the general bankruptcy.

The problems of boundaries, of indemnities, of division of spoils, and the like, will be presented by Mr. Bullard in detail. He will show what is most likely to happen if the Allies win, and what course events may take if the Teutons win. For the purposes of the present review, however, it may be best to glance at the section that deals with the diplomatic relations between the United States and Europe.

Remarking that the Monroe Doctrine—America for the Americans—carries with it the inevitable corollary, Europe for the Europeans, the author continues:

The issues involved in this war are intricate in the extreme. We would resent any European power taking sides in the Mexican muddle. Our intervention in Europe over the moral issues of this war is equally uncalled for.

Unenlightened public opinion in the nations of the Entente would like to have us protest over Germany's action in Belgium. It is doubtful if their statesmen would. The British Foreign Office is glad that by not protesting on behalf of Belgium we established a precedent which has made it logical for us to turn a deaf ear to the protests of Holland and Sweden and the other neutrals. The French diplomats certainly remember that we did not join the protest when they tore up the Algeiras Treaty. And it is highly improbable that the Russian Government would want any neutral nation to begin investigations of "atrocities charges."

Mr. Bullard discusses both the British and the German violations of our rights as a neutral, and draws a distinction between them. He calls the British interference with our sea trade "stupidly illegal, arrogant, and decidedly unsportsmanlike," but he finds the German submarine methods "inhuman and horrible."

As a general proposition, [he continues,] it can be laid down that no liberal, democratic nation dreams of

fighting over a commercial protest which can be arbitrated and settled by an award of damages. Most of our protests addressed to England since the outbreak of the war have been of this nature. If we had been spoiling for a fight it would have been easy to start one over the bizarre British doctrine that they can, in order indirectly to hurt their enemy, play fast and loose with trading rights of neutrals—rights which they were the first to champion when they were neutral. The idea that, because they do not approve of the way the Germans fight, they can inflict reprisals on non-combatants is as untenable as it is original. At the first opportunity we shall certainly "go to court" about it, and have this amazing pretention thrashed out. But if the English are ready to live up to their arbitration treaty with us, we do not want to fight about it.

The situation of the British public in regard to the legality or illegality of their Orders in Council is peculiar. They know very little about it. The press censorship has prevented discussion. The great mass of the people believe that they are fighting in the cause of international law. Any newspaper which published the facts would be, if not suppressed by the Government, accused of German sympathies and wrecked by the mob. Their papers are allowed to publish news to the effect that the Dutch are trading with the Germans, but a calm statement of the fact that the Dutch have the same right to trade

with Germany that the English had to trade with both sides in the Russo-Japanese war, or that we have to trade with England and France and Russia would be regarded as seditious.

This fact cannot be too strongly emphasized. Our controversy is rankly illegal for them to blockade officers. The sea lords are sailors, not international lawyers. They want to do Germany as much harm as possible, and the fact that it is rankly illegal for them to blockade Holland, rankly in conflict with the stand taken by their Government before, does not appeal to them as important. It is rumored that there have been serious disputes in the British Cabinet over this matter. It is probable that Sir Edward Grey was personally opposed to the policy of blockade which has thrown Sweden on the German side and has alienated the sympathy of almost all the neutral nations.

The volume closes with a strong plea for widening the Monroe Doctrine by intrusting its enforcement to a league of all the American republics:

A defensive league of American republics would be more effective than any single-handed warning to Europe. To maintain the Monroe Doctrine unchanged is to needlessly and offensively assert our political supremacy in the New World. Our neighbors to the south very naturally hesitate to admit their hopeless inferiority. And no league worth the name is possible without their cordial co-operation.

English Character: Today as Yesterday

A CURIOUS war book has recently been published in Germany—a new edition of Theodor Fontane's English experiences in the year 1852, entitled "A Summer in London." The well-known German critic, Samuel Saenger, has written an introduction to the book, in which he says that England is the same today as in those days of Peel and Cobden. He calls special attention to Fontane's chapter, "Parallels," from which we translate the following excerpt:

England and Germany compare as form and content, as appearance and reality. In contrast to those things

that, from the great bridge to the tiniest needle, are unequalled in England, formality is decisive. You need not be a gentleman; so long as you have the means to appear as one, you are a gentleman. You need not be in the right; so long as you possess the formula that seems to be right, you are such. You need not be a scholar so long as you belong to scientific societies, and if you have but the inclination and some talent, you may pass for a scholar. Everywhere we meet with appearances. Nowhere else stands the gate so wide open for charlatanism to enter as in the British Isles. No place is it less liable to criticism, and here

as nowhere else do glitter and glorification lend value to a name.

The German exists in order to live; the Englishman exists for the purpose of representing something. In Germany one lives happily so long as one is comfortable; in England it is a case of being looked up to, honored. The German lives for his own sake; the Englishman does not want to give up anything, but exacts praise, honor, admiration. The Englishman is always for representation, so to speak, even when he is by himself. He knows that practice makes perfect, and goes on the supposition that what one does at home wins reward abroad.

We speak of English comfort, and quite correctly. But we must not interpret this word wrongly. The Englishman has thousands of comforts, but he is himself not comfortable. He owns the softest carpets, the best bed clothing, the keenest razors. His dressing table is a whole bazaar, an exposition in miniature. He has umbrellas that one may put in one's pocket; he has everything that money can buy—and still he is not comfortable.

And why not? The Englishman lives like a Prince, at least as a Minister of State. He is ever ready to receive, to grant audiences, play the host at home or elsewhere. Three times a day he changes his clothes. In the drawing room or at table he is a strict observer of etiquette. He is everything possible that is nice and big, and yet, in the midst of our astonishment there comes to us a sense of utter homesickness after our little Germany, where representation does not bother, but where one knows what it is to live quietly, and so comfortably.

Appearances and power constitute a fixed idea for the Englishman. Of course, it requires some ability to play such a rôle, and the least important Englishman has more dignity and oratorical gift than a whole company of German state officials. I happened to live in the house with a young man of what one would consider average education, and when his birthday came around we arranged some little surprise in his honor. What was my astonishment when, without the least sign of timidity or wavering, he made a speech which, so far as concerns fluency and timeliness, I have never heard surpassed.

If this had been in Germany we would simply have had a jolly good time with each other, clasped hands and later declared that our emotion

was too much for us, so that we could not find words to interpret our feelings. Whether this popular English gift of keeping up appearances is reflected from that higher art of pretense that characterizes the nation's government is difficult to say. I think there has been a leavening of the whole mass.

The schools reflect the characteristics of the two nations. Take the German gymnasium and the English cadet schools. What variety in the gymnasium! Next to the son of the nobleman, who lives with the director and pays heavily for his tuition, sits the son of the villager, who receives most of his foodstuff from home and even uses some of it for the purpose of paying his room rent. He wears a long, faded coat in contrast to the fineries of his aristocratic neighbor, who does as he pleases, even to despising his teacher. But the farmer boy need not mind his poverty, for he is shrewd and attentive, and soon gets above the son of the nobleman, who is relegated to the last bench. The faded coat is to us just a side issue, and he who studies and knows becomes a leader. The gifts of mind take precedence over the gifts of birth and heritage.

In the English cadet school it is entirely different. A sense of aristocratic feeling pervades everything. Appearance has the call, if, in fact, it does not take supersedence of everything else. Similarity in appearance and in modes of living is carried to an almost annoying extreme. The coats are just of such a length. The neckties sit exactly so. The parting of the hair is without the slightest deviation. You cannot distinguish between high and low.

In the dining room there are other surprises. Equally stiff, we find the first and last classes sitting at table. Knives and forks are held in the same positions. As for the school room, the aristocratic character of the school exacts that a Howard, a Mowbray, a Sutherland, occupy the first places, even though they may have nothing more than their names and their titles.

In a few words: England is aristocratic; Germany democratic. We hear constantly about English liberty, but as a matter of fact, aside from their citizen rights, no people are further removed from democracy. Hence the stereotyped form of English living. The small ones strive with the big ones; the poor with the wealthy. And with all that, the hat still comes off quickly when the lord appears, and a Baronet and a Member of Cabinet is still the object

of devotion. Thackeray, of whom we may say that he was every inch an Englishman, tells the whole story in his "Vanity Fair."

In conclusion: England is practical, Germany idealistic. The same nation that places appearance above

fact, that moves heaven and earth in the service of egotism, is practical from one end to the other. And we? We, who love the truth and search for the reality of existence, we lose in our search the reality sought, and become dreamers.

"Great Russia: Her Achievement and Promise"

A COMPREHENSIVE and significant volume on Russia and her problems, entitled as above, will be published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York. The author, Professor Sarolea, is a widely known English educator, author, and lecturer. He devotes several chapters to showing that Russia, as a nation, apart from its autocratic government, stands for freedom and for the liberation of oppressed nationalities. In the case of Poland, he contends, it is not Russia, but Prussia, who is the main culprit. This is his prophecy:

Like the war of 1812 liberating Europe, like the war of 1825 liberating Greece, like the war of 1878 liberating Bulgaria, the war of 1915 will ultimately be a war of emancipation. The treaty of peace which will destroy German militarism will also culminate in the reconciliation of the two great representatives of the Slavonic stock, who both in the past have been the victims of Teutonic militarism.

After devoting a hopeful chapter to the future of Poland, Professor Sarolea gives the next to the problem of the Russian Jew. The two problems, he says, are indissolubly connected. It is impossible to liberate the one race without liberating the other. The author continues:

You cannot erect in Poland a free, self-governing State, and at the same time exclude from that State the most enterprising, the most intelligent, the wealthiest section of the community.

Not only is the Jewish problem the most important and the most urgent of all Russian political problems, it is also the most difficult. Russian reactionaries invariably assume that it concerns Russia alone. Unfortunately it concerns the whole world. It is impossible to discuss the position of the Jew in the empire of

the Czar apart from his position in Europe and America.

But the Jewish problem cannot solve itself in other parts of the world as long as it has not found a solution in Russia, which is the new Palestine, which is the very heart and centre of Israel. The Jewish problem cannot solve itself as long as five million Hebrews remain the victims of a most odious mediaeval oppression. Unfortunately, in the course of the last twenty years the position of the Jew in Russia has not become better; rather has it become worse.

The Jew is still cooped up within that huge Polish ghetto called the "Pale." He is still forbidden access to the land. He is still tracked by the police and periodically decimated by organized massacre. And the pogroms are becoming more frequent and more savage. He is still forbidden entrance to the civil service. He is still largely excluded from the liberal professions, only from 5 to 7 per cent. of Jews being allowed into the Russian gymnasia and the universities. The Jew has had no share in the partial political enfranchisement which followed the Russo-Japanese war, and he is suffering throughout the present war more than any other nation, more even than the martyred Belgians and Serbians.

The worst of the present legislation against the Jew is that it defeats its purpose. It is not only odious; it is gratuitous. It is futile. It is politically insane. We are told that the Jew must be denied access to the land for the protection of the helpless *moujik*, but the present legislation, by preventing the Jew from owning land, from becoming an independent farmer, makes him instead a constant menace to the independent farmer, dooms him to the odious profession of a usurer and a publican.

Professor Sarolea's last chapter is devoted to the relations between Russia

and Germany. Noting that every Russian Czar has married a Princess of German blood, and that the relations between the two Courts continue to be close in spite of the war, he concludes with this warning:

Let us be under no delusion; as the war is being protracted, as the economic and military pressure increases, as the decision is being delayed, there exists, at least, a remote danger of a breach in the European alliance. I admit that the chances are very remote, but Germany may be depended upon to make the most of those chances, and to use all the influence she has got in Russia to compass her ends.

We have seen how entirely German power has been artificial and imposed from above, how it has been the outcome of the dynastic connection. But in the meantime the German influence, supreme before the war, still subsists and still constitutes a danger which it would be extremely unwise and unstatesmanlike to ignore or to underrate. We must, therefore, guard ourselves so that when the day of settlement comes the subtle and subterranean German forces shall not make themselves felt, and that the Teutonic monarchies shall be frustrated in their supreme effort to retain a power which has been so fatal to the liberties of Europe and to the free development of the Russian people.

Our Relations With Japan

THE discussion of "Japanese Expansion and American Policies," (The Macmillan Company,) by J. F. Abbott of Washington University, which will be published during February, ought to have a calming influence upon the perennial fears of certain citizens of this country. Its timeliness and interest are emphasized by the present division of opinion upon how prepared the nation needs to be for possible attack upon either its east or west coast. Mr. Abbott, who has lived much in Japan, considers the past and present relations between that country and the United States, from all sides and in all their phases.

Early in the volume he pays this tribute to the diplomatic abilities of our first representative in Japan, Townsend Harris, who was sent as Consul immediately after the visit of Commodore Perry, and who won his way through every sort of obstruction to the conclusion of a treaty, so skillfully drawn that it served as the model for all subsequent treaties entered into by Japan with other foreign nations.

After discussing the relations, understandings, and agreements between Japan, Russia, and the United States in the early years of the present century, Mr. Abbott has this to say of the consequences of the activities of Philander C.

Knox as Secretary of State during the Taft Administration:

The net result of Mr. Knox's Japanese policy was nil from the standpoint of either diplomacy or of practical achievement. * * * But this does not mean that his proposals were unimportant. On the contrary, their effect upon American-Japanese relations has been most profound and permanent. They mark the end of the "elder brother" period. There still remain many thousands of the older generation in both countries who cannot forget the amicable relations that used to exist, or the attitude of disinterested helpfulness of American officials toward Japan, that meant so much to the latter in her early struggles for a place in the Eastern sun. But from now on, America and Japan, as nations, can never again be on the same old footing. Each will always suspect the other's motives. Perhaps the situation could not have been avoided sooner or later. Both peoples merely have emerged from a period of national adolescence, with its natural enthusiasms, into maturity, with its cold practicality and its own selfish interests. Yet good feeling between alien peoples is a valuable political asset, and Mr. Knox's activities have done a good deal to destroy the former American-Japanese friendship without gaining any corresponding advantage.

Mr. Abbott not only narrates the history of the relations between Japan and the United States and traces the causes

of the varying states of feeling of each for the other, including a long account of the situation on the Pacific Coast, but he also has something to say of the results to be expected from whatever policy we may adopt:

The interests of America, Japan, and China are so diverse, and at the same time so interrelated, that if the three nations can work in harmony each will profit vastly more than if each attempts to shape its future independently or in conflict with the others. America wishes the

"open door" in China, Japan wishes the equivalent of a Monroe Doctrine for the East. If America supports Japan's contention, and Japan America's, Europe will be forced to acquiesce, and peace in the Pacific will be assured. In a word, we must abandon, once and for all, the anti-Japanese policy inaugurated by Knox; more than that, we must abandon the laissez-faire, indifferent policy that many advocate today. Rather our policy should be one of active co-operation, an alliance, if you will, though not necessarily one in the conventional military sense.

A Historian in Haste

CHARLES SANFORD TERRY, Professor of History in the University of Aberdeen, is bringing out through the Dutton press the third and final volume of "A Short History of Europe," in which he has covered the vast stretch of years from 476 to 1914. The earlier volumes won high praise from European critics for their accuracy and scholarly poise. One turns with curious interest, therefore, to Professor Terry's pages on the present war, written in the fevered atmosphere of the hour.

The difficulties of the historian who tries to write with finality, even on the early events of a war, while the war is still in progress, are exemplified at some points in the following excerpt:

No fact is more striking in the circumstances attending the outbreak of war than the amateurish lack of perceptiveness of the German Foreign Office and its representatives abroad, and their inability to gauge the situation with even a remote degree of accuracy. Germany counted on Turkey rallying India and Egypt to a holy war. In fact, the Mohammedan world viewed her with less than indifference. For the first time in the long history of British India its native soldiery fought for the British Raj on the soil of Europe. Without demur Egypt accepted Great Britain's detachment of her from Turkey to become a British protectorate. Turkey's action also permitted Great Britain to settle herself irrevocably at Basra, on the Persian Gulf, the very Mecca of Germany's hopes.

Nor were these the only conse-

quences of Turkey's ill-considered intervention. Early in 1915 Great Britain and France began to knock at the gates of Constantinople itself, and ships of war and an increasing host patiently assaulted the strength of the Dardanelles. Their appearance suggested the extrusion of Turkey from Europe as probable, if not imminent, and threw the whole Balkan world into anxious reckoning of the situation.

Albania, deserted by her German Mpret, again faced an open future. Serbia again turned hopefully toward the Adriatic. Bulgaria and Rumania, to some degree within the orbit of the German powers at the outset of the war, showed an increasing disposition to balance the situation to their own advantage; Bulgaria envisaging the rectification of the disastrous treaties of 1913; Rumania eager to join hands with her Latin kindred in Transylvania. Greece, also, where a philo-German court and staff were unable to coerce popular emotion, clamored to enter a campaign which, for her own sake, she feared the great powers might bring to an end unaided.

Professor Terry's final paragraph is inspired by courage of prophecy rather than by achieved events of history:

The Balkans, released from the sinister influence of Germany and Austria-Hungary, at length saw before them a settlement based on the only sure foundation—that of the national principle. Poland was encouraged to hope that the crime of the eighteenth century against her would be expiated. The artificial State which the Hapsburg so long

had held together in defiance of the national principle faced the prospect of dissolution. And the long decay of Turkey, so baneful in its effect

on Southeast Europe, seemed likely to end in her expulsion whence she had come to trouble Christendom five centuries before.

A War Witness's Cry: "Prepare!"

ONE of the best of the early eyewitness books on the war was Eric Fisher Wood's "The Notebook of an Attaché." A second book by Mr. Wood, entitled "The Writing on the Wall," will be issued by the Century Company about the time that this notice reaches the eyes of the public. It is a call to Americans to prepare for defense, and is inspired by the author's harrowing memories of European battlefields and devastated homes. He says:

We who have beheld the present gigantic struggle with our own eyes feel and understand how far-reaching it is, and how much more far-reaching it may well become. When we return from Europe and find our countrymen apparently asleep to all this, we are utterly amazed at their apathy. We become possessed by an almost irrepressible impulse to shake them until they are thoroughly awake; we long to open their sleepy eyes to the full significance of the facts.

Mr. Wood urges the futility of treaties and of arbitration, and declares that to expect arbitration without preparedness is ridiculous, a contradiction of terms. A minimum total of 2,500,000 men, he estimates, would be necessary to defend our Atlantic States from the attack of a single great nation. As it is manifestly undesirable to try to maintain a standing army of any such size, the alternative is a system of universal compulsory military service based on the plan that has been so successful in Switzerland and Australia. On behalf of this method the author says:

If such a system were adopted by the United States every growing boy would be constantly under inspection by trained surgeons and military experts. His physical weaknesses and mental defects would be considered and, as far as possible, remedied. It is now well recognized that a large proportion of the ineffective,

criminal, or insane members of society suffer from physical defects that could so far be modified during childhood as to make useful citizens out of potentially dangerous persons.

The women of Australia at first so strongly opposed the plan for compulsory military training that they retarded and nearly defeated its adoption; within two years' time, however, the wonders which it had wrought in their own boys converted them into its most ardent advocates.

According to Mr. Wood, the nation is not in sympathy with President Wilson's moderate preparedness plans. The author also expresses emphatic distrust of the judgment of Secretary Daniels. Here are a few typical paragraphs:

Two seasoned army corps of 40,000 men, once gaining foothold on our shore, could work their will with us for at least six months. There are several great nations any one of which could within a month land a dozen such corps upon our coast. We must therefore, until we have adopted the Swiss system, make such a disaster as improbable as possible; this can be accomplished only by an immediate and systematic extravagance in naval construction.

President Wilson, in his message to Congress, recommended the building of only ten battleships in the next five years; whereby in effect he recommends building even fewer battleships in future than we have per year averaged to add to our navy in the past.

Great Britain has been saved from invasion not by submarines and coast defense vessels but by her capital ships which alone control the seas. This lesson is one for America soberly and seriously to consider.

The reconstruction of our army and our navy, however, even though it is attempted with vast appropriations of money and countless numbers of men, will not of necessity give us an effective army or an efficient navy. All the wars in history have proved that it is always organ-

ization and discipline which win against numbers. At this moment preparation for defense has already become in the minds of the majority the one great national problem, the rational solution of which will in the

next few years elect Presidents, develop statesmen, and undermine many a popular politician. Even now laggards are running to cover or hastening to enlist in the popular cause.

"The Story of the Submarine"

THE important part played by the submarine in the present war, and the doubt still expressed by some naval experts as to whether the final balance of efficiency will be in its favor or against it, lend special interest to "The Story of the Submarine," (The Century Company,) by Farnham Bishop, to appear this month. Mr. Bishop narrates the history of the submarine from the earliest attempts to put the idea into material form, which were as long ago as the days of King James I. of England, who himself journeyed in a submarine in the Thames. A goodly part of the book is devoted to the work and achievements of American inventors, beginning with Dr. David Bushnell, the Connecticut Yankee who during the Revolutionary War built a submarine that came to grief. Of him Mr. Bishop says:

Bushnell found the submarine boat a useless plaything and made it a formidable weapon. To him it owes the propeller, the conning tower, and the first suggestion of the torpedo. The Turtle was not only the first American submarine but the forerunner of the undersea destroyer of today.

Robert Fulton's submarine experiments and his attempts to interest first the French, then the English, and later the American Government in submersible boats are described and discussed at length. This excerpt shows how he anticipated while in France a twentieth century war scheme:

Fulton had planned a submarine campaign for scaring the British Navy and merchant marine out of the narrow seas, and so bringing Great Britain to her knees, more than a century before the German Emperor proclaimed his famous "war zone" around the British Isles. In one of his letters to the Directory the American inventor declared that:

"The enormous commerce of England, no less than its monstrous Government, depends upon its military marine. Should some vessels of war be destroyed by means so novel, so hidden, and so incalculable, the confidence of the seamen will vanish and the fleet will be rendered useless from the moment of the first terror."

The struggles and eventual triumphs of the two Americans, John P. Holland and Simon Lake, are told with much detail, and their inventions described. The following account of Mr. Lake's dealings with the Krupps is interesting in its bearing on the German conception of the value of a "scrap of paper":

When the Krupps first took up the idea of constructing submarines for the German and Russian Governments the great German firm consulted with Mr. Lake, who was at that time living in Europe. An elaborate contract was drawn up between them. The Krupps agreed to employ Mr. Lake in an advisory capacity and to build "Lake type" boats both in Russia, where they were to erect a factory and share the profits with him, and in Germany, on a royalty basis. Before he could sign this contract Mr. Lake had to obtain the permission of the Directors of his own company in Bridgeport. In the meanwhile he gave the German company his most secret plans and specifications. But the Krupps never signed the contract, withdrew from going into Russia, and their lawyer coolly told Mr. Lake that, as he had failed to patent his inventions in Germany, his clients were perfectly free to build "Lake type" submarines there without paying him anything, and were going to do so.

Mr. Bishop sums up the value of the submarine in warfare as follows:

As scouts in the enemy's waters they are invaluable. As commerce destroyers they do the work of the swift-sailing privateers of a century

ago. In the Fall of 1915 British submarines in the Baltic almost put a stop to the trade between Germany and Sweden. But to blockade a coast effectively submarines must have tenders, which must have destroyers and light cruisers to defend them, which in turn require the support of battle cruisers and dreadnoughts, with their attendant host of colliers, hospital ships, and

air scouts. Nor can a coast be long defended by submarines, mine fields, and shore batteries if there are not enough trained troops to keep the enemy, who can always land at some remote spot, from marching around to the rear of the coast defenses. This war is simply repeating the old, old lesson that there is no cheap and easy substitute for a real army and navy.

"Italy and the Unholy Alliance"

UNDER the foregoing title W. O. Pitt, an English author, is about to issue through the press of E. P. Dutton & Co. a popular history of Italy's struggles for liberty in the last hundred years. The book is written with special reference to the Triple Alliance, which the author calls "unholy," and to the circumstances in which Italy entered and withdrew from it.

Mr. Pitt holds that the Italians were virtually forced to enter into this alliance in order to save their national existence; that they faithfully complied with its terms, often against their own interests, but that Austria and Germany repeatedly failed to do likewise. In his introduction the author sums up the recent phases of the subject as follows:

Italy's quarrel is with Austria, and it is a quarrel that extends over a century. Not a year of those hundred has not given Italy some strong reason for just resentment against Austria. For the first half of the hundred years Austrian troops held Italy in bondage to the worst form of tyrannical misgovernment that disfigured Europe during the nineteenth century, by cruelties almost too hideous for realization. Throughout the second part of the hundred years, Austria has ruled a province of Italy with an iron hand, maintaining it by armed force as a constant menace to the peace of Italy.

Throughout her struggle for her very existence, Italy has been loyal to her friends, wherever she could find them. She has fought her way to national existence, and to something like national prosperity, through unexampled difficulties. Now, freed from her unnatural alliance, and mindful of her ancient and glorious heritage, she has cast in her lot with those who are fighting for freedom.

The body of the book is a rapid narrative of the outstanding events of Italy's century of romantic struggles for unity and independence, from the days of Napoleon and of the Holy Alliance to the heroic times of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour, and to the war in Tripoli and the nation's entrance into the present conflict.

In 1882 Italy, under Premier Crispi, had already signed the Triple Alliance for a term of five years, although the fact was not disclosed until the following year. Tracing the effects of this unnatural union through the subsequent years, the author comes to the theme of his final chapter, "Why Italy Went to War":

During the Tripolitan war, as it has been shown, Italy realized the disadvantages of the Triple Alliance. As Signor Salandra said in a speech delivered to the Italian Chamber on June 3, 1915: "It is impossible to estimate how many Italian soldiers perished, and how much treasure was expended by Italy through the impossibility of taking direct action against Turkey, which knew herself to be protected by our own allies from every attack endangering the vital spots in her armor."

Regarding the attempt to use Italy against Serbia in the Balkan wars the author quotes Signor Salandra's words: "Impartial history will declare that Austria, having found, in July and October, 1913, that Italy would not be a party to her aggressions on Serbia, plotted with Germany to bring off a surprise." The opportunity was the crime of Serajevo, the surprise was the bomb-shell of July, 1914.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS OF THE MONTH

BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE NEW YORK TIMES.

THE KAISER AND THE CZAR

J. A. M.—Is not the power of the Kaiser over the people of Germany absolute? Has he as much power as the Czar of Russia? Can the Kaiser alone declare war?

THE Kaiser's power cannot be said to be "absolute." Germany is a constitutional monarchy, and the Emperor derives his power far less from that actually granted to him as Emperor of Germany, which is relatively slight, than from the facts, first, that as King of Prussia he controls the seventeen Prussian votes in the Bundesrat, and, second, that the Imperial Chancellor is responsible, not to the Parliament of the Empire but to the Emperor himself. The Kaiser has power to declare defensive war, and to define the term "defensive"; for any war of offense the consent of the Bundesrat is necessary. The Kaiser has not as much power as the Czar, who is acknowledged as an "autocrat"; the Czar in the famous October manifesto of 1905 voluntarily limited his legislative power by decreeing that henceforth no measure was to become law without the consent of the Imperial Duma, and since 1906 the power of Government has been exercised normally by the Emperor only in concert with the Duma and the Council of the Empire. But in certain circumstances the Czar can "raise fresh loans" by his own authority, and when the Duma is not sitting he can "issue ordinances having the force of law"; also he can prorogue the Duma as often as he pleases, and can proclaim a "state of siege" anywhere and at any time.

THE RUSSIAN NAVY

W. M.—The Russian Navy, which was rated as sixth before the outbreak of war, numbered at that time nine modern battleships, four cruiser battleships, six older battleships, six first-class cruisers, twelve second-class cruisers, five third-

class cruisers, eight gunboats, 141 destroyers, twenty-five torpedo boats, and forty-three submarines. The personnel of the navy numbered 52,463 men and officers.

THE LARGEST GERMAN WARSHIPS

W. M.—The largest warships in the German Navy, of which authentic information is available at this time, are the Luetzow, the Ersatz, Hertha, and the Derfflinger, each with displacement of 28,000 tons, draught of 27 feet, indicated horse power 100,000, and the following guns: Eight 12-inch, twelve 5.9-inch, and twelve 3.4-inch. The Derfflinger was completed in 1914; the others had not yet been finished at the outbreak of the war. Details are not available regarding the size of the Worth and the "T," which were building in 1914, and which were to have eight 15-inch and sixteen 5.9-inch guns. The König, Grosser Kurfürst, Kronprinz, and Markgraf, which were completed in 1914, and are smaller than the first-named ships, carry each ten 12-inch, fourteen 5.9-inch, and twelve 3-pounder guns, as do several still smaller ships. At the end of 1914 Germany had thirteen warships completed carrying 12-inch guns.

THE BALKAN STATES

R. J. T.—Will you please tell me just what the expression "Balkan States" means? I know what the Balkan States are, but why are they called that?

THE countries known as "The Balkan States" occupy the Balkan Peninsula, the easternmost of the three great southern peninsulas of Europe, which in its turn takes its name from the mountain range of the Balkan. This great mountain chain, running down into the peninsula, is a continuation of the southern Carpathians or Transylvanian Alps. The strict limits of the Balkan

Peninsula place its base on a line from the delta of the Danube to the head of the Adriatic Sea, but part of the territory thus defined lies outside what is conventionally designated as the Balkan Peninsula.

THE ZABERN AFFAIR

J. A. M.—The following brief résumé and study of "consequences," which answers your question both as to the facts and the significance of the Zabern affair, is taken from the International Year Book for 1914: "Political issues of prime importance were involved in the Zabern affair. The incident in itself was trivial enough—the arrogant bearing of a young German Army officer, a nobleman, in an Alsatian town had led to a conflict between the garrison and the townsfolk. But as the Imperial Ministry supported the garrison officer, and as the Kaiser supported the Imperial Ministry, in defiance of the Reichstag's overwhelming vote of no confidence, the dispute over the Zabern incident assumed the aspect of a battle for civil liberty and for responsible government. If the officers in question, Lieutenant von Forstner and Colonel von Reutter, were allowed to escape without punishment, it would mean that army officers could henceforth with impunity ride rough-shod over the civil population; if the Government continued to disregard the wishes of the Reichstag, one more triumph would have been scored for autocracy. Late in December, 1913, the court-martial sentenced Lieutenant von Forstner to forty-three days' imprisonment for violence and abuse of military privilege. Early in January the court-martial acquitted Colonel von Reutter of the charge of improper usurpation of police power which had been brought against him for supporting young von Forstner in the feud between the garrison and the town. Colonel von Schad, also involved in the case, was likewise acquitted. Furthermore, a superior court-martial shortly afterward acquitted von Forstner, on appeal from the lower court. It was an unqualified triumph for the military aristocracy. In order to prevent further trouble in Zabern the obnoxious young

Lieutenant was transferred to a command in Prussian Poland, and Colonel von Reutter was given command of a distinguished grenadier regiment at Frankfort-on-Oder. The Zabern incident came up for discussion in the Reichstag in January, as well as in the Legislatures of Alsace-Lorraine, Prussia, Bavaria, and Baden, but protests were futile. In April the Prussian Government published a new regulation for troops under Prussian military administration regarding the use of arms in time of peace, and serving to give at least a clearer definition of the prerogatives of the military."

THE SANJAK OF NOVIBAZAR

SELLECK SEELY.—What is the sanjak of Novibazar? Please give me a little history and description of it.

NOVIBAZAR (New Market) was, prior to the Balkan wars, a sanjak of European Turkey, in the vilayet of Kosovo. Its population was about 170,000. It is now—or was before the present war—divided between Serbia and Montenegro. It is a mountainous region, watered by the Lim, which flows north into Bosnia. Before the Balkan wars about three-fourths of the population were Christian Serbs, and the rest were chiefly Moslem Albanians, with a few gypsies, Turkish officials, and about 3,000 Austro-Hungarian soldiers. A massacre of Serbian Christians in the sanjak, in July, 1912, was one of the contributory causes of the Balkan outbreaks. The local trade of the sanjak is largely agricultural. The following summary of history practically to the Balkan wars is quoted from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (1911): "The sanjak is of great strategic importance, for it is the northwest part of the Turkish Empire, on the direct route between Bosnia and Saloniki, and forms a wedge of Turkish territory between Serbia and Montenegro. The union of these powers, combined with the annexation of Novibazar, would have impeded the extension of Austrian influence toward Saloniki. But by the treaty of Berlin (1878) Austria-Hungary was empowered to garrison the towns of Byelofolye,

Priepolye, Pleulye, and other strategic points within the sanjak, although the entire civil administration was left in Turkish hands. This decision was enforced in 1879. The chief approaches from Serbia and Montenegro have also been strongly fortified by the Turks." By the Treaty of Bucharest, July 25, 1913, Novibazar was a part of the territory granted to Serbia, but subsequent agreements with Montenegro included about half the original sanjak of Novibazar as a grant to the smaller nation. The population of Serbian Novibazar, according to the Statesman's Year Book of 1914, was before the outbreak of the present war 138,401. The capital of the Turkish sanjak was the town of Novibazar, with a population of about 12,000, on the site of the ancient Serbian city of Rassia. Properly speaking, Novibazar is not a "sanjak" at present, as that word is only applied to a Turkish administrative district of the second grade.

BOHEMIA

J. A. K.—Please give me some facts about the nation of Bohemia, its original race, the population of Bohemia, its history in the past, and its relation to the Hapsburg throne.

BOHEMIA, called by its Slav inhabitants Cechy, is a former kingdom of Europe and a present crown land of Austria. The country is peopled mainly by Czechs or Bohemians, who are Slavs; but about two-fifths of the inhabitants are Germans, and a keen racial rivalry has existed between the two elements in the population. Bohemia is still an agricultural country, although manufacture and commerce have developed greatly of recent years. Next to agriculture, however, mining holds the first rank; Bohemia has the richest mineral deposits of any of the crown lands of Austria; these include lignite, coal, iron ore, silver ore, and gold ore. Bohemia has 130 members in the lower house of the Austrian Reichsrat. It has its own Diet, of 242 members. Its population in 1910 was 6,769,598.

In the sixth century the country was peopled by Slavic immigrants, under the common name of Czechs. By the close

of the ninth century their petty chiefs had been converted to Christianity, mainly by the Germans. By the close of the twelfth century the line of the Dukes of Przemysl, rulers of Bohemia, was recognized as a kingly house, and their State formed part of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germans. In the thirteenth century Bohemia was for a time one of the most powerful realms of Europe. Then the King was conquered by the Emperor Rudolph of Hapsburg, and his kingdom dismembered. Later, German colonists were encouraged, and under Charles IV. (1346-1378) the welfare of the country was greatly promoted and the University of Prague, the first in the empire, established. Later, Bohemia was the seat of the great religious movement inaugurated by John Huss and Jerome of Prague, an anticipation of the Reformation. The Hussite movement and wars quickened the national spirit of the Czechs, and arrested the process of Germanization, but internal dissensions made a united Slav kingdom impossible. In the sixteenth century the estates of Bohemia bestowed the crown of the country upon Ferdinand of Hapsburg, who was head of the house of Austria, and was chosen King by a portion of the Hungarians; this laid the foundations of the present Slav-German-Magyar State of Austria-Hungary. The crown of Bohemia soon became virtually hereditary in the House of Hapsburg. The desire for national Slavic development known as the Slavic movement was strongest in Bohemia, where the attempt was made to hold a Pan-Slavic Congress, (Prague,) 1848. "Since then the effort of the Czechs to regain their autonomy have played an important part in the history of the empire." Up to the outbreak of the present war the racial and national tension in Bohemia was exceedingly serious, and the permanent irreconcilability of the Czechs was the chief menace to the stability of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

THE NATIONAL DEBT OF FRANCE

G. M. STEWART.—What was the national debt of France before the outbreak of war? What is the pres-

ent national debt of France, including the allied loan and the "victory" loan? How does the French national debt compare with those of the other powers?

THE national debt of France listed before the outbreak of war was \$6,436,129,000, (American Whitaker, 1915, latest figures available, 1913.) Assuming that subscriptions to the French loan of victory reach a total of \$4,000,000,000, the total debt of France at the present time would, according to the best estimate available at the moment, be in the neighborhood of \$16,800,000,000. By the listing before the war, which is chiefly for the fiscal year ended in October, 1913, the largest national debt was that of France, with Russia second, the United Kingdom third, Italy fourth, and Spain fifth. From the outbreak of war until October of this year Germany had been the largest borrower, Great Britain the second, Russia third, France fourth, and Austria fifth. Germany's debt has increased by more than 500 per cent., Great Britain's by about 160 per cent., Russia's by about 50 per cent., while that of France has increased by less than one-third. This does not, however, include the loan of victory.

ITALY'S WAR PROCEDURE

E. P.—Why did Italy, in prosecuting her offensive, not land troops on the Dalmatian coast where they could have operated with the Serbians and Montenegrins? Was not the Austrian Navy not only inferior to Italy's, but practically shut up about Pola? What are the military reasons why an army, thus landed, having a base on the Adriatic, with a friendly country on the back, could not have operated in such a way as to seriously disturb the Austrian offensive?

THE principal reasons for the conditions stated in your question are that there are no railroads connecting the Dalmatian coast with Serbia; that if Italy adopted the course you sketch the Teuton forces would pour through the passes of the Alps and overrun Italy where she has no defense; and that Italy's reason for entering the war was solely to recover the Trentino and Istria from Austria; Italy has had nothing to do with Serbia. The Italian line of defense could not fol-

low any other line than the Isonzo. It is true that the Austrian Navy is shut up about Pola, also that the Austrian Navy is inferior to that of Italy; Italy would have no trouble in sending troops by boat to Saloniki; but Italy is not at war with Germany.

THE ITALIAN OFFENSIVE

GEORGE GRANESE.—Kindly tell me if the Italians have possession of the first line of the Austrian land forts?

IT is necessary to remember that there are two distinct battle fronts in the Italian campaign—one in the Trentino and the other along the Isonzo. In the Trentino, what may be considered to be the first line of Austrian defense is the line of forts which guard the passes of the Alps, which enter the Trentino from without—that is, from the Italian side. These have practically all fallen and are now in Italian hands. A typical case is offered by the four or five forts guarding the entrance to Storo, which comes in just near the head of Lake Garda. All these fell very shortly after the declaration of war.

Along the Isonzo front, however, the situation is somewhat different. Gorizia may be regarded as one of the forts of the first line of Austrian defense. But this has not yet fallen. The same holds true of Tolmino, somewhat north. On the other hand, Plava, Monfalcone, and several other points which are fortified have fallen into Italian hands. On the whole, however, it could not be said that the first line of Austrian land forts on the Isonzo front, which is the only offensive front, have fallen.

FORD AND THE PENAL CODE

J. S. V. V.—Does not this quixotic mission of Henry Ford violate the provisions of the United States statute regarding self-constituted diplomatic missions? Will you kindly quote the law on that matter?

THE law in question, Section 5 of the United States Penal Code, (1799,) reads as follows: "Every citizen of the United States, whether actually resident or abiding within the same, or in any place subject to the jurisdiction thereof, or in any foreign country, who, without

the permission and authority of the Government, directly or indirectly, commences or carries on any verbal or written correspondence or intercourse with any foreign Government or officer or agent thereof, with an intent to influence the measures or conduct of any foreign Government or any officer or agent thereof in relation to any disputes or controversies with the United States, or to defeat the measures of the Government of the United States, and every person, being a citizen of or resident within the jurisdiction of the United States or in any place subject to the jurisdiction thereof, and not duly authorized, who counsels, advises, or assists in any such correspondence with such intent, shall be fined not more than \$5,000, and imprisoned not more than five years; but nothing in this section shall be construed to abridge the right of a citizen to apply, himself or his agent, to any foreign Government or the agents thereof for redress of an injury which he may have sustained from such Government or any of its agents or subjects." To state whether or not Mr. Ford is violating this law is, of course, not within the province of the Query Department.

THE DACIA

M. J. C.—Please give an account of the Dacia, from purchase to the present time.

DEC. 30, 1914, Edward N. Breitung announced that he had purchased the Hamburg-American liner Dacia, then at Port Arthur, Texas, and would use her to ship cotton to Germany. The United States Government approved the transfer, and the boat was placed under American registry Jan. 4, 1915. Four days later the British Government issued a warning that she would be seized if caught trading with any of the enemies of Great Britain, and on Jan. 12 the United States Government received a formal warning to that effect. A request that England allow the vessel to make one voyage to deliver her contract cargo in the time set was refused. A final warning was issued by Great Britain Jan. 27. On Feb. 1 the Dacia set out from Galveston en route for Rotterdam, with her cargo, 11,000 bales of cotton, to

be transshipped to Bremen. Her German crew had been replaced by Americans. After a halt at Norfolk, Va., she finally set sail for Europe Feb. 12. On Feb. 28 it was reported the Dacia had been captured in the English Channel by a French cruiser and taken to Brest, to be held for the action of the French prize court. France on March 23 offered to buy the cargo if her owners would establish their American citizenship; on May 20 the French Cabinet passed a bill to reimburse the owners. On Aug. 1 the French prize court announced that the Dacia was confiscated.

The court found that there was no proof that the transfer to American registry was not made to save the ship from capture according to the rules of war, but, on the contrary, the ship, under her new flag, was making a voyage for which she was loaded while under an enemy flag. Therefore, the court found the transfer "tainted with fraud and against the rights of belligerents," and ordered the ship confiscated as a prize. The judgment of the court was based on Article 56 of the Declaration of London.

The case was appealed from the prize court decision, and was still at that stage when the boat, renamed the Yser and in use by France, was sunk in the Mediterranean by a German submarine while conveying to Bizerta the passengers rescued from the Italian steamer Elisa-Francesca. The news reached this country Nov. 10. Passengers and crew were saved. It has been generally considered that a claim for indemnity by the owners of the Dacia against the French seizure would be upheld by the State Department here.

AMERICAN FOREIGN-BORN POPULATION

J. V. R.—Figures of the number of foreign-born American residents of the nationalities you name are as follows: English, 876,455; Irish, 1,352,155; German, 2,501,181; French, 117,236; Italian, 1,343,070; Russian, 1,602,752; Belgian, 49,397; Austrian, 1,174,924; Serbian, Bulgarian, and Montenegrin, listed together, 21,451; European Turkish, 32,221; Asiatic Turkish, 59,702.

THE ALLIES' BLOCKADE

C. B. H.—How is it possible for the Allies to accomplish anything of importance by shutting off the food supplies to Germany without practically starving their own soldiers held prisoner in Germany? Will not Germany or any other nation give a decided preference to their own men on the firing line, and, if necessary, let their prisoners starve?

UNDOUBTEDLY Germany will not give to its prisoners any greater ration than to its own soldiers. Consequently, if its own soldiers should starve, naturally, the prisoners of the Allies who are held by Germany would be starved also. This is strictly in accord with international law. It is strictly not in accord with the most humanitarian practice that has been customary in such cases. Usually it has happened that when a nation is unable to feed its prisoners it turns them loose, but there is no obligation on Germany to do this.

From the Allies' point of view, the "sacrifice" of their prisoners in Germany to gain their national ends is doubtless on the same plane as the "sacrifice" of their soldiers at the front with the same object; in other words, a nation must expect and take for granted that the carrying on of a war and the winning of a victory will mean the death of many of its soldiers.

HANS VON WEDEL

C. H. THORLING.—Was Hans von Wedel, whose name has been frequently mentioned in connection with Franz von Rintelen in the fraudulent passport cases and other German activities in this country, shot in the Tower of London upon conviction by court-martial some time last October?

SO far as we have record, under his name, he was not. There have, however, been a number of spies executed in London during the past few months whose names have not been mentioned in the dispatches. The latest record of Hans von Wedel by name was published March 9, when it was stated that the United States Government wanted him for supposed activities in the plot to get spurious passports, and that he was believed to be a prisoner in England.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

M. B. G.—The outstanding events in the Argentine Republic in the years following 1904 were as follows: In July, 1905, Congress passed a law providing for the conversion of the national debt; a measure providing for the conversion of the foreign debt was adopted by the Chamber in August. In February of that year a military insurrection occurred in the Provinces of Buenos Aires, Santa Fé, and Cordoba, but was suppressed in a few days. In June an abortive uprising took place in Santiagodel Estero. In August an anarchist attempt was made on the life of the President. In October, 1905, strikes among labor and railway employees led to the proclamation of a state of siege. President Manuel Quintana, who assumed office Oct. 12, 1904, died in March, 1906, and was succeeded by the Vice President, Dr. Figueroa Alcorta.

In 1908 an appropriation of \$27,000,000 was approved to improve the harbor of Buenos Aires. In the Spring of 1909 there were serious labor disturbances, and in November of that year the Prefect of Police was killed in Buenos Aires and the President declared martial law for sixty days. Diplomatic relations with Bolivia were temporarily severed in 1909, and in 1910 the boundary dispute between the two countries went on; in January, 1911, through the good offices of the United States, diplomatic relations between the two countries were resumed. Argentina celebrated its one hundredth anniversary May 25, 1910; the International Agricultural Exposition was held in Buenos Aires in July of that year. In 1911 there was a great deal of privation in the country owing to the failure of the corn crop, and in January and February of 1912 there was a serious railroad strike. In 1912 difficulties with Italy over the Argentine quarantine regulation, which had begun in the previous year, were settled by the signing of a sanitary convention by the two countries. The mediation of Argentina as one of the A B C powers during our trouble with Mexico in 1914, and recent "Pan-American" relations, are too well known to need restatement.

THE EUROPEAN WAR AS SEEN BY CARTOONISTS

[French Cartoon]

The Equation



—Le Rire, Paris.

GERMAN SENTRY: "Our 420's kill 75 of them; but their 75's, alas! kill 420 of us."

[German Cartoon]

Samson in the Balkans



—© *Lustige Blätter*, Berlin.

THE ENTENTE DELILAH: "I cut his hair off to the roots in 1912, but it has all grown out again!"

[English Cartoon]

Proof Against His Blandishments



—From *The Bystander*, London.

THE GERMAN: "I schmile und schmile, but she dake no nodise of me vodeffer! I expect she is vaiting for somepoddy else!"

[English Cartoon]

Compulsory Service



—From *London Opinion*.

DR. NORTHCLIFFE: "This fine medicine is going to cure all the ills from which this poor gentleman is suffering."

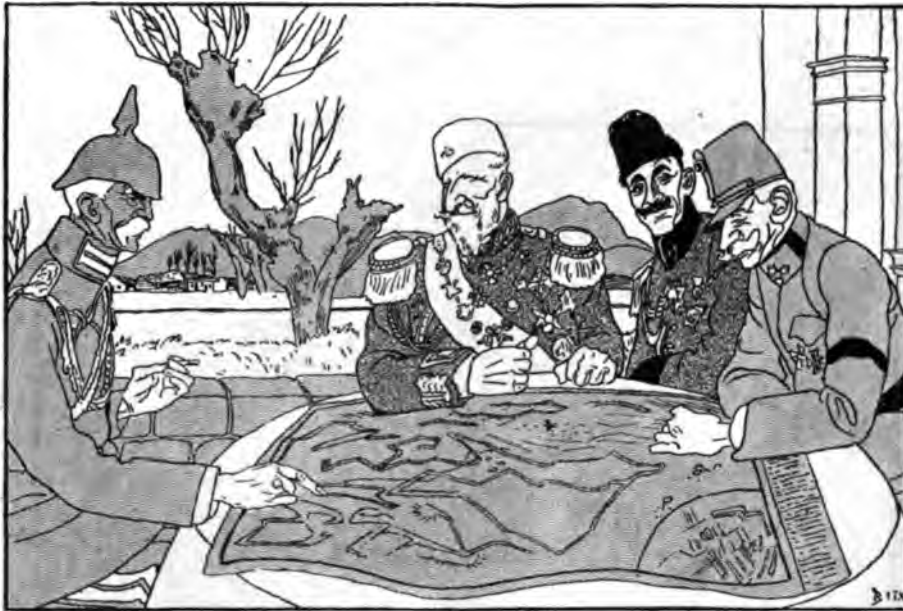
[Dutch Cartoon]
A Dilemma



—From *De Notenkraaker*, Amsterdam.
UNCLE SAM: "What shall I do? If I enter the war, then I shall have to use my munitions, without payment, against the enemy, whereas now I can sell them for a good price to my friends."

[German Cartoon]

The Quadruple Alliance



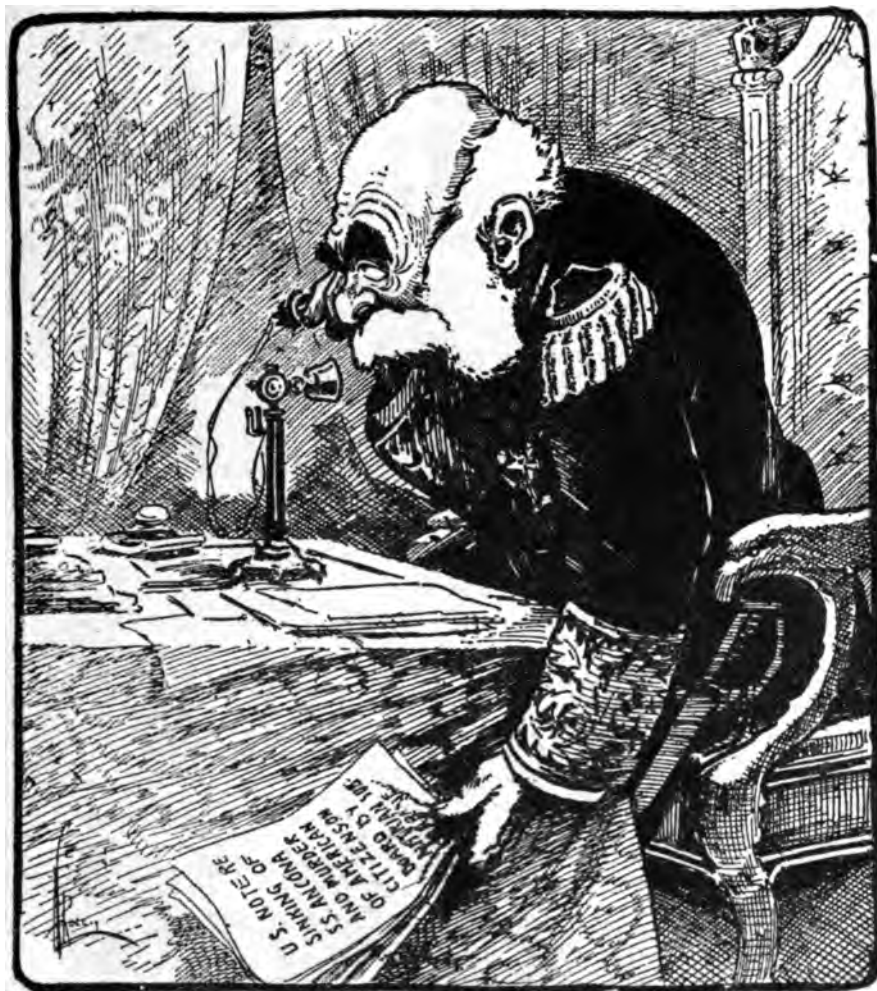
The Quadruple Entente



— © *Simplicissimus, Munch.*

[Canadian Cartoon]

Expert Advice Re S. S. Ancona



—From *The Star*, Montreal.

FRANCIS JOSEPH: "Wilhelm, I have just received a nasty note from President Wilson demanding disavowal, discontinuance, punishment, and reparation. What shall I do?"

THE EXPERT: "Procrastination it, und it forgotten will be soon!"

[German Cartoon]

A British Autumn Elegy



—D. J. J. J.

“The stock of the Entente in the Orient is falling!”

[Italian Cartoon]

A Breach of Good Taste



—Travaso, Rome.

FERDINAND: "Sire, my country also may be the victim of Serbian aggression."

FRANCIS JOSEPH: "Do not speak of rope in the house of one who has been hanged."

[Refers to the alleged resentment in Austria toward her German overlords.]

[East Indian Cartoon]

The Yankee Popgun



—From *Hindi Punch*, Bombay.

UNCLE SAM: "Now, then, fear and tremble! Here goes my popgun."
GERMAN EAGLE: "Ha, ha, ha, ha—"

[German Cartoon]

The Berlin-Vienna-Sofia-Constantinople Express

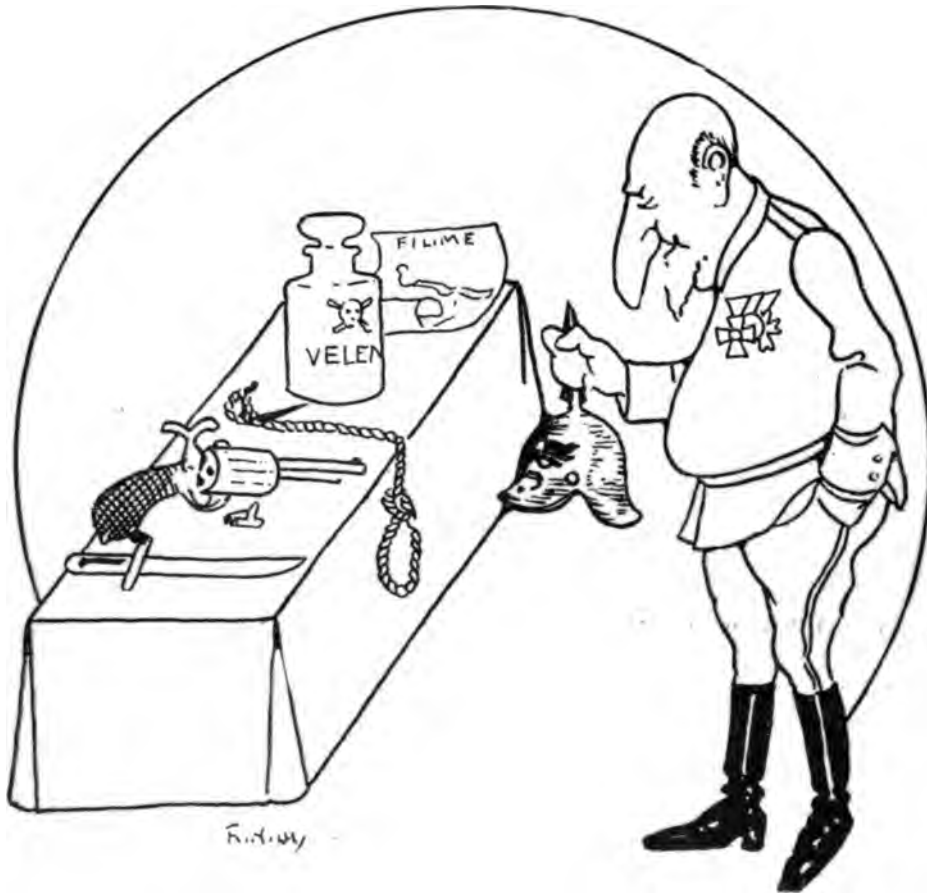


—Ulk, Berlin.

Puff, puff—and the enemy is backed off the track!

[Italian Cartoon]

His Sad Quandary

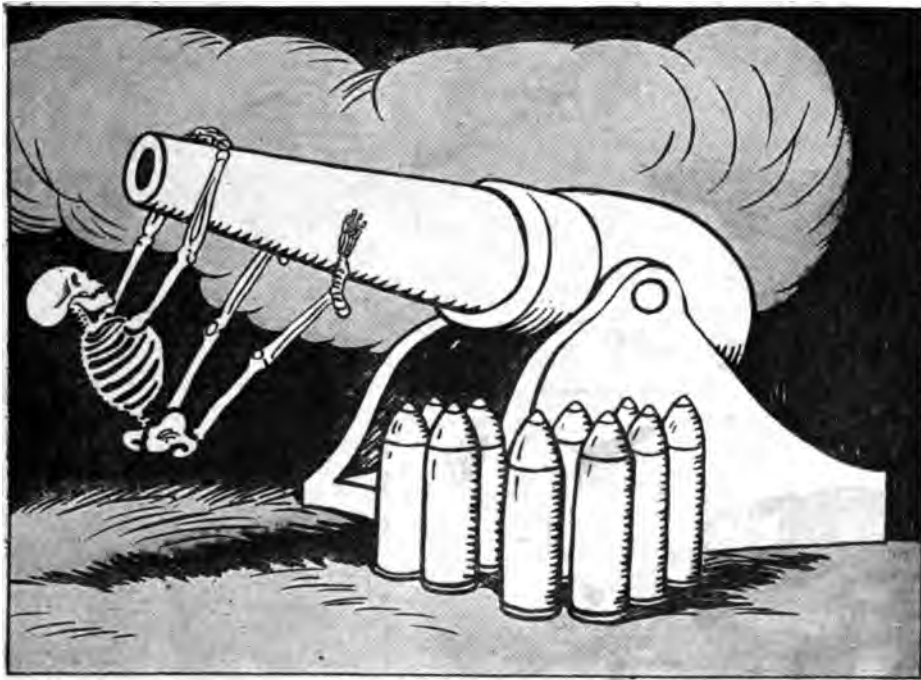


—Numero, Turin.

"Among the kinds of suicide I might choose this—a little more complicated, but surer."

[Spanish Cartoon]

A Tribute of Affection

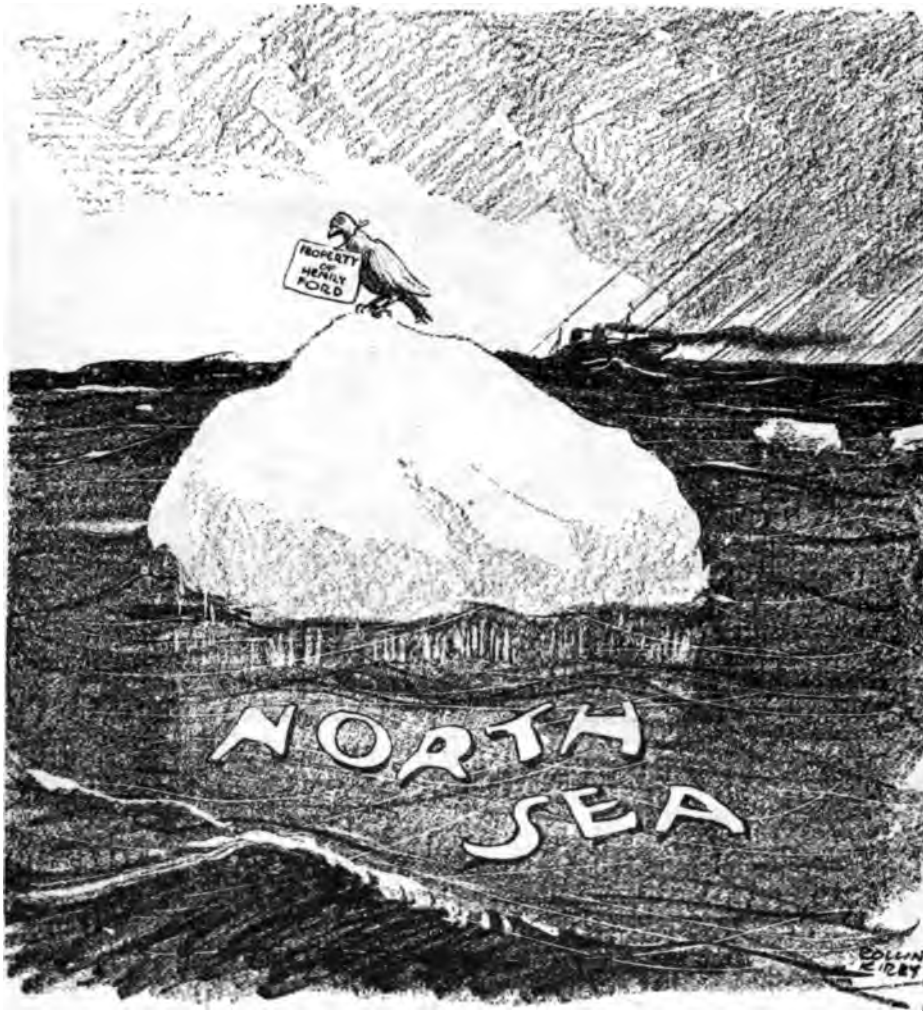


—*Campana de Gracia, Barcelona.*

“ Ah, my dear! You don't know all the sweet hours you have brought me.”

[American Cartoon]

Abandoned



—From *The World*, New York.

While the Ark of Peace Puts About.

[Hungarian Cartoon]

Fair Play!



—From *Borsszem Janko*, Budapest.

President Wilson urges Grey, the British Foreign Minister, and Bethmann Hollweg, the German Chancellor, to play fair with a new deck of cards. Grey apparently declines.

[German Cartoon]

Death Gathers All



—© *Lustige Blätter*, Berlin.

"I see them fall, leaf after leaf!"

[Italian Cartoon]

An American Threat



—From *Pasquino*, Turin.

AMERICA TO GERMANY: "Beware! If you continue to insult me, I will make you pay dearly—(to himself)—through the goods I am exporting to you."

[American Cartoon]



—From The New York Herald.

[Italian Cartoon]

The Labor of Sisyphus



—Fischietto, Turin.

The two companions are "all in," and the rock itself, no matter how resistant, by rolling hither and yon through Europe, will at last be worn to sand.

[German Cartoon]

The English Zeus and the Greek Maid



— Jugend.

“She has scorned me when I came as an ox, a swan, a cloud, and a shower of gold—and if I attempt to approach her as a Dreadnought, then she laughs!”

[English Cartoon]

Flying Peace Kites



—From *The Bystander*, London.

THE KAISER (to VON BUELOW): "Strafe the thing! It doesn't seem to rise at all."

[Italian Cartoon]

The Munition Seller



—From *L'Illustrazione*, Milan.

The Disinterested Neutrality of Uncle Sam.

[English Cartoon]

An Old Game



—From *The Bystander*, London.

The Greek King is amusing himself at an old game, which usually ends badly.

there never was really much of either one in Berlin at any time. Gayety was a kind of recklessness, and music was always serious. Berlin is not the capital of Germany; it is the capital of Prussia. In Munich it is different, for that is Bavaria, and when the fabricator made Bavarians he smiled and spilled a bit of frivolity into their souls. They have a sense of color, a gladness toward life, and a preference for comfort which the Prussian has never had and perhaps never will.

In Berlin

But Berlin is the city people wonder and ask about. Can it be true that life there in war time, a city of two million in a country cut off from the world, is taking place almost as usual? That cannot, of course, be so; and yet life in Berlin objectively is so much less off from normal that for truth of emphasis one is tempted to say, "Yes, almost."

The difference at night is the most noticeable thing. Comforts are about the same. On the hotel news stands and in the booksellers' shops you can buy *The London Times*, *The Telegraph*, *The Daily Mail*, *THE NEW YORK TIMES*, *The Literary Digest*, *The Outlook*, and some Paris papers. The difficulty is to get them into Germany in the first place, that is, through the neutral mails so far as the German frontier; there is no ban upon their circulation afterward. Within twenty-four hours after arriving at the hotel you have to go in person to the nearest police station, give on account of yourself, and get your passport stamped; before leaving you have to go again and report your destination. That is a nuisance, but not a hardship.

A Certain Smell

Traffic in the streets is not so dense as usual. There is a vile smell of benzol from the exhaust of motor cars. On a bad night it is a trick to capture a taxicab because the demand exceeds the supply. There is the interest of seeing the hitherto undiscovered potentiality of a rubber tire for wear. Those on the taxicabs are believed now to be indestructible. They wore out nominally months ago, and are still serving, but for looks.

The deficiency of taxicabs is made up by an increase in the number of horse cabs, and the horses are very poor, all the good ones having gone to war. There are a great number of to-let signs in the windows: "Zu Vermieten sofort." There is nothing but paper money above small change.

There are soldiers everywhere. Day and night you hear the beating of their bootheels on the pavement, a sound, especially in the stillness of the night, which, in its hollow, aching, rhythmic harshness, seems to hit the chord that vibrates to the thought of Prussian power. These are the first impressions one will get of Berlin in war time. The wounded one expects to see are not so numerous, not continually appearing like an oppressive presence. You see them only now and then.

The Spirit Is Fortitude

The spirit of it all is fortitude, and that had never been a Prussian virtue. Here is a picture of it. At 3 o'clock one morning, on an inch of snow, comes wheeling down the very middle of Wilhelmstrasse an old man in carpet slippers. His hands rest high on the handle bars; he sits bolt upright, looking stolidly ahead, and each time he presses on the pedals the bearings squeak for want of lubrication. He is a solitary, symbolic figure. Suddenly, and without its tuneful, well-known warning, "Kah-loo-oo-oo, Kah-lo-o-o-o," a gray war motor rushes around the corner. The old wheelman, to avoid it, turns too quickly, loses his balance, and falls off. He is the kind of German to take it very ill. You expect him to turn and speed the disappearing motor car with words designed to put the Government, the war, the world, past, present, and posterity, each in its proper place. Instead, he retrieves a slipper, shakes the snow out, puts it on, remounts his wheel, and goes on his squeaking way with not a word of any kind, without so much as looking at the car that ran him off his balance. That is Berlin in war time.

Where is the meaning in this? There is none. If you go to Berlin to find the meaning of war in the reactions of peo-

ple you shall be disappointed, and if you are a person to whom sensations are valuable for their own sake, you shall be cheated. There is a terrific price to pay. The people pay it mutely, as for something they did not buy and shall not know how to dispose of. "This," you say, "is not war. This is the acceptance of war, which is a very different thing. War, after all, is to be seen and heard in the instant of taking place."

Going to the Front

Therefore, you must go to the front. You must hear the guns. The answer will be there. You go. A party of neutral correspondents, wanting "picturesque stuff," is made up by the Foreign Office and sent to the western front to attend the Christmas Eve celebrations. It is received by the military authorities at the point where the authority of the Foreign Office ends. It is escorted down a long room filled with mud-covered soldiers, just out of the trenches, and to places at the table where the General and his staff are seated. It is like intruding. There is stiffness at first, which wears away; the General and two of his staff speak English. There is a Christmas tree, presents to hand around, and plenty to eat and drink. The General makes a speech to the soldiers, an awkward, soldierly performance, ending in the hope that next Christmas they shall all be at home again. This sentiment is enthusiastically received.

The Liquid Guns

That is all that happens, except that the sound of heavy guns comes incessantly from the front fifteen miles away, that one of the neutral correspondents gets too much to drink, and that the party's military escort says, on leaving it for the night, that if the General seemed a little stiff it must be overlooked, because at 10 o'clock that morning his only son was killed at a place somewhere on the line about thirty miles away. He heard of it just before sitting down to dinner.

The guns keep at it all night. They produce a beautiful, liquid sound which in time would become rather soothing than distracting, but it is quite unin-

telligible. You get a thrill, of course, but no meaning whatever, and the answer is further to seek. To understand it you must actually see it. That you do next. From a safe place you witness a mechanical deluge. There is another thrill, and then the disappointment. The liquid sound, the balls of smoke, then the wretched, ugly, immoral sound of shells exploding—that is all. It is a spectacle without meaning. It produced a sense of vanishing reality. That men are dying in it, some of those who sat last night around the Christmas tree—that is, of course, a fact, but one so inadequate, so unrelated, so inapplicable, as to have no relevance whatever. It is hard to realize. If one could see this fact of death itself, get close enough to be physically aware of it as the apex of the tragedy, then there should be the answer.

But if you do get close enough, if you came to the very spot, still fresh, where a shell has done its work, the thing eludes you still. The heart will not respond because the senses are involuntarily disgusted. A phrase presents itself, whether invented on the spot or recollected from a book one cannot stop to think. "Death in any form hath majesty." One wishes it were true. It isn't. The human form dismembered, scattered, mangled, emptying itself upon the ground, is but a thing to clear away. To feel sorry for it is an impulse. To find a meaning in it is preposterous.

A Disappointed Quest

Your quest is at an end. That is where the riddle stops, unfinished. But Berlin, when you are there again, is somehow different. The muteness of the people, still quite void of meaning, seems more tragic. Suppose there is no answer! The war itself is not in feeling so remote as was the case before. The meaning—that is more so.

At the railroad station you see a troop train pulling out. On the platform are the women, waving handkerchiefs, and every woman is in mourning! The picture grows with thinking on it.

After dinner your hostess, in a lull of politics, turns toward the mantelpiece, where stand some photographs. You

have learned to know the mother's gesture. She reaches always for the youngest first. "He has fallen," she says simply, handing you the picture. When you hand it back she has another ready. "And this one." On putting back the third she sighs: "Ah, if it were not for the suffering it causes war might be a very beautiful thing."

"What are you thinking of?" you ask.

"My maid," she says, "who has been with me twenty years, her youngest son has fallen, too. You've no idea how close that brings us to each other."

But she, of course, was wrong. War without suffering would be utterly hideous. That is all there is to save it—until you find its meaning.

Adjusting Life to War

II.

THE German stomach is an imperious organ, very jealous of its economic rights, very touchy, accustomed to be overnourished. To trifle with its habits entails perilous political consequences. For many years it has carried on a winning feud with those who speculate in its needs for private gain. And now it hates England and clamors for the vengeance of Heaven, not on account of anything it has suffered, which according to German scientists is no more than was good for it, but because England threatened to starve it. Really it has never been hungry since the war began. If its condition had been at any time so uncomfortable as the world supposed it to be the war had then been ended.

Plenty to Eat

There is no scarcity of food in Germany actually. That is to say, there now is and has been always plenty to eat. There has been only too little of this or that, made up for by more than enough of something else. A deficit of grain is offset by an abundance of potatoes; a deficit of meat by an increased supply of fish; a deficit of fat by an abundance of honey, and so on. And as the war has now gone through two harvests, as conditions tend rather to improve than to become worse, and as the surplus food production of Rumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey now is added to the resources of Germany and Austria-Hungary, it is not easy to imagine how the German people are to be

starved. They are eating, statistically, perhaps 15 per cent. less than they normally would, and yet, perhaps, 10 per cent. more than they need to eat. The case is somewhat better than the statistical statement would imply, since, owing to rigid methods of regulation, much waste of distribution is eliminated. A country that has normally produced only 85 per cent. of its own food, suddenly cut off from its outside supplies, must be supposed to have a deficit of 15 per cent., but where formerly was waste and now is none, the people will be able to consume 85 per cent. of the normal amount, plus the former waste, which now they also eat. That alone is a considerable factor, though it cannot be statistically expressed.

Seeing the Stomach

On entering Germany for the first time since the war began one has certain disagreeable expectations. One feels the weight of much beautiful white Dutch bread consumed in Holland, camel fashion. Here are 65,000,000 people living on diminished rations. One is prepared to see their stomachs through their eyes, and to be regarded one's self with envy, as a well-fed visitor from the outside world, where there is everything to eat. It is true that the color, texture, and quality of bread change abruptly. At the frontier station is "kriegsbrot," (war bread,) brown, sliced very thin and little soggy. On the walls are posters, reminding travelers of their obligation to be moderately in war time. But the cut-

let is very good, the gravy rich, the potatoes delicious, the coffee only Prussian—and the cost is altogether 2 marks and 60 pfennigs, that is, about 75 cents. This is really not so bad, and, on second scrutiny, the people look not in the least undernourished. On the railway station counter are cakes and things like pies, and ham and cheese and sausage sandwiches. On the spiesewagen, proceeding toward Berlin, the bread is lighter, in the form of rolls, there is anything one wants to eat, including butter, and one begins to part with one's recollections of the last meal in Holland. At the hotel the next morning one receives with breakfast his daily bread card, but here the bread is really very good. It is a meatless day, the waiter tells you. For lunch there is sole and other fish, with plenty of potatoes, and dainty things in sauce; but, of course, this is luxurious living. For dinner one goes to a popular restaurant to see what a meatless day is really like. There one has poached eggs, fried potatoes, string beans in sauce, and herring with coffee and very palatable bread for about 60 cents.

Cost of Living

"Living," says the pro-German American resident, "is still cheaper in Berlin than New York, though prices have gone up about 30 per cent. on the average. Here, for example," pointing it out on the bill of fare, "is a dish at 1 mark and 30 pfennigs that was formerly 1 mark; another at 1 mark 60 pfennigs that was 1 mark 20 pfennigs before, and so on down the list. Beer and wine have not gone up at all."

"Yes," one says, "but what of the very poor? This after all is a place where only those come who have money to spend. How is it in the slums?"

"There are no slums in Berlin," says the American resident. "But go yourself and look at some of the open-air markets tomorrow. There you will see what the people, the housewives, actually pay for food."

That one does. On the bank of the Spree Canal is one of the largest open-air markets, stretching away for many blocks. Its patrons are the wage earn-

ers of the industries around Berlin. There is no clamoring for food. This now is a meat day, and there is plenty of meat. Roast beef is 1 mark 10 pfennigs to 1 mark 20 per pound, (25 to 30 cents,) and yet some prefer fish.

Abiding Impressions

These are first impressions. They do not require to be modified on more extended observation; in time they lose somewhat of their importance. The problem of food supply ceases rapidly to be paramount, and at last seems hardly to be serious. Economy of consumption and efficiency of distribution were the first terms of the experiment in self-sustainment. The supply was sufficient. Down to the very lowest economic strata the people are adequately nourished. In the large cities for years before the war were people's kitchens, where wholesome food was served at very low prices. They were financed to begin with in a philanthropic or social spirit, but they were required nevertheless to be solvent on their own account. They do not pay dividends, but they are self-supporting. The patronage of these places has increased during the war, but that is all. On a meatless day, in the people's kitchen at Frankfurt, for instance, a bowl of very good barley soup and a large dish of sauerkraut and boiled potatoes may be had for 25 pfennigs, that is about 6 cents. On the five meat days meat is added, and the cost is 40 pfennigs, or about 10 cents.

Food for Nothing

To each of these kitchens in the large municipalities has been added since the war a place where cooked food is dispensed to those who have been certified as unable to pay anything. That is official charity. It is very little availed of. During a quarter of an hour you may count perhaps fifteen women, coming singly or in twos and threes, with their baskets and dishes and jars for potatoes boiled in their jackets, sauerkraut, and meat and soup. They take it away hot and serve it on their own tables at home. There are never crowds of applicants. A bread line is unknown. Only the women come; they are always

clean, respectable looking, with clothes in good order. At a guess one would say that more bread of charity is given in a bad Winter to the poor in New York alone on account of unemployment than is being given in all Germany on account of war. And the way of giving it is very different.

Attitudes

After the first week one's German acquaintances, having waited for the effect, begin to ask, "Are you sure you receive enough to eat in Germany?" Excellenz of the Foreign Office, one's host, observes that one is carelessly breaking the hollow straws that come with the sherry cobbler, and says, very solemnly, "You know we now make bread of straw in Germany." That is technically true. It is one of the things they achieved in the laboratories when the chemists attacked the food problem, but it is of no great practical consequence, because it was never necessary to be availed of. Excellenz explains the process at length, and adds, (one might have been fooled until then,) "Perhaps after you are gone," pointing to the straws, "they will be gathered up and saved for bread." Your host at a private table pretends on a meatless day to be deeply humiliated that the great dish is delicious trout swimming in a gorgeous plum sauce, and sighs, "You see how we have to live in Germany."

Food Politics

All of this seems, of course, incompatible with the facts, first, that Germany has protested so vehemently against the efforts of England to starve 65,000,000 people, making that the justification for her submarine warfare, and, second, that in the Reichstag and in the German papers, especially the socialist press, there has been a continual outcry against the rise in the cost of living, followed by commotions described as bread, meat, and butter "riots" led by the housewives of Berlin. The explanations are simple. As to the first fact, the stomach howled before it was hurt. It howled at the thought of being pinched, and it will be slow to forgive

England for its intention. As for the internal agitation, it is political.

The agrarian or agricultural interest is politically powerful. It is too tenderly treated by the Government; all the remainder of the population protests, led by the Socialists. Naturally, the interests of those who produce food would conflict with those who consume it. When the English had declared a blockade against Germany's food supply, the German Government took absolute and arbitrary control of the distribution and consumption of grain in the empire. Speculation in grain became at once impossible. Then were called in the statisticians, the physicists, the chemists and specialized scientists to decide how the grain should be apportioned between people and animals to equalize the relative values of animal and vegetable food, and in general to determine the best possible use to be made of all there was. Many problems arose. Food may go either from the soil direct to man, or from the soil through animals first, reaching man in the form of meat. Then there was the difference between city and country people to consider. City people required, generally, more meat than the others. Also, these scientists took into account the aesthetic value of food, which is important. "For," as one of them said, "if food is made too unattractive to the senses people will not eat enough, and that would be worse." Some mistakes were made. The vegetarians at first had too much their way, and the slaughter of hogs, to save the grain, was overdone. Effect—first, a glut of pork, and months afterward a famine of fat. Germany, normally, consumes a tremendous quantity of fat, more than she produces, importing vegetable oils, of which she herself produces none at all, and also large amounts of raw animal fat.

The Great Swine Slaughter

The original mistake of killing too many swine caused pork to rise very fast in price, which in turn affected the price of other meat, and of all forms of fat, including butter, and then a great row began. The Government decreed maximum prices, but did not go the whole distance and compel the pig growers to

sell. That was its tenderness for the agrarian power. The German farmer in his affection for high prices is kin to farmers anywhere else in the world. He sends three sons to war and holds back a pig for the difference between 200 and 205 marks.

The Socialist View

The Socialists in the Reichstag and in their newspapers denounced the producers of foodstuffs for their unpatriotism, the Government for not attending to them severely, and the speculators above all. The housewives blamed the retailers, and sometimes smashed their windows and overturned their open-air counters. One listening to the commotion from outside might have thought the German stomach was rioting for food. That was not the case. It was the price of food and not the quantity that made the trouble.

The position of the Socialists was this: "If there is no meat or fat, very well. We are willing to do without. But you tell us there is enough, and we believe you, and, therefore, we want it at reasonable prices."

Meatless and Fatless

And all the city people for once were with the Socialists. The Government hearkened. But instead of trying to make the producers sell at the maximum prices it sought to limit the consumption of meat and fat, hence the decree of meatless days and fatless days. Naturally, if you make first a maximum price and then limit the consumption to the supply available, the case is solved, as it was with grain. The producer has nothing more to gain by withholding his produce, whereas, if the price is fixed and the consumption is unregulated, he may hope that by withholding his produce the scarcity will cause the maximum price to be raised by the Government, as did happen several times with pork prices.

But meatless and fatless days would not limit the consumption unless people altogether observed them honestly, which, alas! they did not do. Many householders took in enough meat on meat days to last over the meatless

ones. In the public restaurants on meatless days the patronage fell off, because people stayed at home to eat in private the meat they could not be served with in public. Then began the agitation for "meat cards," like "bread cards," which would make it impossible for any one to buy in one day more than his individual allotment. But by this time the swine had begun to multiply again, cattle had become more plentiful at the same time, and in the conferences of science the vegetarians were commanding new respect, going so far as to say that the reaction had gone too far since the great slaughter and that people had better be allowed to eat more meat. And so no general "meat card" regulation came. However, butter cards were issued in places at the same time that maximum prices were decreed. When this was done the export price of butter in Norway was higher than the maximum price fixed by the Government in Berlin. For a few days there was a great scarcity of butter everywhere in Germany, but the consumption under this regulation fell so rapidly that the butter dealers in Norway and Holland were taken unawares with large stocks on hand. They cut their prices, and Germany got butter on its own terms.

A Far-Reaching Experiment

Altogether it is an economic experience of which the meaning will be clearer hereafter. A food-importing nation that does not absolutely control the paths by which its nourishment reaches it from outside must naturally be vulnerable in war, and, for that reason, uneasy in peace.

If Germany, without this lesson, had continued for another generation as it had been going, turning more and more of its energies to industrial pursuits, its importation of food might have become 25 per cent. or more of the total consumed, instead of the 15 per cent. it was in 1914, and then, without control of the sea, a career in war would be very brief. In the same light, England's problem is intensified. She cannot ever become self-sustaining in food; her stomach is in the keeping of her fleet. Probably

after the war it will be Germany's economic ideal to continue potentially self-sustaining. Her agricultural production

could by gradual means be very much increased. For England that ideal is unattainable.

Warfare On the Tribal Plan

III.

TO neutral visitors the Germans over and over address this question: "We have told only the truth, without boasting. Germany is able to go on and on, making war out of its own resources. Why is the world so incredulous?"

The proper answer to make to that is this: "It was incredible to begin with. Nobody could imagine that a modern State, importing in peace 15 per cent. of its food and the bulk of the raw materials required for its industrial process, save only iron, coal, and zinc, had suddenly become self-contained in war, as a tribe might have been in the cave age. And at the beginning of the war the Germans, perhaps least of all, could have imagined it. Is that not so?"

Things That Were Unexpected

"Yes," they say, "that is true. We didn't know we could do it."

"You would have said yourselves that it would be impossible to make a long war out of your own resources, cut off from the outside world."

"We were not prepared for what happened," they admit. "It would have seemed incredible."

The truth is that Germany was not economically prepared for war, especially for the kind of war it developed to be. In the military sense she was ready; that is to say, she had the war machine and plans to meet every contingency; and also, in financial theory, she was ready, the bankers, like the military men, having worked it all out on paper long beforehand; but in other respects she was unprepared. Of raw materials she had only the stocks appropriate for peace time, or a supply for about six months;

of food she had no special reserves, and, most surprising of all, she had very inadequate stores of ammunition.

At the end of September, 1914, the second month of war, the supply of German ammunition was almost exhausted. There was a panic about it, especially as the crisis in ammunition coincided with a crisis in military strategy, the invading army having been beaten back in France, with Hindenburg reporting at the same time that he required a great many more men and tremendous quantities of shells to hold the Russians back on the eastern front. Germany was then in a very tight place. Certain amazing events on the western front, as, for example, bayonet charges by soldiers imperfectly or not at all supported by artillery, are only now to be understood in the light of facts unknown at the time.

Long after Germany had found plenty of ammunition for herself, her allies, especially the Turks, were desperately short. There was a situation at the Dardanelles which goes to show on what slender chances turn the fortunes of war. When the allied Anglo-French fleet withdrew at dark on the day of the great attack, having lost five ships in the fight, the only Turkish fort with guns large enough to deliver a mortal shot against a modern battleship had only seventeen shells left. The German commander was in despair. A countryman of his, a newspaper correspondent, asked him how he stood. He said it was all up with the Dardanelles. He could hope with his seventeen shots to sink two or three more ships, with luck, but that would be the end of it. The fleet would then go through, and the correspondent had better hie him back to Constantinople and

get started home, unless he liked the thought of becoming a prisoner of war. But the allied fleet did not return to the attack the next morning. If it had, the current history of Europe might be very differently written. Later a German naval Captain, who had lost his ship in the North Sea and was not entitled to another command, arrived in Constantinople with permission to do anything he could find to do. He was a genius. Out of such materials as nobody else had thought of using, some old engines, a few old-fashioned machines, forgotten tools, and the very scrap heaps, by a kind of sorcery he created a munitions factory which, in a little while, entirely relieved the anxieties of the German commander in the big fort defending the Dardanelles.

The Four Problems

The unexpected factors which confronted Germany, and against which she had made insufficient preparation, or none at all, were these:

First—Economic isolation. She had never imagined such a catastrophe.

Second—Fighting on two fronts at once, east and west, with lines on both sides much longer than anybody could have foreseen. What she expected was an alternation of fighting, first on the west and then on the east. That was the military program.

Third—The length of the war. All calculations assumed a protracted war to be out of the question, for the Teutonic allies as well as for their enemies.

Fourth—The enormous quantity of ammunition required in modern warfare. Everybody greatly underestimated it. In the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 there were used altogether 347,000 pieces of shrapnel. The present average consumption on the German side in this war is 4,000,000 pieces a month. That is to say, the total amount consumed in the Franco-Prussian war would now supply the lines for a little more than three days.

To meet these unexpected conditions heroic measures were necessary. The Government promptly laid its hands upon all industrial establishments and proc-

esses adaptable to the purpose, upon all raw material existing in manufacturers' and dealers' hands, and upon all the doctors and scientists whose specialized talents fitted them to help solve the problems in hand. The man best equipped by experience and qualities of mind to become economic dictator was put at the top of it all. Industries were classified. Inventory was taken of their stock. Then to a fabricator of cloth, or metal manufacturer, the dictator would say: "Your factory and your stock of raw material are now absolutely in the hands of the State. You are to work exclusively for the State. In order that the transition may not be too violent you may have 10 per cent. of your own raw material for private use during January and 5 per cent. during February; after that you are to fill only war orders for the State."

War Companies

At the same time the great German banks formed for each of the principal industries a war company, to receive orders from the State, place contracts with the manufacturers, buy and sell raw materials, and in general to finance the whole vast business at a regulated rate of profit. So you would find a foreign exchange expert from the Deutsche Bank at the head of a war company dealing in wool cloth, and a peace time specialist in American securities, whom you had once known in Wall Street, conducting large and difficult operations connected with the production of shrapnel, or perhaps absorbed in the task of erecting factories to recover cotton fibre from cotton fabrics.

Bending Industry to It

In this way the industries of Germany were commandeered, until 80 per cent. of them came to be employed directly or indirectly in the service of war. Their flexibility, at first thought, would seem extraordinary; but, on reflection, it is less wonderful, because the distinguishing fact about German industry had always been its adaptability. For years and years it had been known that whereas the English sold English goods and the French sold French goods, the Ger-

man would produce on order anything under the sun that a buyer wanted, as he wanted it, even Japanese goods, so perfectly imitated that nobody but an expert could tell the difference. If you wanted left-handed typewriters, or an engine to run upside down, the German would make it according to specification. That was his boast, and although there were many who thought it a bad thing for German industry, and that standardization of products distinctively German would in the long run be better, it was lucky in war to have an industry that could change instantly from what it was doing to what the State wanted.

Much more difficult was the problem of creating that for which no specifications were known, that is, by new processes as yet undiscovered to produce synthetically what was not to be had in any natural way, such as rubber, saltpeter, or an acid. Until then it had been thought that there were too many professors in Germany, too many doctors of this and that, too many scientists perhaps. But now their brains were commandeered or laid hands upon, like any other commodity. Scientific knowledge, which in most countries is a luxury, had long been a commodity in Germany which every industry could afford to buy a great deal of.

Cheap Knowledge

A very interesting German, discussing this subject, said: "It is not that we have the schools. Any country may have schools like ours. It is the temperament of the students. Here a young man will study five or six years and take his degree, and then be contented with 300 or 400 marks a month (\$75 to \$100) in the laboratory of an industrial organization, whereas elsewhere a young man equally equipped would think of holding a chair in a university. In Germany even a very small manufacturer can afford his laboratory and staff of scientific workers, continually engaged in solving problems peculiar to that one industry."

When the test came the results appeared. The military authorities would in the manufacturers of a certain

group and say: "Gentlemen, here is the problem. We have got to have so much of this and so much of that, and we look to you to find the way to produce it. We shall expect you to meet here at this hour two weeks from today."

It might be sulphuric acid, or almost anything else. The manufacturers would then put it up to the men in their laboratories. Two weeks later they would meet again and exchange results. Among them, by putting all of their information together, they would find the way, and solve problems which, in peace time, with each manufacturer jealously guarding his own secrets, might have had to wait years for a solution.

Nickel and Rubber

Many problems are yet unfinished, chief of those being perhaps the problem of producing rubber in large quantities synthetically. Nickel is very scarce. But other things have been wonderfully accomplished. Substitutes have been found for cotton in the manufacture of high explosives. The possibilities of zinc wire in place of copper for conducting electricity have been discovered. All new installations now are made with zinc wire. The chemical equivalent of the saltpeter which was formerly imported from Chile has been commanded from the air, and this is a form of wealth that will perhaps endure after the war. The first costly electrical plants that were built for the process of obtaining saltpeter from nitrogen gas required Government subsidies. Lately the two largest plants have been built with private capital by men who are convinced that after the war saltpeter may be produced by this process at a cost to make competition with the Chilean product profitable.

Much Copper

Copper is really not a serious problem. That becomes clear at once to the most casual-eyed visitor. Germany is full of copper. That might have been known before. A country that had for many years been importing tremendous quantities of copper would have huge reserves in some form or other, because it is an indestructible metal. There is copper

and brass everywhere. The metal was very lavishly used. Enough could be recovered from copper roofs to supply the war industry for months, and after that enough more could be recovered from the universal brass bedstead and the door trimmings to go on with for an indeterminate time. Besides, a great deal is regularly recovered from the battlefields, which, as soon as they have been cleared of the dead, are combed by gangs sent to retrieve all kinds of material, including iron, copper, and leather.

New Wealth

Notwithstanding the fact that 80 per cent. of all German industry is engaged in war service, and in spite of all other creative disabilities, new wealth is being created in some directions and old wealth is being maintained. Rock ballast is being spread on the railways almost as in peace time. That is significant, because, at a pinch, railways so well ballasted as the German roads are may be a long time neglected without danger or loss. On the Frankfurt-Hamburg line grade elevation through the cities and other heavy work is progressing steadily. New macadam roads are building in the country, and the agricultural regions without exception are as trim and as neatly picked up as in peace time. At Leipsic the largest and perhaps the finest railway station in Europe was finished and opened in December.

The great new Hamburg - American Building at Hamburg is finishing. In Berlin the subway begun before the war is continuing to build, not feverishly, but steadily, and where a street has to be covered over, the temporary construction is of a character to astonish a New Yorker. It would never give way.

Prisoners of war, especially Russians, furnished most of the rough labor for the new construction taking place in the Winter time, and then they are very widely employed in season on the farms. They are handled in gangs, and sent from place to place on request, as Italian or other alien labor formerly was handled by the padrone system in the United States. It is very mobile labor, and very glad to work, both for relief from the monotony of camp life and for the small wages paid. It was the use of prisoners that enabled Germany to produce the sufficient crop of 1915.

Women at Work

A great deal of heavy work also is performed by women. They dig in place of men in the Berlin subway work. This work came to the surface suddenly in the heart of Berlin, and the sight of women working with shovels attracted large crowds at first. Berliners did not relish it, and feared it would be misunderstood by foreign visitors, as it often was. One is tempted to exclaim: "This is Germany in war time! It has come to this." But, on the other hand, there are no slums in Berlin, nothing in the nature of a poor neighborhood that would not compare very favorably with Seventh or Eighth Avenue. Also, the women digging in the subway are very healthy and robust, in stout, whole garments. It is not a depressing spectacle. And yet a big policeman at the corner of Unter den Linden and Friedrichstrasse dislikes it personally. When a crowd gathers he disperses it roughly, saying: "Shame! Shame! Don't stand there looking at women doing such work. You ought to be doing it if you have time to loiter," or German to that effect.



How to Pay the Piper First

IV.

STRANGERS in San Francisco after the earthquake were filled with a common astonishment and asked invariably the same question: "The money that people are spending so freely—where does it come from?" It was impossible that people should be really richer than before, and yet evidence of their seeming to be so was on every hand and in every direction, especially in places of eating, drinking, and amusement. The answer, when forthcoming, was simple enough. It was insurance money. The people at large were enjoying the capital of the few. The rich, there or somewhere, were poorer, but all the rest were for the present richer.

The Money Rich

There now is somewhat of that same phenomenon in Germany. More money is in circulation than was ever the case before, and money in hand is already half spent. There is that illusion of money prosperity which invariably accompanies currency inflation. The rich are each day poorer, and the very poor remain so, as is always the case. Between is the great other class through whose hands the money passes. In all the large cities the restaurants, the cafés, and the theatres are continually crowded with patrons. There is no dancing in Germany; that is principally what one misses. At the opera the highest-priced seats, 5 to 10 marks, as well as the cheaper ones, are all taken for every performance. At Munich the Bavarian King's famous Hofbrau Haus is as interesting as ever, and, notwithstanding a rise of 10 pfennigs in the price of beer per litre, one may have to look through several great rooms before finding a place at which to sit and drink it. On the first floor, where the people are the King's children still, petulant, noisy, unpolitical, and easily made happy, the visitor's sensation is that of falling unawares into a hive of colossal bees. They are as disinterested and as uncurious

as bees. They sit, men and women, all together at long tables, as tight as they can sit, buzzing incessantly, beating the tables with their palms, sipping amber fluid out of glasses with pewter lids that pop open when the glass is raised and close when it is put down, with a click, click, click that adds a continuous metallic note to the confusion of human voices.

But at Munich, also, is a well-known collector of porcelains who points to his beloved and beautiful things, saying: "I tell my American friends that if the war lasts much longer they can have these objects at any price they will name. I cannot afford to keep them."

At the Hofbrau Haus

The people at the Hofbrau Haus are drinking up his porcelains. So is wealth transmitted in this modern world. They do not know it. He does.

This is to put the worst of it first. Germans naturally put the other side first. They say—even bankers and economists say: "You can see for yourself how it is. Money is very abundant. The people are richer than they were before. Our money does not go abroad as England's money does. It remains here among us, and circulates endlessly."

Thinking Further

One is sure from this that it is as one suspected. The war has set economic thought on its head in Germany. Nobody is thinking straight about what is taking place. So one is obliged to answer:

"To say that the German people are really richer than before the war started is to say a meaningless thing. No neutral can understand it. Economic laws cannot, like international law, be suddenly suspended. This perpetual circulatory motion of money you boast of, and the abundance of the medium, only tend to conceal the fact that Germany is using up its capital."

To this the German banker, or the

economist, unexpectedly replies: "Of course. We know that, too. That is what capital is for. We may not be using it up as fast as you think, because at the same time we are saving a great deal more relatively than in peace times. The rich—they especially are saying. But, notwithstanding that, it is true, as you say, we are using up capital in Germany. We shall get it back. That is the point."

"You mean in the form of indemnities?"

"Yes. Either money indemnities or commercial concessions; both perhaps. Yes, both. And then you shall see."

"But when you have won the war your enemies may be unable to pay."

"They can pay," the answer is. "They will have to pay."

This idea of obtaining large money indemnities in the conditions of peace is prominent, not to say paramount, in Germany's financial calculations.

Two Ways of Paying

There are only two ways of meeting the cost of war. One way is to pay the bill as you go, out of your own resources, which entails both heroic saving and the consumption of accumulated capital. The other way is to borrow. The general practice is to adopt both methods, as England does, as France, Italy, and Russia do. They pay what they can, as they go, deriving the means partly from economy in private expenditures and partly from stores of accumulated capital; and then, besides, they borrow heavily abroad.

The advantage of borrowing is that the cost is spread over a long period of years, and may be paid off by easy installments after the return of peace, under normal conditions of commerce and trade. But Germany does not borrow abroad, at least very little, and pays almost the whole cost out of her own resources as she goes. There are advantages in this plan, too. That, indeed, would be the ideal way to pay for war—provided only that at the end you were able to replenish the stores of capital that had been used up in the process. There is at least one other advantage.

Though it lies in the region of remote contingency it is nevertheless real for purposes of present consideration. A Government that owes money only to its own people, which is the same as to say that the people owe it to themselves and each other, is obviously in a position very different from that of a Government that owes a great deal of money abroad to strangers. One could halve its debt, cut the rate of interest or repudiate it altogether, a majority of the people assenting, without impairing its credit abroad or reducing in the least the power to borrow among strangers. The other Government, owing money abroad, could not diminish the principal of its debt or alter the rate of interest without ruining its credit abroad.

Repudiation

A shrewd-minded German economist asked suddenly this staggering question: "What would be the effect if in the conditions of peace it were stipulated that all the belligerent countries should repudiate their war loans?"

After some reflection, the answer of a neutral was: "It is a very immoral thing to consider. It is too large a question to be met offhand. What shall one say? The obvious effect, of course, would be a relocation of wealth so sudden as perhaps to be very disastrous, certainly ruinous."

"No," he said, "the effect on the people at large. What would that be?"

"Perhaps, if you consider only the people at large, the noncapitalistic mass, it would be a great relief to them not to have to go on for generations, perhaps forever, paying interest on this huge, unimaginable debt that Europe is piling up. It would mean simply that they were not obliged to restore to private hands the capital that had been dispersed among them during war."

Flexible Conditions

But there again was the former problem. Germany might repudiate her war debt, or a portion of it, by reducing the rate of interest, purely as a matter of internal policy, without reference to the feelings or economic beliefs of the world outside, whereas, nations that had borrowed outside could do no such thing at

all. They would have to consider facts of international policy.

The Power to Tax

It must not be assumed from this that the thought of repudiation is working in Germany. But repudiation, besides being a very ugly word, is a matter of terms and relations. Many arrangements may be repudiation really which seem not to be, and go by other names. For example, it is very well known that the rich will be enormously taxed and super-taxed after the war, and it is already decided that war profits will be partly confiscated by a special kind of tax that may be called almost punitive. The difficulty of capturing war profits that have become widely diffused in private hands will be solved arbitrarily. A man's wealth will be compared with what it was before the war. If it has increased, the assumption will be that the increase arose from war profits, and it will bear the confiscatory tax accordingly. Corporations that are now thriving on war contracts are required to hold their extraordinary profits in suspense. They will be attended to suitably. Besides all of this, it is already suggested that an ideal way of levying an income tax after the war would be to reduce the rate of interest on the war loans. In that way the rich would pay the most, having been individually the largest purchasers of the war loans.

Buyers of the Loan

Each loan has had a wider popular base than its predecessor. Subscriptions of 100 to 2,000 marks (\$25 to \$250) were on the first loan, 926,059 in number, yielding 734,000,000 marks; on the second, 2,113,220, yielding 1,662,000,000 marks, and on the third, 2,883,799, yielding 2,165,000,000 marks. That fact, of course, is in theory if not in practice a strong protection against repudiation of interest or principal after the war, though not one that may be trusted absolutely. The people must be persuaded to see that the cost of the war in the actual sense had already been paid, and that keeping up interest and amortization payments on the loans would be merely paying money from pocket to

pocket, to the ultimate advantage of the rich.

The aspects of the case are clear enough to the bankers, the economists, and the rich. They are not deluding themselves; and yet they go on putting their money into the loan, cheerfully, patriotically, with a spirit that must be rare in the world. You may say to a banker whom you know to have put a large portion of his private fortune into the war loans: "Do you not see what will be the case? After the war taxes will be terrific, much worse than now they are, because the Government is borrowing at compound interest, paying interest on previous loans from the principal of new ones. The people under you cannot be made to pay more than they can afford." And he will answer: "The rich should pay. Why not? They expect to do it. We may be taxed 40 per cent., 50 per cent. We may have to give everything we possess. We cannot give more than all. What then? We can begin again. I am willing to do that. The people fight and the rich must pay. Yes, we see all that."

Spirit of the Rich

This is not the attitude of one, or two, or a few. It is the spirit of the rich in Germany. All will not be lost. Nobody believes that, of course. It is a patriotic exaggeration of speech, the effect of which is but to intensify the faith they have in Germany's future. On the Boerse they pay 5 marks and 20 pfennigs for the American dollar, normal price 4 marks 20 pfennigs, and, with the other hand buy—of all things!—shipping shares. They have been very strong and active, without a sea on which to sail a German ship. That is faith.

There is a considerable business doing on the Boerse, transactions all for cash, no quotations allowed for publication, and one would not guess a war was going on until one's attention is called to the fact that all the men going to and fro are above forty. "We are not much crowded now," some one says. "All our young men are in the war." But there is no speculation in the war loans. People put their money into war bonds without

intending to take it out. Is it safe? No matter, yes or no. It is necessary to think it is.

Is the War Loan Good?

A man who first gained distinction in German banking, then became a member of the Government, and now is living in retirement, with a detached point of view, put it this way: "People are continually coming to me to ask if I think the war loan a good investment. I say to them: 'Why, if you are good, the war loan is good.' They say, 'But how?' I say, 'You are simply signing your own note. Are you good for it? That is the only question. Are you good for your own note? Can you pay your taxes? If so, then the war loan is a good investment. You will have to pay it yourself.'"

Then in the next minute he began to discuss the subject of indemnities from the enemy. Could the enemy pay? Of course. It had other things to pay with, if not the money. But what other things?

"Well," he said, "the French, for example, hold large amounts of Serbian, Swedish, and Russian bonds, Government bonds, some of them, corporation bonds for the rest, and shares besides. We say to the French Government, 'Turn over to us your Serbian, Swedish, and Russian securities, then, if you cannot pay indemnity in money.' The French Government asks how it can do that. We say, 'Buy them from the individuals with French Government securities.' Then the French Government goes to a French investor and asks, 'What have you got?' He says he has 10,000 francs of Serbian bonds, or 20,000 francs of something else, and the French Government says, 'Here are your 10,000 (or 20,000) francs; now give up the bonds.' And then the French Government turns the bonds over to Germany."

France Should Worry

"But what would happen afterward to the franc in France?"

"Oh," he replied, "that I can't tell you."

If Germany should lose, or if the war continued until, in fact, nobody could pay,

then everything would be different. If one knew when the war would end then one could think to some conclusion. As it is, with all the belligerent countries committed to a policy of unlimited liability on account of the war, and with capital being leveled and consumed at a rate for which there is no parallel in economic experience, one must conjecture and wait to see what will happen. In the meantime, the financial advisers of the German Government are making what plans they may. The problems of post-bellum finance are being considered as carefully during war as those of war had been considered in time of peace. Ways of contracting the currency immediately after the war are already being considered. That is to prevent excesses of inflation which might easily become uncontrollable. The possibility of a peace loan for purpose of rehabilitation has been discussed independently of indemnities.

Gold in Its Place

In the meantime there is an absolute embargo on gold. An American paper dollar or an American dollar in the form of a draft is worth 5 marks and 20 pfennigs, but an American gold dollar is worth only 4 marks and 20 pfennigs, as in peace time, because it cannot be taken out of the country. Only the German Government can spend gold abroad, and although it is buying a great deal of stuff abroad, even from the United States, as the rate of exchange so eloquently proves, it pays in marks at a great loss, in order to save the gold. All the necessities of existence imported into Germany are purchased by the Government—grain, fodder, animals, and whatever else is required. The field of the private trader is much restricted. And, so far as possible, the Government pays in other currency than gold. Having opened up the Balkans, from where imports would call for gold payment unless other means were provided, the Imperial Reichsbank established large bank credits in Bulgaria, against which Bulgaria issues a special kind of money to pay for what Germany buys in that country. One purpose of hoarding gold at

the Reichsbank is to be able after the war to use it for obtaining enormous credits abroad, probably, that is to say, inevitably, in the United States, for there will be no other lending country left. The Reichsbank might expect to receive three or four dollars of credit for each dollar of gold deposited in the United States.

The problems are new and vast, and for some of them there are no rules of solution; but on the whole they are regarded rationally, and for the present one may say the question of Germany's financial solvency is a matter of no

relevance. Ordinary tests do not apply. For purposes of immediate consideration one may cast money itself out of the question. The question is whether Germany, out of her own resources, can continue to feed and clothe her people, and produce the materials consumed in war. If she can do that, the money means by which production and distribution are effected are to be considered only in the light of expediency. If they conceal the fact that capital is being consumed at a rapid rate and create an illusion of popular prosperity, perhaps that is all the better. The trial will come afterward.

A People Emotionally United

V.

BISMARCK supposed that in the improbable case of two of his countrymen finding themselves in agreement about anything they would immediately fall to quarreling as to why they agreed. Germans quote this saying about themselves with evident relish. They love to disagree and to grumble. And yet they boast of nothing else so much as of their unity in war. This is not simply a contradiction. It involves an important distinction.

Wherein Is Unity

Emotionally they are united. Politically they are divided.

There are two kinds of families—those who care what the neighbors think and those who don't. The Germans had always been of the kind who don't. They wrangled out their differences with all the windows open, and spanked the children in the back yard instead of taking them quietly into the woodshed or to the cellar. The neighbors are continually expecting such a family to break up. The sons who are old enough to do so will leave home and the daughters will elope, leaving the authors of so much human discord to fight it out alone as they deserve.

It is possible, nevertheless, for the

members of a quarrelsome household to be really very fond of one another, and also to be deeply, jealously, and romantically attached to their joint possessions. If that is the case, outside interference will unite the family for purposes of fierce resistance. Its reaction to a common peril may seem to be quicker and more positive because the natural human impulse to unity of action has been hitherto baffled by internal dissensions. The boy, howling in the back yard from the effects of a fresh beating, rises with the rest to repel the meddling neighbor. The rights of the family as a unit having been established by united effort, the boy sits down where he was and resumes his howling, and the mother, who has taken his part, renews her opinions of the father.

The Grumbler

So the German Socialist rises and goes to the front in France or Russia to do his share of the fighting against the enemies of the Fatherland, on their territory, and then, on leave, returns to the Reichstag, still in his uniform, denounces militarism, states his horror of conquest in principle, and heckles his Government. If you sit down with him at luncheon he is a fair-haired, blue-eyed man, awkward

with his sword, whose mind is like a moving-picture film on which pictures from two very different worlds have become hopelessly confused. One is a world economically perfected, in which everybody is happy and comfortable, by virtue of theories which he expounds in the Reichstag and elsewhere. The other is a world in which killing is man's immediate business, and in which the enemies of the Fatherland will be vanquished forever by strength of the valor he has seen and to which he has contributed his own. When you comment upon the strangeness of his situation he says:

"Yes, my American friend, you see it is this way. On the physical battlefield there is unity. On the political battlefield there are concessions. On the economic battlefield there is no peace, and perhaps never will be until"—But he thinks, of course, that you would rather talk war, which is dramatic, living, and unwritten, than economics, which is all in books, for those to read who will. That is really to say that he himself would.

Drum Fire

"Can you imagine what drum fire is like?" he asks. "You can't," he continues, without waiting for the answer. "It is so fast that you cannot hear the guns separately. It's like the beating of snare drums, a continuous roll. The men can't stand it long at a time. Every few hours you have to take them out and send others in their place. Those who come out were already dead in one sense. They gave up hope. They expected to die. But when they are safely out hope returns. Nobody likes to die. It is a relief not to have died. They rest and think and get their nerves in order—and then you have to take them back. That is hell! Everybody knows that at least one-tenth will die this time. For one in ten it is certain death, and, worst of all, death from which escape before had been miraculous. Well, they go!"

He clenches his fist and makes the dished jump. "They go! They are not afraid of the officers' pistols. That is calumny. They are afraid not to go. It is moral authority they fear. And only Germans will do it," he adds, more quiet-

ly. "The French will not go back into the same drum fire. New men have to be found. The Italians will not pass their own dead. Only the Germans will go."

For the Fatherland

He is very proud of it, naïvely so. He has seen them go. He has made them go. Though he disbelieves in war and militarism, in aristocracy and modern diplomacy, in racial vanity and national aggrandizement, yet would he lead his men again and again into that hellish drum fire for the Fatherland.

As to the nature of the war, the Germans are wonderfully united. There is no denying this fact. They hold in common, to begin with, a tragic view of their historical position. Modern German history is a continuation of Prussian history, and Prussian history is gloomy, desperate, and dreadful. Frederick the Great making war against all the powers of Continental Europe, during seven years, at odds of one to ten, and making it as Imperial Germany to-day makes war, out of his own people's resources, requiring tremendous self-sacrifice, is a picture to satisfy every longing of the fatalistic Teutonic imagination. The world is an enemy. The odds are overwhelming. Yet the miraculous is possible.

Love of Peace

You cannot convince a German that he is not, above all, a peace-loving man, until his land is attacked. He believes it; therefore, in one sense, it is true, for a love of peace, though it may be contradicted by acts, may be a feeling and not a fact. He forgives his enemies almost anything more easily than this: that they forced war upon Germany. If you wish to debate it, he will insist that the alliance between Russia, France, and England was from its inception and in its very nature an alliance designed to thwart the growth of Germany. He will add that, even so, clear as it is and was, still he couldn't believe it himself. He couldn't imagine England taking part in the war.

After war had been declared against

Russia, Germans gathered before the British Embassy in Berlin and cheered. That is pathetically true. He asks you, Why? The fact was reported in the English newspapers at the time, and the British asked themselves the same question. Why? In like spirit Germans embraced Japanese in the streets of Berlin. But alas! the Japanese, too, went over to the side of the hostile world.

Effect of Isolation

This feeling of moral and physical isolation is a powerful unifying emotion in Germany. Fear is another. The "Slavic peril" is a dreadful conception. Pressing against the frontiers of Germany were always the Russians, multiplying calamitously and nursing an earth hunger insatiable. Do you question the earth hunger? Do you, really? Your Socialist becomes strangely emphatic. "During 100 years," he says, as if it were a State secret, "the Russians have increased their portion of earth, by conquest, by stealth, by sheer force of their mass, at the rate of 100 square miles per day." This, to the German imagination, seems a statement of appalling fact. That the monstrous expansion of the Russian Empire has taken place for the most part in Asia is no comfort at all. That is only because Germany has so far been able to protect herself, and not only herself but all the rest of Europe from the terrible earth lust of the fecund Russian. Notoriously, Russia coveted space in Europe; notoriously, she wanted dominion over the Balkan Peninsula. She wanted the eastern Caesar's place at Constantinople. And with this all-menacing power, against which Germany alone stood as the bulwark and buffer to save European civilization—with this dark power France and England had made an alliance to crush Germany commercially!

Deep Bitterness

The bitterness of this sentiment in Germany is abysmal. It is compounded of the two most potent emotional elements—fear and hate. Russia is feared; England is hated.

But for the feeling of all Germans toward Russia, as a glacial period de-

scending upon them with irresistible force, the attitude of German Socialists toward the war might have been very different. Herein lies in part the explanation of the utter collapse of the spirit of internationalism among the Socialists of Germany, whose readiness to take up arms against their fellow-Socialists in France has been the apology of the latter for having in like spirit taken up arms against Germans. Yet, until the test came, Germany was doubtful about her Socialists, who had so vehemently in peace denounced war upon any terms.

The radical Socialists were distrusted in Germany not upon social or economic grounds, but for patriotic reasons. The unpardonable sin of the Socialist was that he was in theory unpatriotic. He seemed to think he had more in common with the trade unionist of England and the syndicalist of France than with a countryman of his own on another social plane. That was why a German Socialist and a German Conservative could not be invited to the same house at the same time, or sit together at the same table anywhere. The Socialists were not people to say: "Our country first, right or wrong." They were quite capable of saying contrary things, even in a great political crisis, especially in the event of difficulty with France or England, for with French and English Socialists they had made vows of a peace which should transcend the narrow prejudices of nationalism.

Feeling Toward Russia

Then came the war. It began with Russia, and with Russians the German Socialists had nothing whatever in common. So far from that, the feeling of a German Socialist toward Russia was the same as that of other Germans. Their reactions to the Russian peril were all alike. There was the very beginning of emotional unity in war. The Emperor perceived this and gave it expression, dramatically. In his speech from the balcony he said that he no longer knew Socialists, Conservatives, Liberals, or others in Germany. He knew only Germans. France was the political ally of

Russia, and when she kept that faith there ceased to be Socialists in France, discernible as such to Germans, but only enemies, all alike fighting on the side of Russia. The logic of this, good or bad, is of no consequence whatever, so long as the subject is the state of feeling. That is as German Socialists now feel and have felt from the first. If they had not feared Russia as Germans they might have felt very differently in all respects. However, that must remain always in the region of conjecture. Nobody can say for sure what might have happened in place of what did happen, circumstances being altered.

In fear and pride, in a desolate sense of moral detachment, in a certain gloom of heart with which they are born, in the acute psychological necessity of holding fast to a faith in themselves against a world that calls them "Huns," in the quality of their imagination, in feeling a power beyond anything they knew before—by force of all of these things they are emotionally united in quite a wonderful way.

A Quarrelsome Household

It is yet a quarrelsome household within, and through the windows come sounds of political discord. The enemy, hearkening to these sounds, is led to believe that the family is about to break up in confusion, that the Government and the people are pulling apart and that the Government itself is disunited, the military power looking one way and the civil power another. The facts do seem significant. On Dec. 9 the Imperial Chancellor declared that the Government was ready to entertain peace proposals if the enemy had any to offer. A great many Germans had thought the Chancellor ought to say something more definite, that he should formulate the conditions on which Germany would consent to end the war, and that night there was a peace demonstration in the streets of Berlin. Would not any one deduce from such evidential material that the German people wanted peace and that they were divided as to the course pursued by the Government?

It is true that the Germans long for

peace; so probably do all other people now at war. It is true also that the Imperial Chancellor's "peace speech" was a disappointment to those who thought the German demands and purposes ought to be definitely formulated as a matter of political expediency; but what really happened in Berlin on Dec. 9 was misconstrued on the evidence. The Socialists in the Reichstag had several important speeches to make following the Chancellor. By mistake, possibly by design, the session suddenly and by a snap vote was adjourned immediately on the conclusion of the Chancellor's speech. The Socialists made a great row instantly, and were so clearly in the right that the vote to adjourn was reconsidered, the session was reopened, and the Socialists made their speeches, in which they criticised the Government and supported the war.

A Misunderstanding

But the afternoon newspapers went to press with the news that the Socialists had been gagged in the Reichstag. Cards at once were circulated calling up the Socialists for a demonstration, and it took place in spite of the fact that the reason for it had ceased to exist. It was to be a demonstration to protest against the fact that the Socialists had not been allowed to have their say about peace, and it took place after they had had their say, because it couldn't be stopped by its authors. It was an amiable and orderly crowd that filled Unter den Linden that night. The American Ambassador went about in it asking the people what it was about, and hardly one in ten had the faintest idea. There was no violence and apparently no thought of it. Nobody was hurt.

The Truth Afraid

The Foreign Office, however, thought news of such a gathering in the streets, after the Chancellor's speech, would be misunderstood and refused to allow the correspondents to send out the bare truth. The Foreign Office in one way was wrong, because, of course, word did get out of Germany that there had been a "peace demonstration" in Berlin. It became at once a peace riot, and within

a week French and English papers printed accounts of a collision between the people clamoring for peace and the Government wanting war, in which 400 people were killed, some by machine guns and some by clubs, pistols, and horses of the Berlin police. However, in another way—in its own way—the Foreign Office was right. The Chancellor's speech was very easily misconstrued outside. The English and French press generally treated it as a vast "bluff," and when the news of its having been so received reached Germany the natural reaction took place. Those who previously had inclined to criticize the Chancellor for refusing to state the terms on which Germany would make peace were now less certain of their own opinions and joined with the rest in wondering why anything Germany did or said toward peace seemed invariably to be misunderstood as an expression of "weakness." This had already happened so often that the dread of its repetition has become positively morbid.

Reacting to Insult

All Germans react alike to every taunt, every threat, every insult and every peril offered from without, for that is emotional. On the other hand, there are probably no two Germans alive who could exactly agree on the politics of a war that began in the faith of self-preservation and has threatened unexpectedly to become one of conquest. There are those who think Germany's destiny is inseparable from that of England, and that the sooner they can reconcile themselves to that truth the sooner the war will end. At the other extreme are those who think the way to postpone the Russian peril is to embrace it, and talk of an understanding between Germany and Russia. There are those who think Belgium ought to be annexed and those who think to annex Belgium would put an indelible stain upon the honor of Germany. There are those who think the Zeppelin raids a ghastly futility which Germany will repent of, and those who think England ought to be made to feel the war on her own soil. Why England ought to feel it so, seeing that

Germany has made war almost entirely off the soil of the Fatherland, is not to be answered rationally. There are many who condemn the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and many who don't. Some condemn it for political reasons and others on moral ground only.

Impartial Tyranny

The Imperial Government tries to be neutral. The Berliner Post, in a fit of enthusiasm, says in effect: "People want to know what Germany's peace terms are? Well, there need be no uncertainty that Germany will keep for its own everything it has taken. Those are its terms." And for that the Berliner Post is suspended by the Government. Then Professor Hans Delbrück, one of the ablest men in Germany, gives out an interview in which he argues ardently against annexation of French and Belgian territory, and says, of course, the German people will not approve of it; and then all that part of Professor Delbrück's opinion has to be deleted by the Foreign Office censor.

It is a significant fact that internal political differences have become more defined and have increased in variety, as the rim of hell within which lies the German Empire has expanded outwardly. Its expanding so has created new problems to wrangle over, and at the same time has given the family a feeling of greater security. A reverse in arms, which should throw Germany on the defensive at one point, would undoubtedly emphasize instantly the emotional unity of the people, and in the same degree diminish the political discord.

Comportable Militarism

Necessity is greater than theory. The subject of militarism was broached to a scientist whose disbelief in it had once been scornful.

"Yes, yes," he said absently. "But after all, militarism is not a bad thing in war, is it?"

It became the business of militarism to save the Fatherland, as every German thinks, and of what use is a Fatherland than cannot be saved?

Germans In a Self-Seeing Mood

VI.

AS Huns," says Excellenz, the host, stabbing himself with the word, "we fooled the world for a long time. Then how suddenly it found us out!"

This is the beginning of an after-dinner conversation. Imagine that there are present, besides yourself, a member of the Reichstag, two members of the Foreign Office staff, a Commerzienrat, an editor, a soldier, and a professor who is writing an essay to prove that when people invent atrocity tales against their enemies they reveal their own characteristic cruelties. Excellenz, continuing, casts out the irony and asks directly: "Did our American friends believe that we could change over night and become Huns, indeed? How could they turn on us so, knowing us as they did? That is not what should happen in friendship. Why did your sympathies desert us? We wonder if you ever believed in us at all."

Truth and the Germans

It is easy to tell a German the truth, especially the truth about himself. He respects it, almost morbidly, and the more it burns the more respectfully will he receive it. Therefore, there is almost no excuse for those Americans and German-Americans who since the beginning of the war have been going about in Germany saying false and futile things, out of spite, out of malice and ignorance, or out of a shallow desire to be ingratiating. Therefore, too, all the greater need has been for those who could tell the truth, and say: "In view of what has happened it could not be different. The Americans are a sentimental people. Their sympathies are strong and volatile, controlled not otherwise than by the authority of feeling. The fact for Germany to face is not that the attitude of a certain Administration at Washington is thus or so, but that the sympathies of the American people run actively against Germany."

"But why? Tell us why?"

"In the beginning there was Belgium. Now—"

"But have you not read the ante-bellum letters of the Belgian diplomats from all the capitals of Europe? Have you not—"

Feeling Above Fact

"No, no. This is not to debate the Belgian question. It is both too late and too soon for that. What we are trying now to account for is the state of feeling in the United States. In the beginning there was Belgium. Americans heard only the cry of a people in pain, whose mortal sin was to have been in the way. There were those who desired then that the United States should intervene. The violation of Belgium, whatever else you may say for it, produced moral sentiments very damaging to Germany's cause. That was instant. Then came endless reports of German cruelties—some of them, let us say, necessary, some unnecessary, all of them deplorable from every point of view."

"But surely," interrupts the host, "intelligent people may agree not to believe atrocity tales, or, if they must believe them, then to remember that they are not typical."

About Frightfulness

"Yes, but we are talking about emotions. At last came the Bryce report on German frightfulness in Belgium. Lord Bryce is a very eminent person. He is regarded in the United States with great respect and real affection. His word would be accepted without question. Could anybody suppose that the author of 'The Holy Roman Empire,' the most sympathetic critical understanding in the English language of the German errand on earth, would consciously put upon Germany an undeserved stigma? The Bryce report produced a profound impression in the United States. It was furnished by the British Government to the American papers weeks ahead of the date of 'release,' so that there was plenty of time

to prepare it for publication, and it received tremendous circulation. For a great majority of people it put the seal upon all that had been said of German cruelty in war. After that it was harder for neutrals to find the words with which to combat the unneutral trend of American thought. The German Government also investigated what had taken place, and in due time made its report. It was a dignified performance. It was an important document in rebuttal. There are many who hold it to be intrinsically a stronger document than the Bryce report. But what did the German Government do with it? A summary of the introduction was furnished to the press—a few hundred words. The physical existence of the report itself was unknown. One day the Berlin correspondent of a Chicago newspaper saw a copy of it on a desk in the Foreign Office. ‘Hello!’ he said, ‘what’s that?’ ‘Why, that’s the answer to the Bryce report,’ he was told. He asked for a copy, and was allowed to take that one. It was already old. He posted it to his newspaper, which, some weeks later, printed considerable extracts. Other papers reprinted from that paper meagre extracts. The total publicity of the German report, as compared with that of the Bryce report, was nil. Therefore, it is correct to say that the Bryce report on German frightfulness in Belgium stands uncontroverted in the minds of American people. Do you know what that means?”

The Naive Apology

“We have never known how to do these things,” says your host. “We have made many stupid mistakes. Yes, we see what that means.”

“Then there was the Lusitania. One has to come to Germany to learn that the sinking of the Lusitania was regarded by the German people in two ways—in one way with a kind of military satisfaction and in another way with human horror. For three days Americans waited in tense anxiety for some word of how the tragedy had touched the German people. The moral quality of the act would be determined not by the for-

mal expressions of the German Government so much as by the attitude of the German people. But the German Foreign Office would not allow the American correspondents to say that one side of the German character, the side Americans especially knew, disapproved of the act, because, if that were said, the world might think the German people were disloyal to the Government. So of that human feeling we received not one hint; but later, through sources over which Germany had no control, we heard that at the news of the Lusitania’s destruction people went cheering and exulting through the streets of Berlin.”

What Hurt Most

“And you believed that!” exclaims your host. “That is what we cannot understand—that you should believe such things. You had Germans among you. You had many citizens of German blood. They could have told you how the sinking of the Lusitania would be regarded by Germans. They knew the German character and its natural reactions. But perhaps you would not have believed them.”

“Perhaps not, in view of what happened. Who shall wonder at it? The sinking of the Lusitania was cheered in New York, in Chicago, in St. Louis, and in Cincinnati, both vocally and in print, by friends of Germany who in combating anti-German feeling became much more German than Germans in Germany. They behaved very badly.”

Facts, Facts!

Excellenz, the host, is silent. Several others press at once for a hearing on the logic of the case. The facts—what of the facts? Is it true that the American people condemned Germany on the pleadings of emotion, without reference to the facts?

“Let us stick to feeling,” you say. “That is the subject, is it not—the state of feeling in the United States toward Germany? Though the facts were altogether as Germany relates them, though they justified the act to the reason of the world, yet the sinking of the Lusitania would remain characterized as a colossal political blunder, because of its

effect upon feeling. Until then it had been thought unneutral for the United States to buy the bonds of its ammunition customers. Until then American sympathies were accessible to argument. The change was sudden. After the sinking of the *Lusitania*, Wall Street opened its doors to Anglo-French bonds. Many of the same people who had denounced the sale of ammunition for profit were now for giving it in enormous quantities. And the heart was closed. Such were the political consequences of the sinking of the *Lusitania*. They might have been far worse. If for one day had been lost, besides the neutrality of the heart, the neutrality also of the head, there would now be war between the United States and Germany."

The Greatest Blunder

This statement is received in silence, but with perfect understanding. "Yes, politically it was a great blunder," says your host at length. "That may be. You are probably right. What else?"

"You complain that Americans do not take the trouble to know what is going on in Germany. Neither do you know what is taking place in the United States. German sympathizers by their attack upon life and property have produced a state of feeling which you know nothing about. It is not so much that these activities are pro-German as that they are anti-American."

"But surely," several Germans protest at once, "you cannot suppose that the German Government has any knowledge of these things. That is the lawlessness of individuals."

In Their Name

"It is lawlessness in the name of the German cause, undisavowed by the German Government or German sympathizers, and it tends to associate the cause with violence."

"But that is something we cannot help. If feeling is so easily misled in the United States, what can the German Government do? No sane person believes that the German Government would provoke disloyalty among American citizens. That would be fatal to the German cause."

"So it was. The German Government sent Dr. Dernburg to the United States to carry on pro-German propaganda. He began at once to talk of an uprising of Irish-Americans and of German-Americans. We should see what would come of our anti-Germanism. We were sitting on a volcano and didn't know it."

At this every German lifts his hands in despair. He knows all about it. There is nothing to add. The Dernburg propaganda in the United States, he admits, was an inconceivable blunder. Possibly Dr. Dernburg would say so himself, now that he sits in quite detachment at Grunewald, near Berlin, with a perspective that no propagandist could ever hope to command. It is easy to see what happened to him. In the United States he was always on the impulse of combating something; therefore he leaned forward and was out of poise. No longer a propagandist, he has recovered his vertical habits of thought, and is in private life a fairly impartial critic of both American and German affairs.

The Ghastliest Thing

The German company is thoughtful. There is still another thing; you break the silence with it. "And then those Zeppelin raids?" you say. "Nobody in Germany knows how frightful they are. The Zeppelin crews cannot tell what damage they have done. You have to wait for the English papers, and the English keep a lot of it out of the papers, in order to cheat you of your satisfaction. Therefore, you never know how ghastly the business is. We get it in the United States from people who have witnessed it."

You suddenly find resistance. Justification of the Zeppelin raids bursts all around. They are essentially retaliatory. The English and French began it. The world is a shrieking hypocrite. It goes into spasms of horror when the Germans drop bombs on London, but says almost nothing when the English and French drop their bombs on German towns, once even on a royal castle, killing innocent noncombatants on numerous occasions. The only thing is that German bombs are more effective. Is that

what the world holds against Germany? Why is it a greater atrocity to drop bombs on London than on Stuttgart?

"Intrinsically," you say, "it is no worse. And yet, the effect upon the world's imagination is bound to be very much greater. Technically and legally it is the same; but in degree and in feeling it is very different." There is no protest, perhaps owing to the utter inability of a German to imagine the world loving London more than he loves Stuttgart or any other town of Deutschland, and you are tempted to phrase the moral, "A people could not afford to be always technically right and emotionally wrong; sure only of its facts and unmindful of the feelings. The world would never understand."

A Deep Pitfall

That was too easy to say. You ought to have distrusted it for that reason alone. You remember instantly that it is not safe to fling philosophy about carelessly in a German company.

"Perhaps it is so," says Excellenz, the host. "But tell me, do you really hold that your trade in ammunition with our enemies is neutral?"

It is now your turn to take thought. The argument lies clearly in your mind. It is technically neutral; the facts are all yours. But you have been insisting upon the spirit as well as the letter of conduct. And Excellenz, continuing, turns the argument against you. "We admit that your legal attitude is perfectly correct. You have the right on your side; but if you speak of degree as altering the aspect of acts, there is a degree in this that makes it vital to us. If we should lose the war it would be owing to American ammunition. You must see that our feeling about it is affected accordingly. Can you say it is quite neutral?"

"It was neutral at first," you insist, "and if the degree of it has seemed latterly to transcend the fact of neutrality, that is a growth from circumstances over which the Americans had no control."

"If conditions were suddenly reversed," Excellenz persists, "so that the

Germans alone had access to the American markets, would ammunition be supplied in unlimited quantities to Germany or would some way be found to diminish the traffic?"

American Sympathies

"There cannot be any positive answer," you reply. "The sympathies of the American people are anti-German for emotional and political reasons. The emotional reasons have been indicated. The political reasons lie deeper. There is a belief in the United States that Germany thinks a political philosophy antagonistic to ours and that the triumph of Germany in this war would be a disaster to democracy in the world. That is not for the present debatable. It is a kind of political instinct, not to be removed by argument in the heat of the conflict. It lies in the region of feeling and must be accepted in that light."

"Yes," says Excellenz, "we can understand that; only, on the other hand, you must believe that we, too, have a kind of faith and that your trade in ammunition with our enemies, although legally correct, produces a state of feeling which cannot be reasoned away."

This conversation is reproduced at length because it summarizes hundreds of others, some shorter, some longer, but all to the same effect, provided the American has the courage to state his case and the self-belief to command for it the respect it deserves. The Germans, indeed, are glad to hear it. They have been misled and harassed by Americans who think it the part of neutrality, friendship or tact to represent their country in an aspect which none can respect.

A Certain Pharisee

A German-American politician from Chicago, his beautiful clothes bulging with letters of introduction, plumps himself into the Hotel Adlon with the happy tidings that the Wilson Administration is doomed on account of its anti-German bias; that all the New York papers have been bought over to a conspiracy to "revive the Lusitania thing," which nobody really cares about at all; that the Anglo-French loan is a dismal failure, and that he is commissioned to buy up all the

dainties in Berlin and take them out to the German soldiers in the trenches on the Russian front. He regards the correspondents distantly. Do they have difficulty at the Foreign Office? No wonder! Their editors are writing anti-German lies for English gold. He is the original truth bringer. In a week he will be "running up and down the Foreign Office like a wild Indian." They shall see this. They see, instead, a week later, a crestfallen German-American whose special pass to the eastern front has been strangely lost by somebody in the Foreign Office where "they do not know how to treat a friend when one comes." The Germans are not as credulous as they seem. They do sometimes get their incredulity in the right place. This is a typical person.

Americans in Germany

There is another type, not necessarily German-American, of either gender, whose neutrality consists in repudiating the United States as an English colony, governed jointly by the English in Downing Street and the bankers in Wall Street, the latter fattening grossly upon war orders. These people are a nuisance alike to the American Embassy, where they demand favors as American citizens, and to the German Foreign Office, where they expect other favors in return for denouncing the American Ambassador and proposing to have him sent home. They have done a great deal of harm, misrepresenting equally American sentiment toward Germany and German sentiment toward the United States.

What Shows Through the Skin

The feeling in Germany against the United States is compounded of anger, humiliation, misunderstanding, and chagrin. In veins it is very bitter, though nearly always under perfect restraint. One does not easily forget such experiences as, for instance, a conversation with a private banker who, in the course of explaining the advantages and disadvantages of Germany's position, comes suddenly, almost unawares, on the subject of American ammunition. His voice does not change; only his color rises and a

white streak appears on each side of his nose. He gets past with the remark that it will not make any difference, so far as the outcome of the war is concerned, and none afterward, he hopes, for the sake of the future trade relations of the two countries. There is not a fault in his courtesy, but one is relieved when the white streaks are gone.

There was for a while a gloomy habit of saying among Germans that if it came to war with the United States it would not matter. Americans were doing all they could against Germany anyhow, and to have them as declared enemies would be positively a relief. It might even cause them to keep some ammunition at home, which would diminish somewhat the supplies of the English and French. That mood passed, yielding to the arguments of a few who could prove that the industrial potentiality of the United States was not a thing to be underestimated. The feeling, however, does not subside, and flares out suddenly from time to time, especially in military circles.

Neutrality Suspect

The conviction that the United States is not neutral pervades every class of German opinion. The charges are mainly these, that the United States furnishes ammunition to the enemy on a scale which cannot be reconciled with a neutral spirit, that its demands have rendered Germany's submarine warfare illusory, and that it has not in like temper insisted upon its neutral trade rights against the sea power of England. The third point, last named, is now uppermost in the German mind. The letter of President Wilson's note to Great Britain was received with satisfaction. The question was, would the demands be pressed? When the case of the Ancona was acute between the United States and Austria, one of the most influential members of the Reichstag wrote an article to this effect:

"If there is any hope that President Wilson will press his case against England let us not allow the Ancona matter to become a distraction. Let us, on the contrary, remove it entirely from thought

by yielding, so that there may be nothing on our side to confuse the issue."

And when the tension between the United States and Austria was for a time so apparently dangerous that the Americans in Berlin were looking to their passports and getting their money within reach, the man in the Foreign Office who is forever an optimist on American-German relations, never for a moment allow-

ing himself to believe that they could be broken, calmly insisted that nothing disagreeable would happen.

The Austrians had believed impulsively, and had conducted their correspondence without the assistance of the German Foreign Office, but, all the same, it would be amicably settled. Nothing would come of the Ancona incident. And nothing did.

The Yearnings of Young Germany

VII.

WHATEVER has been wrong in Germany will come right at last—"after the war." The phrase is in every mouth. So many things will be very different then. Much that should have been changed long ago will change immediately, almost automatically—"after the war." Great concessions will be made to the people.

That is a prediction one hears continually, like a popular refrain. It rises in Prussia and returns as an echo from the trenches in Flanders. Its fulfillment is taken for granted. Why not? The people will have fought and won the war. The people will have made terrific sacrifices. Therefore, concessions will have to be made to them. That seems highly probable. It has happened before, after the Seven Years' War, and again after the Franco-Prussian war. One does not doubt it, even though it is an opinion in which Germans of all classes and beliefs too readily concur.

A Contrary Riddle

This riddle begins where a riddle should end. It begins when you ask for the answer.

"Yes, yes," the German critic of Germany says, as a finality, "things will be very different after the war."

"But how and wherein?" one asks. "This has been said again and again, and yet nobody who says it seems to know for certain what the people want."

To this challenge a Socialist member

of the Reichstag, after some reflection, answers: "I suppose I could define it by saying that the people want a larger measure of formal liberty." He pronounced the phrase carefully, in a way to betray the fact that he had just invented it.

"But formal liberty—that is yet a very vague thing, barely more definite than *concessions*. Make it personal to yourself. What kind of formal liberty do you want? In what ways are you chafed by things as they are?"

He looks surprised. "Personally I do not want any more liberty, formal or informal. Of course," he goes on to say, as if the other had not been serious, "the one thing the people really do want is a reform of the Prussian suffrage law."

What a German Wants

And so many Germans say when they begin to be specific about the things that will be politically different after the war. They sometimes get no further, as it takes one whole sitting first to make the Prussian suffrage law intelligible and then properly to denounce it. This is a law under which the right of suffrage is exercised by the people in three groups, according to the amount of taxes they pay. The rich, who pay one-third of all the taxes, elect one-third of the Prussian House of Parliament; the middle class, who pay the second third of taxes, elect another third, and the mass of the people, whose

taxes constitute the balance, elect by all their ballots the other third.

The law ought to be changed. The Imperial Government has said that it should be changed. Everybody says it is a reflection upon the political genius of the Prussian people for so absurd and undemocratic a law to stand. One may travel the length and breadth of Prussia, and then the length and breadth of the German Empire, asking every one if the law ought not to be changed, and every one will answer alike. If the law has any friends, even among those who are believed to benefit by it, they are not vocal. The Imperial German Government has put the seal of its disapproval upon the law. After that, who can be for it? And yet, strange to say, the law stands unreformed, and goes on not being changed, in an absurdly obvious way. It is so with many other laws in Germany. They are obeyed long after every one thinks them obsolete, every one complaining of the trouble they cause, only because they are laws. First the habit of obeying a law has to be outlived, and then it is possible to change the law.

Change Is a Tortoise

One cannot help feeling at length a kind of secret sympathy for the friendless and slow-doomed Prussian suffrage law; one suspects, too, that its fruits are perhaps better than they ought to be, else the tree had been destroyed before. So, when one finds a radical Socialist to whom the great European war will have been a calamity blind and purposeless unless it gives the Prussian the political mindedness to change his suffrage law, one is tempted to be perversely conservative.

"Granted that the Prussian suffrage law is wrong, yet the Prussian Government is in many ways a very good Government, is it not?"

"It is," he says, quite generously. "The Prussian Government is uncorruptible, efficient, and just."

"It has evolved what is perhaps the best system of taxation in the world, and has distinguished itself remarkably

in the second most important field of Government activity, namely, that of education."

To this he readily assents. "But," he adds, "there is perhaps no Government in the world so unsympathetic, so callous to the psychology of the people governed as the Prussian Government is."

"Nevertheless, if you were to judge a Government not by its methods or principles of being, but by its material results alone, you would have to pronounce very favorably on the Prussian Government?"

Do They Want Efficiency?

He admits it. One comes now to the ultimate question: "Do the German people want efficient government above everything else? Between a Government that is efficient and unsympathetic and one that is inefficient and sympathetic which would they choose?"

"A Government," he says, "ought to be both efficient and sympathetic."

But one may easily believe that the yearning for democracy which underlies all the new political consciousness of Germany is in some degree a reaction from unsympathetic government.

Or again one hears a distinguished, clear-headed, imaginative editor speak calmly of the revolution that will take place after, and largely as a result of, the war. At the third or fourth repetition of the word one feels obliged to make sure of understanding.

Talking of Revolution

"Please," one says, "will you indicate what you mean by a revolution in Germany?"

"Oh, I hope you don't think I mean the kind of revolution that takes place in the streets?" he asks, surprised and a little bit pained.

"No," one says quickly, "no, of course not; but it is well to be sure of what we do mean."

Here is one who can enter into the very spirit of your problem. He knows exactly what you mean when you say that Germans talk of the great political concessions that are to be made to the people after the war, and who then, on

being pressed for a formulation of the people's demands, become suddenly and all very vague in their notions. The truth, this editor can tell you, is that Germans do not understand what they want, and cannot yet clearly specify what they need. But what they want and need is a greater measure of parliamentary government. From that all other things are bound to flow. The English and the Americans are far ahead of Germans in both the theory and practice of parliamentary government. Neither the English nor American pattern, however, would be suitable exactly for Germany. He imagines a compromise, a system under which the Ministers would be responsible to a German Parliament, as they are not to the Reichstag, and yet a system in which the Parliament, of course, would not control the Ministers. That is what the people want—a Ministry responsible to, but not controlled by, the people in Parliament represented. That is the kind of revolution he meant.

"It is difficult," you say, "but clear enough except for one thing. You want a Parliament which shall be invested with more power, whereas the Reichstag as now constituted has not known how to utilize the power it already has. Is that not the case?"

"Yes," he says, "that is the case."

To Be More Political

It is perhaps easier for a stranger than for a German to see what the German people want is to be more political, to learn how to be, and to gain thereby a greater power of direct interference in their own affairs. They are in the mass an unpolitical people. They admit it, with engaging simplicity. This is true of a people that contributed the only new thing to the sum of modern political theory in the last century, namely, socialism; but that a people that had produced Marx and his followers should be still and notoriously unpolitical, a century or two behind England, France, and the United States in parliamentary practice, is a contradiction in itself consistent.

The German character cannot help

contradicting itself in what it is and in what it does. An incompetent Parliament, afraid to use its own power, contradicts a proficiency in practical, militant socialness which is an example to the world. On your way to your room at night you are aided at every step by the most ingenious mechanical devices, including corridor lights that go out automatically the minute you have closed your door, and then in your closet you find the worst and most unmechanical trousers hangers in the world. Their genius for mass organization, mass management for handling people in statistical quantities is enormous; but their handling of a cloakroom crowd would not be tolerated in New York.

A New Germany

The war will make the mass of Germans more political. There cannot be any doubt of that. What will come of it directly may be governed by post bellum economic conditions. If they are very hard, the radical elements may be expected to rise. If they are tolerable, it may take longer to change the Prussian suffrage law as a symbol of concession to the people.

There is bound to be a new Germany, because there is a young Germany, wonderfully idealistic, very political, and unselfishly ambitious. It is without castes, prerogatives, or tyrannies. It hates Bismarck politically, because it was he who cruelly suffocated political ambition in the individual, made him a creature of the State, required of him only the virtue of obedience, and left him otherwise free to grumble, to be comfortable and to be irresponsible. It was he who made it impossible for a young man to place his talents at the service of the State, and forced him, instead, to serve science or industry.

Ideals

So think the representatives of Young Germany. They yearn to dedicate themselves to the State. The old Germany they speak of so scornfully is not the Germany of their grandfathers but that of their fathers. They stretch back their hands to the spirit of 1848. Their idol is Carl Schurz. Of him they say: "In

Germany his political talents could never have been utilized. He did not inherit the political privilege; it could not be acquired in Germany in his generation. That will be changed."

Important things are expected of the young men who return from the war. It is widely believed, it is probably true, that more constructive thought and criticism are formulating in the trenches than in all the officialdom of Germany behind. The young men in the trenches write the most wonderful letters. They show new ways of thinking altogether. They contain the crystals of a political philosophy which would create for Germany a democracy peculiarly her very own. What that would be like no one can say for sure. It remains to be evolved. But one can say what it would not be, according to the ideals of Young Germany. One would not need to have been born by any limited coincidence or to have inclined his mind in a certain way to certain things in order to become a diplomat, a politician, or a Minister. He would need only the credentials of merit, whereas, now—

Merit in Minds

"Do you know of any reason," asks a representative of Young Germany, himself past 45, "is there any reason why minds of the character and quality that have made German finance first in Europe, German commerce second in the world, and German science what it is, should not be capable of directing the affairs of the political States? Science, finance, industry, and commerce get the very best men in Germany. They are picked out of sixty-five million. The State gets inferior men because it has to choose the best it can find among perhaps two thousand. That makes a difference, doesn't it?"

The distinguished editor with whom you have talked, he who had the theory of an equilibrium of power between Ministry and Parliament—he is claimed by Young Germany. "There," says one of its enthusiasts, "is a man of rare talent. In any proper scheme of things he could hope to become himself a Minister. A brilliant political career would be open to him. But, instead, he will always remain

what he is—unless things are changed." That was to say, the editor was not one of the two thousand.

To be more political—that is what Germans want. What will be changed most by the war will be themselves, and only in so far as it changes them first will it change anything else. That is well known to Young Germany. It says: "A fine violin cannot make a fine musician. We have already an instrument in Germany on which it would be possible to play a good democratic tune. But we have first to learn how. It is perhaps more important to learn how to play the best possible tune on the instrument we have than to insist at once upon making that instrument over."

A Democratic Tune

For it is true, as everybody knows, that if the people of Germany had very greatly wanted a democratic tune they might have had it long ago. The Reichstag as it stands, elected by universal man suffrage, is an instrument the possibilities of which have been very imperfectly explored. The performers are beginners. A Reichstag composed of different men could play a tune such as has not been heard in Germany yet. Therefore, it is primarily a question of how deeply the people want what they want. Are they willing to grumble and be irresponsible? Are they of the new or the old Germany—the people in the mass? The answers must be halting. Why has it been so hard to reform the Prussian suffrage law? Is there not some basic temperamental inhibition which keeps the German unpolitical? To this interrogation one of the highest intellects of Young Germany, one who did reach a great place in the State without having been born to it, gave the following answer:

A Drop of Slave Blood

"Germany is Russia spoiled by Western methods. Take the people as you meet them in the streets. Their grandfathers were beaten by their masters. Their grandmothers kissed the hem of their lady's gown. In all of them still there is a drop of slave blood. In time it will disappear. Then we shall be political really. But for now the average

German is obedient and envious—obedient to those whom he instinctively recognizes as having been born to command, and envious of those who rise from his own level to anything higher. My own opinion is that things will change very slowly after the war—things political, I mean.”

To construct a picture of the German character of these gloomy pigments would be unfair; but not to put those colors in at all would be untruthful. There is strictly no such thing as an average German. There is the German

with the drop of slave blood; there is the German without it. There is the political German and the unpolitical German. There is every kind of person in Germany that can be found anywhere else. The proportions of X and Y kind to A and B kind determine the national character. The proportions are always changing, and now more rapidly than ever before; but the conditions under which the evolution of political thought is taking place also are changing very rapidly, and will continue to do so until the war ends.

People, Princes and Intellectuals

VIII.

WHAT is the fancied errand on which the Germans go so tragically? What message do they bring? What do they put in place of that which disappears before them? What did they take to Warsaw, to Courland, and to Serbia? What is new in Belgium? What lesson will they teach the Turk? Efficiency? Perhaps.

The First Term

The Germans are efficient. They are not a boastful people. Least of all they boast of this, which, to begin with, marks it for distinction. Besides, it has comparable and tangible results. The world has come to think of German efficiency with a kind of superstition, as something temperamental, a trait inherent, a gift, a quality of mind, a superhuman combination of prescience and will. The instances are marvelous, not separately, not as specific examples of forethought, but in their interacting relationships. There is perhaps no one item of German efficiency that might not be matched in quality by the English or the French, but the certainty that the Germans will have thought of everything beforehand, in order and sequence, is what makes them so incomparably efficient and gives the word itself a German meaning.

If a French army invading Serbia

had found a copper mine out of which to increase a diminishing supply of that precious war metal, it is possible that the Government at Paris would have been prepared to begin working it at once. That would have been an instance of forethought for the French Army to remember with pride. But when the commander of the German army in Serbia telegraphed to Berlin, “Have found a copper mine at —; please send timber and engineers,” he was not in the least surprised to receive within two hours the answer: “Timber and engineers already on the way.” They had been waiting on the Austrian frontier for several weeks. The Government knew the army would find the copper mine, and the materials and the men to work it with had been sent three-quarters of the way to save time. All of which was taken as a matter of course. That is efficiency. For the Government not to have been ready beforehand—that would have been surprising.

Instance This

If the English ran out of walnut lumber for gunstocks somebody might know where a large supply could be obtained at once; somebody might have anticipated the problem, and that would be fore-

thought, deserving to be complimented. But when the German supply ran low it could be taken for granted that it had been somebody's business to provide the solution, and that the answer awaited the question, "Where shall we find walnut?" In the files, under "W-Wa-Walnut," is the information. Long before time military commanders had been requested to look for walnut trees in the territory they occupied and to report their position, size and number. It is now a simple matter to telegraph to a commander in Northern France to cut down so many walnut trees and to ship the logs, as per detailed instructions. And nobody is to be complimented.

A Kind of Preparedness

Efficiency produces a state of preparedness. It bores with a very long auger. Before the fall of Warsaw preparations began to be made for the Balkan campaign. Military engineers were on the ground working out every problem that could be imagined. It was one man's sole business to get the German army across a river at a certain place, on paper; another man's business to put it across at another point; another man's business to work out the gun ranges, from certain positions commanding the citadels of the enemy. He had not only to work them out on paper but to memorize them, backward and forward, so that months later it was amazing to the military attachés, observing the offensive against Serbia, to find a German officer directing the artillery fire out of his head, as if he were playing several games of chess blindfolded. When a German campaign is launched the parts all fit. They have been measured, cut, drilled, and numbered, like the structural steel shapes of a New York skyscraper's frame.

Unemotional Passions

Efficiency has a passion for cleanliness, tidiness, hygiene, geometrical order, and the propagation of practical knowledge. It swabs and scrubs and then polishes its conquered territory. In Poland more streets have been paved in a few months of German occupation

than in perhaps a generation before. In one town, where the condition of the market place was disgraceful, the army set immediately to work removing the surface mud, in order to get a bottom on which to lay a pavement, and was astonished and disgusted to find a very good pavement already there. Efficiency, as a matter of course, saves its army from disease and discomfort, as well from the scourge of typhus in Serbia as from the scourge of lice in Russia, and at the same time it automatically protects both the army and the civil population of Germany from the most ghastly of human plagues hitherto springing from war like a devil's second harvest. Nobody thinks about these things in Germany except those whose business it is; all the rest take it for granted, and have, therefore, more time to think of other things.

Division of Thought

This division of thought is a part of efficiency, and is remarkable in Germany, a phenomenon resembling the division of physical labor. Ideas are in request. They go into a great hopper, find their right channels, and, if available, are acted upon. It occurs to somebody that the convalescents are wasting a lot of their time and are unhappy from having nothing to do. Suggestions follow. Next one knows the convalescent soldiers are taken regularly to see the processes of industry, one day through a great printing plant, another day through an automobile factory, a third day to a museum, and so on, the conductor being one capable of explaining what is brought to view. If the men went about alone they would waste a lot of time, see a great deal, and understand very little. The convalescent officers are taught languages, especially Turkish. The cripples are taught new ways in which to be self-supporting, and as fast as they are ready they will be placed in wage-earning positions. They will not have to find them. It has occurred to somebody to suggest that the Government shall first determine a ratio and then require every industry, every employer, to take so many cripples—one or two or three

per hundred of other employes. That will be done.

Efficiency is all of these things. There are other things it is not. For one thing, it is not infallible. If you had seen, shortly after the beginning of the war, a swine conference in Berlin, at which statisticians, physicists, chemists, agriculturists, *commerzienrats*, and one Government official sit down to determine just how many hogs would have to be killed at once to effect a permanent equilibrium between vegetable and animal food for men, with the certainty that their conclusion would be accepted as scientific and acted upon accordingly, you would have said, "That is German efficiency." And so it was. But they killed too many hogs, and were sorry, because new problems arose on that account, notably the problem of fat.

No Miracles

For another thing, efficiency is not miraculous. It is the natural consequence of interest, patience, intelligence, industry, discipline, and perhaps also an inductive way of thinking. These are very common virtues and qualities, peculiar to no civilized people, and only perhaps somewhat more effectively combined and applicably developed among the Germans than among others. Interest is probably the item that deserves to stand first. If you are sufficiently interested in a thing you think about it so much that you end by having thought of its most hidden aspects; if you are less interested you miss and forget. If you are sufficiently interested you will take pains. If you are interested enough no trouble or sacrifice will be too great.

Not an End in Itself

Thirdly, efficiency is not an end. It cannot be that. It is rather the means to an end. Efficiency mainly consists in doing the same things better and better, and if this be regarded as an end in itself then at last people will become so preoccupied with the effort to do things better that they will never have the time or the mind to ask if those things are worth doing at all. Indeed, that is the disability of efficiency, that it may be pursued *for its own sake, as an end*. Critical curi-

osity about tendencies is diminished, processes tend to crystallize around the tendencies that are, and life becomes increasingly inflexible. For instance, Germany, having borrowed ideas of trade, industrialism, and colonial expansion from other countries, largely from England, became so engrossed in the undertaking by efficiency to excel her rivals that it never once occurred to her to ask whether the empire business was worth while at all, and whether her economic necessities were necessities indeed, or mere ideas. England, on the other hand, being less efficient, has asked herself over and over if the empire game was worth its cost, and has actually thought of chucking it.

Efficiency is a jewel, but to possess it you have to pay a high price, so, alas! people will no doubt go on being only as efficient as they need to be to overcome the difficulties of their immediate environments and situations, and, as it cannot be an end in itself, but a means to some end, efficiency is not a people's errand.

So What of Kultur?

So, what do the Germans bear to the world? Could it be "Kultur," spelled with a K? This is a very delicate ground of interrogation. It is almost impossible today for a German to say the word without showing pains of embarrassment, it has been so flung at his head with howls of derision since the war began. He brings it out with a tone of challenge and then resolves courageously to show you his hurt. A German in this aspect is to weep with. Kultur is not his wonderful side, and yet you have moments of wondering if he would not for this one thing, a bauble, give all those other things wherein he is wonderful indeed. He tells you wistfully of some very fine things.

There was the opening of the University of Warsaw in December. Its restoration to the Poles for the sake of Polish culture was an event into which he put all the pride and dignity of his yearning spirit; and you can feel how chagrined he was that the neutral correspondents made so little of it. The Government

had asked them to go and had provided a special train, but very few went. It happened to coincide with a time when news was "breaking" rapidly.

Learning Everything

At dinner you hear a little man telling, as a matter of casual interest, that he was obliged that morning to occupy a pulpit. Everybody laughs and he explains. So many people had come to hear his lecture that the lecture room could not hold them, so they all went into the chapel and he delivered his lecture from the pulpit. "What was the subject?" you ask. "A Mohammedan Sect of the Ninth Century," he answers simply.

Hardly had the German army of Balkan invasion swept beyond Belgrade when a competent librarian took charge of King Peter's remarkable but very untidy library and proceeded to make its first catalogue.

There is no end of such things; but all of them put together have nothing to oblige culture. They only promote knowledge. Culture is a different thing. It is a way with life. To insist upon it is to deny it. To be conscious of it is either never to have had it or to have lost it. Other things it may or may not be, but certainly, almost certainly, it is not the errand of the German people.

Intellectualism

Perhaps the German message is one purely of the intellect. What could there be in that? The German mind is a vast and perplexing study. One of its first qualities is orderliness. Its knowledge does not lie scattered about in heaps or in miscellaneous shelf associations, like the books in King Peter's library. It is card indexed. That saves, of course, a lot of time. Its second most interesting characteristic is the preference for the inductive habit. It must begin with premises. It is doggedly industrious, patient, and thorough in superlative degrees. It has a passion for practicality. It has made knowledge one of the cheapest commodities in Germany. Any one may command it. It is knowledge without vanity, and

intensely practical rather than theoretical.

But all of these considerations lie toward efficiency. Intellectualism is something very different. It differs from mere brain efficiency as culture differs from learning. There is a fine intellectualism in Germany, but it is distrusted in Germany, looked at askance, and treated as a foreign cult. The people and the Princes have equally distrusted it. People and Princes are more like-minded than they know. There appeared in Germany a literature which the people could not understand, a kind of thought they could not think, a philosophy they knew not the first terms of, and an art they could not look at. They therefore resented it as something alien to Germany. Their Princes did likewise, possibly for lack of understanding, possibly by instinct, knowing wherein their strength lay. When the war came intellectualism was for a time almost without the pale of toleration. It had no standing with patriotism. It was foreign. Its votaries, though German by accident, were foreigners at heart.

Their Own Nobles

There was all the more enthusiasm for the Princes, the war nobles, who had remained the same, purely German, romantically barbaric, untouched by this new thing. Where were the intellectuals now? The Princes and the people together had the saving of Germany. The adoration of General Hindenburg is partly based upon this feeling. He is not noble; he comes from the only other source the people can understand—themselves. He is one of them. He will not have his portrait painted. He loves only the old things. He is, like a Prince, utterly unspoiled. And that such as these should be the heroes of war is a great delight to the people.

No, intellectualism is not what the Germans bear to the world, for that has yet to win its own way in Germany. Yet, are they empty-handed? Seventy million people in so great a feud with life, so strong in the mastery of means, so yearning in spirit, so anxious to torment themselves—have they not an errand?

That it perhaps cannot be defined is no proof of its nonexistence. Always the goal is inside the man. It creates itself in the pangs of exertion. Therefore, ef-

fort can never be quite wasted. It is very often blind. To wreck the faith one fights to save—even that might be an errand.

Delusions of German Logic

IX.

IT were better, perhaps, that a people should not try to give reasons for the faith that is in them. Many who might comprehend the faith will misunderstand or despise the reasons. The English do not reason about faith. The Germans do. Therein they mystify the world and delude themselves. Their delusion is that faith submits itself to reason, which is to suppose that the wind obeys the windmill.

A German is simply and awfully logical. So is an adding machine. Given the premises, the German will proceed by steps mechanically unerring to the logical conclusion; but he will often have accepted his premises in faith to begin with. It does not stop there. Given the premises, the Germans, perhaps alone among modern people, possibly first among people since civilization began, have the courage, the obstinacy, the will, or perhaps the madness, to push the logic of a case to its extreme and utter consequences. Other people, by intuition, by virtue, may be, of their hypocrisy, or for lack of something the German has, continually stop short of the logical extreme, perhaps only because they instinctively know the frailty of premises.

No Hypocrisy

The Germans have no hypocrisy. They have logic. Once accepted, they never question their premises and, therefore, they have no stopping places. The Anglo-Saxon says: "The logic of the case leads there, but we shall have to stop here." Why? He doesn't know. He cannot give you a decent reason. The German says: "Surely everybody can see the logic of our position." So everybody may, only, alas! logic has very little to do at last with successful human relationship.

Over and over the Germans are technically right and emotionally wrong. "Yes," they say, "we shot the Cavell woman. We did it legally. We had a perfect right to do it. Women spies have been shot before; women have been executed in all countries. Why is the world so hypocritical in these matters?" That the case of Edith Cavell was romantically different from others with which it might be compared intrinsically, that it had explosive dramatic elements, that to treat it logically was bound to produce emotional consequences of an unfortunate character—all of that seems so childish and unreasoning to a German that he can scarcely discuss it patiently.

The Case of Belgium

Or, take the case of Belgium. "Why," a German asks, "why should the world make such a row about the violation of Belgium's neutrality and remain silent about the violation of Greek neutrality by England and France, and the violation of Chinese neutrality by Japan?" He will not accept the answer that the case of Belgium was different, not intrinsically, perhaps, certainly not in logic, but in feeling. "Only because the Belgians resisted," the German says. "If they had only been a little bit reasonable they might now be the happiest and the most prosperous people in the world. And Serbia—if Serbia had only listened to reason, what she might not have had from us!"

Here begins to be touched one of those amazing contradictions which serve to keep the German mind human. But for its contradictions, baffling as they are, you could not understand the German mind at all. Himself uncorruptible in his relations with his State, not knowing what "graft" means at home,

and capable of putting his Fatherland above all other precious things on earth, he yet goes forth in the world with a conviction that people in general are purchasable and will sell even their patriotism. Why would not Belgium sacrifice its neutrality, or allow itself to be violated, for money? How stupid! and, besides, how disastrous! And as to Serbia, if she had only accepted the gold of her enemy nothing would have happened to her. She might have existed happily and prosperously for all time thereafter. That pretends to be the point of view of a German who couldn't imagine an ounce of German patriotism being exchanged for all the gold in the world.

A German Contradiction

But the contradiction is yet incomplete. A German contradiction must be thorough, symmetrical, and, by its utter lack of intuition, logical. The fatal sin of both Serbia and Belgium was to be in the way. For that they were crushed by a people who believe it is a part of their errand on earth to protect and liberate "small peoples." It is not cant or make believe. It is a living, ardent faith.

The word "liberation" calls up in the German mind the picture of German hosts in armor, waving flashing swords, marching to rescue the oppressed from the tyrant. The tyrant is Russia and the suffering people who deserve liberation happen none of them to be in Germany's way. But that is beginning to analyze emotion, and emotion will not bear it. Man first acts upon the law of necessity and then commands the imagination to idealize his conduct, so that no people can be trusted to write their own history. What seems to mark the German is not that he fails to do exactly this, but that he pretends not to do it, and teaches himself to believe that his acts are all of one texture and take place under the authority of reason alone.

That may be his unconscious protection. He is possibly the most emotional of all civilized animals, constantly in danger of being swept away on a flood of feeling. He is scandalized at the thought of going to war on the rhythm of a rakish song, like "Tipperary." He

cannot forgive the French for seeming to lack tenderness for their own dead. He is moved to tears by a tale of suffering. He cannot endure to read the horrors of war; he has almost no morbid curiosity about them.

Tenderness

In France, on the scene of a particularly bloody collision, the Germans erected an appropriate monument, generously inscribed to the dead of both sides, French and German, and the Kaiser went a long journey to unveil it himself, and this was to Germans so much a matter of course that the Foreign Office at Berlin did not know it was news. Weeks afterward it was dimly mentioned in a paragraph of Court intelligence concerning the Emperor's recent movements.

At dinner, a member of the Foreign Office, on hearing that civil prisoners in France in a certain camp were ill-supplied with the accessories of decent living, exclaims: "Oh, yes, they are becoming very rough, those French." One rubs the eyes of one's mind. But there it is. The thing was said not ironically, not resentfully, but sorrowfully. What a pity that war should have coarsened the French character and made it rough!

Involuntary Logic

And then at the mention of another painful thing, instantly, without a click, quite automatically every German mind at the table turns outward the side marked "logical." The Lusitania? Of course nobody liked having to sink a great passenger liner with all on board, but the attitude of the world toward that incident had been both hypocritical and illogical. Given the German premises, the conclusion logically follows that the Lusitania ought to have been destroyed, and that being the case, she had to be destroyed as she was because the submarine is a frail tool of war and must look to its own escape. First of the premises is that England had undertaken to starve 65,000,000 German men, women, and children by economic isolation. You cannot starve 65,000,000 people. You may cause them to become hungry enough to yield; but the second premise is that Germany cannot yield.

In every German mind the logic of the Lusitania case is airtight. In nearly every German heart there is a secret wish that it had not happened, with or without logic, only he would almost as lief destroy his heart as show it to you.

Intrinsic Differences

What is true in the case of the Lusitania is true also in the case of Belgium and in that of Serbia. That it is true in much less degree, if much at all, in the case of Zeppelin raids on London, is owing to the fact that a German cannot discern any intrinsic difference between the French dropping bombs on Stuttgart or Karlsruhe and his dropping bombs on London, even though his bombs are bigger and do more damage. If you cannot prove that there is any intrinsic difference he will decline to see any difference whatever. Only a German who has lived in England can understand why the emotional and moral consequences of a Zeppelin raid on London are greater than an aerial bombardment of Stuttgart. And yet, with or without logic, a great many Germans secretly disapprove of the Zeppelin raids. They are very loath to say so.

One does not say that the German mind has any special resources for deceiving itself. Its delusion is that it has none at all, that it is a mind incapable of self-deception. It is unaware of its own blind spots.

Blind Spots

A military authority will use an hour to prove that the idea of future hostilities between Germany and the United States, on Germany's initiative, is preposterous for physical reasons. The great lesson of the European war has been that overseas invasion under modern conditions is not feasible, except where the invaded country is very weak. How could Germany cross the Atlantic and invade the United States? You are just to think of it in terms of time and transports. It is wholly chimerical. Then right on top of that he says: "But why are you so blind to the fact that Japan is your real enemy? Some day you will *have to defend your Pacific Coast* against

her. That is inevitable." Germany could not cross the Atlantic to invade the United States. Japan could cross the Pacific and do it.

Or fancy that to an eminent professor, whose mind you have keenly admired, you are trying to account for the feeling that has arisen in the United States against those who have associated the cause of Germany with acts of violence against property and order. "The American people," you say, "are touched on the most sensitive point of all, that is, the point of their patriotism. It is not that the acts complained of are pro-German, but that they are anti-American. Mass meetings of German-Americans occur at which the President is denounced and the Kaiser is cheered. Such a thing could not be imagined in Germany."

Herr Professor thinks for a while and answers: "But it would be very different. You say it could not be imagined in Germany. That is true. And yet, you must remember that an Emperor and a President are by no means the same. It is possible and not improper to criticise a President. You cannot publicly criticise an Emperor."

"Well then," you say, "let us have a perfect analogy. You cannot imagine in France a mass meeting at which the people should denounce the French President and cheer the German Kaiser."

"Sir," says Herr Professor, "your analogy hinders understanding."

The Radical Trait

However, blindness in spots and the knack of self-deception are frailties of the whole human mind. If that were all, it would be easy to say that the German mind, under stress of great emotion, had become only a little more intense in defects not peculiar to itself. But one cannot escape the uneasy feeling that at some one point the German mind is radically different, just as in the non-German mind there may be a corresponding point at which to the other it seems radically different. If that were true then at a certain angle it might become utterly impossible for one mind to understand the other. Each might

hope only to recognize the other's limitation.

This is at least a psychological possibility. It would account for the apparently weird and fantastic fact that a people who could justify, condone, or even accept the sinking of the *Lusitania* as a "military necessity" should be filled with indignation and horror at the "murder" of a German submarine crew by the English in what is called the Baralong incident. It is apparently as difficult for the German to understand hot emotional killing as it is for the Anglo-Saxon to understand cold and unemotional killing. The German who gave the signal that launched the torpedo that destroyed the *Lusitania* had probably no conscious individual emotion in the act. He did not relate himself to it personally. He possibly did not think of killing human beings at all. He had been ordered to sink the *Lusitania* as a military necessity. He achieved it, and it was none of his duty, indeed it per-

haps never for a moment occurred to him, to examine the quality of the act. It would never have presented itself to him in the aspect of "murder."

The English think it "murder." They cannot think anything else. That they should treat submarine crews as "murderers," slaying them on sight in hot blood for revenge, is open to the emotional understanding of Frenchmen and Americans; but it is apparently incomprehensible to the Germans. It does not come within the logic of military necessity. To shoot a submarine crew as it swims in the water or climbs on the side of a vessel it would have torpedoed, even though that crew had but a few hours before attacked a passenger vessel without warning—that, to the German, is "murder."

It is not only that in this dimension the German mind works by itself. It is apparently unused to the thought that other minds work differently. Germany does not know how the rest of the world thinks.

The German Attitude Toward Peace

X.

THERE is in Germany plenty of raw material out of which to produce a rational peace program. But there is no peace program, rational or irrational.

There is a large body of German intelligence which assents to the propositions, first, that no nation can be crushed; second, that the military power, though it may go on winning victories, cannot end the war, and, third, that the civil power alone can end the war.

But the civil power of Germany is prostrate. It has no plan, no paramount idea, no momentum, and no cohesiveness. Political counsels are confused. The military power, on the other hand, has an objective always in view, has a direction, a purpose, a record of things achieved and a will to act. Thus, more and more authority falls into the hands of the military power, because it has a

definite way with authority, knows beforehand what to do with it, and has unlimited use for it.

And so it happens that while the military power now talks of "the mortal combat with England," which will be either in France or in Egypt, the civil power prays earnestly for the pillar of light that shall lead the way to peace, not for fear the military power may lose the mortal combat, but for fear it may win it.

That is not a paradox. It is tragedy. If the military power cannot end the war it follows that every victory received from its hands is a new obstacle in the way toward peace. This is clear to the civil power of Germany, which, though prostrate, is yet alert and intelligent. Not only does each successive triumph of German arms make a "reasonable" peace more "unreasonable":

her enemies, a peace "acceptable" to Germany more "unacceptable" to the other side, but, besides that, a war which began for self-preservation, as every German thinks, threatens to become, even in spite of itself, a war of conquest. The military power by virtue of its successes is in a way to launch Germany upon a career of expansion which is repugnant to a great many Germans on ethical and temperamental grounds and would be regarded with dismay by a great many others on economical ground.

The True Intelligence

The economic, financial, and social intelligence of Germany knows what it was never the business of the military intelligence to consider, namely, that conquered territory may be for many years not an asset, but a liability requiring the outlay of vast amounts of capital with no hope of immediate return. East Prussia, for instance, has been a very bad investment so far, considered purely as an investment. It has probably never returned as much as 2 per cent. on the capital advanced by the Government for its development. When you think of adding Poland and the Baltic provinces of Russia as national German investments, together with enormous financial responsibilities on account of the Turkish partnership and the Bulgarian connection, the only source of capital to any and all of these being Germany, it becomes a question whether Germany could afford, for the sake of her own future, to accept any more victories from the military power.

The Civil Power Awake

The civil power is conscious of its present weakness and its future responsibilities. It must find a way to end the war. The military power is conscious only of its strength. It is conceivable to the civil power that a point may be reached at which it would become necessary to stop thinking of Germany and begin to think of Europe, a point at which Germany could not weaken her enemies without at the same time weakening herself, a point at which the only prospect left would be that of a hollow,

ghastly triumph on the scene of a ruined Europe.

From this separateness of feeling and consciousness it must not be assumed that the civil and military powers are arrayed against each other. Rather they are two aspects of the same body, since people in the aggregate, like the individual, have several aspects, of which one at a time may be so prominently displayed as to subordinate or obscure all the others.

To make a picture of it, Germany sees herself as a man who has, not upon his own initiative, become engaged in a struggle with several neighbors at once. He is stronger than any one of them; he has made headway against all of them together, and yet the odds are terrific. In his heart he does not want to kill them, because either he with them, or his children with their children, shall have to go on living together in one little world for a long time, but he cannot stop. He cannot even propose to stop, because the fighting is headlong and his enemies keep saying: "We grow stronger and he grows weaker. We have only to hold together and vanquish him utterly at last. Every blow he strikes makes him weaker, and the instant he relaxes or stops for breath we will give him the mortal thrust."

Morbid Feelings

This does not pretend to be a statement of proportional truth; it is the truth only as to the light in which Germany sees her own position. She believes that her enemies intend to crush her. Each time they say it, perhaps never to mean it literally, she takes it literally, and is morbidly confirmed in the thought that it is dangerous to say or do anything on her part that might be construed outside as a sign of weakness. She is in a position to propose an armistice and to formulate peace proposals, except for the morbid fear of heartening her enemies. But for that, the civil power might have found itself long ago. As often as it becomes vocal, as it did last December in the Reichstag, when the Chancellor offered to receive proposals from the other side, the world seems to Germany to hurl back the words, saying: "She is weakening. She is desperate. In a little while her arms

will fall, and then for the mortal thrust." The English press excitedly referred to the Chancellor's speech as "bluff," and as the "whimpering of Germany." At that, the military power, which has no political insight and is under the delusion that it can end the war because Germany is the only uncrushable nation—it says to the civil power: "You see what comes of your efforts. You are powerless. Leave it to us."

And it is left again in the hands of the military power. The war machine goes on and on. It is in danger of overrunning itself. If the civil power had the authority to stop the war machine it would probably lack the will and the courage to do so, for, after all, it is delivering terrific blows, its language is understood by the enemies, as that of the civil power is not, and the rest of it lies in the whim of fate.

The Forbidden Thought

So far only two possibilities have appeared in German thought—one, the possibility of beating the enemy into a state of helpless exhaustion; second, the possibility of finding through the civil intelligence of the belligerents a way to peace. A third possibility, which the outside world would call a probability, namely, that of Germany's physical exhaustion and utter defeat, does not penetrate the German's faculty of imagination. He simply does not consider it. For him it seems a contingency that does not exist. You have, therefore, an *impassé* of basically antagonistic assumptions. So long as Germany believes that she alone is uncrushable, and so long as her enemies believe that they are unconquerable, and both sides are under the delusion that the other will stop at nothing short of the other's utter defeat on the plane of force, there is little hope of peace through any interference of civil intelligence. There is nothing in view but a progressive exhaustion of Europe.

And all the time there exists in Germany, as was said in the beginning, the materials out of which a rational, perhaps one might say a reasonable, peace program could be produced. There is a ban on peace discussions in the press for

fear public opinion will commit itself in some unexpected way, or get itself misunderstood outside. The Government aims to keep opinion unformulated. If an editor takes leave of himself to express the extreme views of the annexationists, who believe in the right of conquest, his paper is as likely to be suppressed as that of an editor who denounces conquest and expansion on moral or ethical grounds.

War Is Not Static

There is some reason in this. The war is not a static thing. Conditions of peace which would have seemed "reasonable" to Germany a year ago would not seem reasonable now. And perhaps those that would seem reasonable today would seem unreasonable after the outcome of "the mortal combat with England," for which the military power is making prodigious preparations. Moreover, as a Socialist member of the Reichstag explained to a party of Americans one day at a luncheon:

"You have got to trade. You don't say, 'Here, now, I will give you this teapot for that sugar bowl and call it quits.' Instead, you say, 'A sugar bowl! Who wants a sugar bowl? I don't like its shape and it's very small. But, see here! Look at this teapot of mine! Isn't it beautiful? What will you give me for that?' And if you expect to gain the cream pitcher, the water bottle, and some other things, against which the other fellow will have only the sugar bowl to trade, why, of course, you are not going to state your minimum demands prematurely. That wouldn't be human nature, would it?"

The Peace That Flees

Of course not. Human nature is the fact which makes it harder and harder to find a basis for peace the more you win from another who thinks he can win them all back, though he may have to wreck the table in doing it. What are table things worth without a table to put them on or food to eat, at all?

Germany's very minimum demands at any given time past, or now, probably would have been and are less unreasonable than the world would think. There is, of course, the German who wants

everything in sight. There is the other kind of German who wants only the room in which to be let alone, and nothing more of war. Between them is every kind of opinion in degree. There is also the intelligence to see that whatever peace is made, short of the remote and horrifying peace possible to be made by the military power in a ruined Europe, will probably, almost certainly, be the political death of the men who become responsible for it. Every manner of post-bellum evil will be laid upon their heads. This is particularly true by reason of the tradition that the diplomats of Prussia have always thrown away what the soldiers won in war. However, there are Germans enough who for a rational peace would be only too willing to sacrifice themselves politically.

Materials at Hand

If one were to guess from the content of a hundred conversations with all kinds of Germans what program could be constructed roughly from the material now available, it would be something like this: Belgium to be restored to the Belgians and France to the French; cultural autonomy for Poland, that country to become a buffer State; cession of the German-speaking Baltic provinces by Russia to Germany, and German possession of a corridor through the Balkan peninsula to Constantinople. That leaves open for consideration such vexing questions as the way of trade upon the sea, the fate of colonies, and the matter of indemnities.

It is not possible in any case for a German to voice the minimum demands. He secretly reserves something which he would yield in a pinch. Professor Hans Delbrück, who is prominent in the counsels of the moderates and anti-annexationists, thinks Belgium and France are the main obstacles to peace, and that Germany would yield as to both of them. In fact, it is uncommon to find a German who thinks of holding any French or Belgian territory for Germany. If you mention Antwerp, the "pistol aimed at England's head," one German says Germany ought not to hold it, for to hold it would mean perpetual

war with England. One is surprised to find how many Germans see that England and Germany have a destiny in common if only they can find two keys to unlock it with; and how many hope for an alliance ultimately between Germany and England against the "Russian peril."

Indemnities

The question of indemnities would be very difficult. The financial authorities would undertake to insist upon them, just as the military authorities would make defensible frontiers the paramount condition of peace; but there are yet Germans of very great influence who think Germany cannot extort a penny of money from her enemies, and ought not to try, and that the future of peace rests not upon frontiers but upon understanding.

The purpose in this writing is not to suggest the kind of peace proposals that Germany might offer or entertain, but to indicate the existence of thought in Germany so varied and at many points so reasonable that the possibility of constructing a rational peace program is continually present. Every single point touched upon runs at once into complications. Difficulties without end may be raised to any one concrete suggestion; and yet the fact is that the civil power of Germany could contemplate terms of peace that at least could be discussed by the enemy.

Psychological Necessities

That no proposals have been made is owing to what may be called the psychological necessities of the situation. The German Government is almost ludicrously cautious. In December a paper in Zurich, Switzerland, printed a long article setting forth the conditions on which Germany might consider peace, and said the article was inspired by the German Foreign Office, with a view to stimulating discussion among neutrals. The article was, in fact, inspired, and for exactly that purpose. There was no doubt of this in Berlin, among informed persons; it was known even what member of the German Government prepared

the article printed in the Zurich paper. But when the German papers reprinted it from the Zurich journal, by permission of the German censor, they were careful to say in a footnote, between brackets, that the idea of the article having been inspired in Germany was, of course, unfounded.

The civil intelligence of Germany, as you may see, is working with strange and fragile material. It lacks confidence in itself. It has no point of crystallization. The head of it is more a scholar than a statesman. And it looks and faintly calls to the head of the only great power in the world that is not at war. That is the President of the United States.

You get the feeling in Europe that the people are mad and begin to know it, as if they had suddenly come awake in an asylum, all shouting together that they are sane but unable to prove it to

themselves, to each other, or to the world outside. And nobody can see a way out. There is a despondent saying that diplomacy in Europe is bankrupt.

He who might be called the economic dictator of Europe says calmly: "Isn't it nonsense? Can you imagine what it is all about? I can't. It seems to me to be the most terrible nonsense. But I see no way out of it." And he goes on cruelly bending the industrial energies of Germany to the uses of war. That is his job.

There must be a way out. Everybody keeps saying so, as if it were something that had to be true, without any reasons why. And although Americans are disliked, for obvious reasons, most Germans think the initiative for peace will come from the United States. That is why they refused to make light of the Ford expedition and wondered why Americans did.

A New View of Fatherland

By HERMANN HAGEDORN, IN POETRY

The author of this poem is an American of German descent. He was born in New York City. He studied at Harvard, where he was for a time instructor in English. He also studied at the University of Berlin. He is the author of several plays and volumes of verse. His wife is an American.

There is no sword in my hand
Where I watch oversea.
Father's land, mother's land,
What will you say of me.
Who am blood of your German blood,
Through and through,
Yet would not, if I could,
Slaughter for you?
What will you say of one
Who has no heart
Even to cheer you on?
No heavens part,
No guiding God appears
To my strained eyes.
Athwart the fog of fears
And hates and lies,
I see no goal, I mark
No ringing message flying;
Only a brawl in the dark
And death and the groans of the dying.

For you, your men of dreams
And your strong men of deeds
Crumble and die with screams,
And under hoofs like weeds
Are trampled; for you,
In city and on hill

Voices you knew
And needed are still.
And roundabout
Harbor and shoal
The lights of your soul
Go out.
To what end, O Fatherland?
I see your legions sweep
Like waves up the gray strand.
I hear your women weep.
And the sound is as the groaning
Swish of the ebbing wave—
A nation's pitiful moaning
Beside an open grave.
Ah, Fatherland, not all
Who love you most,
Armed to triumph or fall,
March with your mighty host.
Some there are yet, as I,
Who stand apart,
And with aching heart
Ponder the Whither and Why
Of the tragic story,
Asking with bated breath,
Which way lies glory,
And which way, death?

Switzerland's Hard Position

By Professor Roman Boos

In a recent lecture before the Student's Society of the University of Zurich, Professor Boos, a noted Swiss scholar, emphasized the fact that Switzerland was experiencing the effects of the European struggle in almost everything but loss of men.

THE war plow that in these days rips open Europe's old cultural soil likewise draws its deep-cutting furrows across our land. Export restrictions and other prohibitions of similar kind are the economic furrows, but we shall not speak of that today. Let us rather examine what are the spiritual changes in our relations with our war-torn neighbors.

The devastating effect of this cruel war has by this time been fully revealed to the Swiss people. Much of this has come to our knowledge through the transit of many wounded or interned. Most, however, of what we know about the war comes through both official and unofficial reports.

Among the deepest furrows cutting into our soil are those having to do with the German and kindred nationalities found in the ranks of our own citizens. The war has compelled us to view our interracial, political, and cultural relationships in an entirely new light. From every direction come suggestions as to what we ought to do. Newspapers, periodicals, pamphlets, flood the country with well-meaning propositions; but there is one question which, curiously enough, few concern themselves about at present. That is, What is the duty of the individual in the circumstances? And this is the more to be wondered at since in our free Switzerland during normal times we continually speak of liberty in action and individuality.

In answering the question as to what the individual as such should do, it is of course clear that he must steer his course between two monstrosities. It has been well said that a neutral can only look on and suffer. During those August days of many months ago our neighbors to the west, the east, the north, took to themselves all there was of sudden impulse,

of enthusiasm, of zeal. We must confess that whatever emotion may have possessed our troops charged with guarding our borders, or however much our national spokesmen dwelt on internal affairs, it was all far and away behind the spiritual greatness that stirred the very souls of our neighbors.

There are many reasons why this was so. Our neighbors drew forth to battle for life or death; we merely had to occupy our frontier lines and hope that we should not be enmeshed in the struggle. But a thing that depressed us very much was this—that we not only feared for our national safety, but were apprehensive lest Switzerland's entrance in the war would prove a matter of conscience in view of the intermixed racial relationship with certain of our neighbors.

It is true that we do take part in the war, but just because we are not directly concerned, I am one who does not believe we need keep silence. While our neighbors are offering up their lives, certain supermoral dignitaries preach morality. I have slight patience with those who, from the safe vantage of our "peaceful isle," fling at the combatants such expressions as "murderers" and "wanton destroyers."

I am of the opinion that we would do better not to erect tribunals of judgment on our soil, but rather to strive to make our position fruitful by understanding the impulses that govern our neighbors. It should not be taken for granted that the impulsion in the warring countries was merely greed of power or capitalistic self-seeking. Exactly because we Swiss are outside the boundaries of such possible ideals ought we to study the basic causes responsible for the present state of affairs. Such investigations would bring us in direct touch with our own inner-Swiss problems.

Laying Mines on a Hostile Coast

By Gabriele D'Annunzio

Italy's most famous living poet is now a Lieutenant in the Italian Navy, and writes occasional articles describing his experiences. This poetic and graphic description of a mine-layer's work was contributed to *The London Telegraph* of Dec. 20, 1915.

IT can be said of the Italian war what Percy Bysshe Shelley said of the Medusa's head which he saw in Florence, and which he attributed to Leonardo da Vinci: "Its beauty and its horror are divine."

This night of danger and death is one of the sweetest that ever spread its blue veil over the face of the heavens. The sea darkens, and in its innumerable pulsations the nocturnal phosphorescence is already discernible. Here and there the rippled surface of the sea glitters with an internal light as a quivering eyelid, disclosing mysterious glances. The new moon is like a burning handful of sulphur. Ever and anon the black cloud of smoke rising from the funnels hides it or appears to drag it in its spirals like a moving flame.

Life is not an abstraction of aspects and events, but a sort of diffused sensuousness, a knowledge offered to all the senses, a substance good to touch, smell, taste, feel. In fact, I feel all the things near to my senses, like the fisherman walking barefooted on the beach covered with the incoming tide, and who now and then bends to identify and pick up what moves under the soles of his feet. The aspects of this maritime city are like my passions and like the monuments of Nineveh and Knossus, places of my ardor and creations of my fancy, real and unreal, products of my desire and products of time. This city is one of those tumultuous harmonies whence often the most beautiful elements of my art are born. Nothing escapes the eyes Nature gave me, and everything is food for my soul. Such a craving for life is not unlike the desire to die in order to achieve immortality.

In fact, tonight death is present like life, beautiful as life, intoxicating, full of promises, transfiguring. I stand on

my feet, wearing shoes that can easily be unlaced, on the deck of a small iron-clad on which there is only space enough for the weapons and the crew. Steam is up. The black smoke of the three funnels rises toward the new moon, shining yellow in the cloud, burning like a handful of sulphur. The sailors have already donned life-saving belts and inflated the collars which must support the head in the agony of drowning. I hear the voice of the second officer giving the order to place in the only two boats the biscuits and the canned meat.

A young officer, muscular, but agile as a leopard, who has Boldness' very eyes, and has to his credit already an admirable manoeuvre in conducting the destroyer from the arsenal to the anchorage, pays for the champagne. We drink a cup sitting around the table, on which the navigation chart is spread, while the commander of the flotilla dictates, standing, to the typist the order of the nocturnal operation, which is to be issued to the commanders of the other ships. A suppressed joy shines in the eyes of all. The operation is fraught with dangers, is most difficult, and the cup we drink may be our last.

An ensign, who is little more than a boy, and a Sicilian, who resembles an adolescent Arabian brought up in the Court of Frederick of Serbia, rubs in his hands a perfumed leaf, one of those leaves which are grown in a terra cotta vase on the parapets of the windows looking into the silent lanes of the city. The perfume is so strong that every one of us smells it with quivering nostrils. That single leaf on that terrible warship, where everything is iron and fire, that leaf of love, seems to us infinitely precious, and reminds us of the gardens of Giudecca and Fondamenta Nuove left behind.

The commander continues to dictate

the order of the operation with his soft Tuscan accent, with some same telling words that Ramondo d'Amoretto Manelli used in the epistle he sent to Leonard Strozzi when the Genoese were vanquished by the navy of the Venetians and Florentines.

Ours is a marvelous exploit. We are going to plant mines near the enemy's coast, only a bare kilometer from its formidable batteries. The ensign fastens the black collar around his neck, and will presently inflate it with his breath.

We are ready. We sail. The firmament over our heads is covered with smoke and sparks. Along the gunwale, on each side of the ship, the enormous mines in their iron cages rest on the supports projecting over the water. The long torpedoes are ready for the attack, protected by their iron tubes, with their bronze heads charged with trytol, beasts in ambush. The sailors, their heads covered, are grouped around the guns, whose breeches are open. All the available space is strewn with weapons and contrivances, and full of alert men. In order to go from stern to prow it is necessary to crouch, bend, pass under a greasy torpedo, leap over outstretched sailors, strike the leg against the fastening of a torpedo, squeeze against a hot funnel, entangle one's self in a rope, receive squarely in the face a dash of foam while grasping the railing.

I ascend the bridge. We are already clear of the anchorage. It is dark. The moon is dipping in the sea. In an hour it will have disappeared. The ship quivers at the vibration of the machinery. The funnels still emit too much smoke and too many sparks. On board all the lights are out, even the cigarettes. Darkness enshrouds alike both prow and stern. The last order megaphoned resounds in an azure dotted with sparks and stars—which are only inextinguishable sparks. A light mist rises from the water. The wake foams, and the sea ahead parts in two broad furrows along the sides of the ship, giving forth, now and then, strange reflections.

Following in our wake the second destroyer looms up darkly, and after her *all the others* in line. When the route

is changed to reconnoitre the coast, from the great central wake many oblique ones part, designing an immense silver rake.

The commander is against the railing, leaning out toward darkness, with his whole soul in his scrutinizing eyes. Now and then he turns his ruddy face and transmits an order with exact and sharp words. The helmsman at the wheel never once removes his eye from the compass, lighted by a small lamp in a screened niche. Clearly he is a man of the purest Tyrrenean race, a true comrade of Ulysses, with a face which seems to have been modeled by the trade wind. Near by is the signal box. "Half Speed," "Full Speed," "Slow," "Stop." Through the speaking tube the orders are transmitted to the engine room. "Four—Three—Zero."

We are making twenty-three knots an hour. The foam of the great wake glitters under the stern lights. "A little to the right."

The navigating officer is bending over the chart, held down by lead weights covered with cloth, measuring, figuring with the compass and the square, under the blue light of a shaded lamp. A great shooting star crosses the August sky, disappearing toward the Cappella.

Impatience gnaws my heart. I strain my sight to discern in the darkness the signal which has been prearranged. Nothing is to be seen yet. I descend from the ladder and move toward the stern, skirting the row of torpedoes, leaping over the outstretched sailors. From the stern the dark silhouettes of the other destroyers in line are visible. All of a sudden the signal is flashed in the direction of the prow. We are nearing the spot of our operation. Every will is strained.

"One—Two—Zero."

The speed is reduced to six knots. The funnels still emit too much smoke and too many sparks. The commander is furious. Orders are megaphoned and every word seems to crowd the adventurous air with danger. The manoeuvre is executed with a sort of rhythmic precision. Maintaining their distance, and one by one, every ship files to the starboard of us, standing black

over the foaming wake, lighted every now and then by a strange phosphorescence.

"On reaching the eastern route for the planting of the mines, extinguish the stern lights," cries the megaphone. Under the playing searchlights the enemy's coast is clearly visible. We are in low water, and the speed is further diminished.

"One—Zero—Zero."

We almost touch bottom, and proceed by feeling our course ahead. We also take soundings continuously to avoid running aground. The ships seem to pant and puff grievously, as great mammals in danger of running ashore.

"Reverse engines. Full speed!"

One of the ships feels she cannot manoeuvre any longer, having actually struck bottom, and endeavors to free herself. She lies ahead of us, and within speaking distance. We see the water glitter under the blue light of her stern lanterns. It seems to us now that every other ship is in danger. The sky is veiled. Long Medusan tresses of clouds drag the constellation as the net drags silvery fishes. The engines throb painfully.

The commander is there, all soul, defying the darkness with his eyes. What if at that moment the enemy should sight us?

"The Invitto leads."

His clear orders through a series of manoeuvres draw away the flotilla from the shallow waters and on to the safe course. Beyond, on the shore, the enemy's searchlights are seen crossing each other like white blades. Under the light the shore seems so near as to give one the illusion of being about to drop anchor. We are all tensely waiting. In a few seconds we shall be in the pre-arranged spot. Minutes seem hours. The rubber stoppers have been removed from the tubes. The mines are ready, on their supports, to be lowered into the sea. The sailors await the order standing.

The minutes are eternal. We may be detected every second. The shore is only a mile from us. The funnels are our despair. They still emit too much smoke and sparks. At last a warning is heard from the bridge.

"Ready."

The Lieutenant looks at his watch, lighting the dial with the lamp hidden in his hand. The enormous mines, whose heads are charged with destruction, are there silent, like gigantic, gray, petrified sea Medusas, fixed on their support, whose double tooth projects over the waters.

"Ready!" "Let go!"

The first mine rolls over with the sound of a shattering barrel, falls in the foaming sea, disappears.

"Ready!" "Let go!"

Eighteen seconds elapse. The second falls, followed by the third, fourth, and all the others, on every ship which maintains a diagonal course nearing the coast. In three minutes the operation is over; the mines are planted in the exact spot. The teeth of the crew gleam in a wild smile. Each sailor sees in his heart the enemy's battleships rent and sinking.

"Four—Three—Zero."

We resume our position at the head of the line, returning on our course with the initial speed. The ships seem now to me to be quivering with warlike joy. In the distance over the mainland the white beams of the searchlights still cross each other. Ever and anon a rocket explodes. Our wake now is so beautiful as to resemble a whirling milky way. A sailor mounts the bridge and gives us a cup of steaming coffee, whose aroma titillates our nostrils and our heart. We light our cigarettes.

But here is a Marconigram.

"Look out, two submarines are lying in wait for you on the safe route."

And in the first quiver of dawn, with expanded lungs, we again breathe danger and death.



Socialists and the War

How Jules Destrée and Other Socialist Leaders View the Confused Situation

IT was generally believed before August, 1914, that in the eventuality of war Socialists would endeavor to unite the workers of all countries in a common resolve not to take up arms. But today it is evident in all directions that the socialist propaganda against war has failed, and further, that profound contradictions in the socialist doctrines of war and peace have produced serious differences among the Socialists themselves. It is admitted that the International is dead, and that there will be grave difficulties to be overcome before it can be resuscitated.

By some it is asserted that pacifism is not an essential part of socialism, and by others that neutrality is not a vital socialist principle. The historic message of Karl Marx, the father of socialism, "Workers of the world, unite; you have nothing but your chains to lose; you have a world to win," has fallen on deaf ears, for in all the belligerent countries the Socialists, with few exceptions, are proving themselves as patriotic as the rest of the nation by putting aside for the time their demands and with no less enthusiasm sacrificing themselves in their respective countries. The reverberation has been felt even in neutral countries. In the United States, for example, Charles Edward Russell has, according to Eugene V. Debs, sacrificed his chance of being selected as socialist candidate for President by his advocacy of preparedness, for which he has been threatened with excommunication from the party.

The attitude of British and French workers is shown by two important national congresses that have recently been held. On the concluding day, Dec. 29, 1915, of the annual congress of the French Socialist Party a strongly patriotic and pro-war manifesto was adopted by an overwhelming majority of

2,736 votes against 76. This congress was attended by 250 delegates, representing an organization with 65,000 paying members and 100 members in the Chamber of Deputies. The manifesto declared in favor of continuing the work of national defense until French territory had been liberated, the attempt at German hegemony crushed, and a durable peace assured, and until Alsace-Lorraine was surrendered to France. The ardent hope was expressed that Germany would cease to be controlled by the Kaiser and the Kaiser system. Thus, what was formerly the most strongly anti-war section of the French Nation demonstrated that it was not yet ready to think of peace. Incidentally, the manifesto was regarded as a warning to M. Vandervelde, the Belgian Socialist leader, to refrain from supporting with his authority the efforts of German Socialists to bring about a meeting of the International Socialist Bureau, of which he is President, as a means to secure an early peace which would be favorable to Germany.

While the conference of delegates representing more than 2,000,000 British trade unionists, which met at Bristol on Jan. 26, 1916, was not, strictly speaking, a socialist gathering, it faithfully reflected the sentiment of the British Labor-Socialist movement when it adopted two resolutions of a highly patriotic nature. The first, pledging the conference to assist the Government as far as possible to carry the war to a victorious conclusion, was carried by a vote of 1,502,000 against 602,000. The second entirely approved the action of the Parliamentary Labor Party in co-operating with other parties in the recruiting campaign by 1,847,000 against 206,000.

The effect of the war on the Socialist Parties of the different European countries is seen in a highly interesting book

by Jules Destrée, a member of the Belgian House of Representatives, entitled "Les Socialistes et la Guerre Européenne," (Brussels and Paris: G. Van Oest & Cie.) The two main points of the book are to show that the German Socialists betrayed the International and to urge that the socialist doctrine be purged of "neutralism."

M. Destrée begins by quoting the decision of the International Socialist Congress at Stuttgart, in 1907, that the duty of Socialists in the eventuality of war was to make every effort to prevent it, and, once it had begun, to do everything possible to bring about peace. He declares that, with the exception of the German and Austrian Socialists, the party everywhere did all in its power to carry out this decision. For example, no party in the world had been more persistent and more resourceful in working for peace, international arbitration, and general disarmament than the French Socialist Party. On the eve of the declaration of war a meeting of the International Socialist Bureau was held at Brussels. As the result of the declarations made by Herr Haase, leader of the German Parliamentary group, the French delegates believed that socialist action would be parallel in the two countries, and behaved accordingly. Even on the day that diplomatic negotiations between the two countries were broken off the French Socialists appealed to their Government to make a supreme effort for peace. When hostilities were begun by Germany, the attitude of the German Socialists, "so contrary to the tendencies of the party and in absolute opposition to their formal promises, caused a painful stupor" among the French comrades, who now had no other alternative than to rally to the defense of their country.

On the 28th of July, before the outbreak of war, many meetings were held in Berlin to express the desire of the German proletariat for peace. These meetings were authorized and even protected by the police. Herr Haase was summoned to the Government offices and encouraged to pursue a vigorous propaganda in favor of peace. What was the German Government's object? M. Des-

trée asserts that it was to mislead and deceive the French Socialists and throw France off her guard:

It does not seem possible to us to believe that the men of the German Social Democracy could have consciously lent themselves to a manoeuvre so perfidious, but one must recognize that they let themselves be deceived very easily. How then can it be explained that a few days later the German Socialists, rallied by a sudden volte-face to the imperialist policy of their Government, voted unanimously for the war credits? If the Socialists of Germany are not guilty of treachery, they have at least sinned through an extraordinary absence of acuteness and courage. Even admitting that they believed in the necessity of defending themselves against czarism, it is at least certain that they can be reproached with their silence when on Aug. 4, 1914, in the Reichstag, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, the Imperial Chancellor, announced the entry of German troops on Belgian soil, recognized himself the injustice of this violation of neutrality, and excused himself by declaring that necessity knows no law.

The story of that day, M. Destrée says, will remain "one of the most lamentable pages in the annals of the Socialist Party," for not one of the many Socialist Deputies who were present rose to express a protest, or even a regret. "From this moment we see the German Socialists becoming the obliging, and sometimes eager, servants of the imperial policy." Later, it is true that Liebknecht had the courage to vote against the second war credit in December, 1914, while Kautzky, Bernstein, and Haase in June, 1915, published a manifesto in favor of peace without annexation or conquest. But these Socialists have been repudiated, and "their action has had the effect of accentuating still more the imperialist attitude of the majority of the German Socialists, who are more and more abandoning the traditional principles of internationalism and approving of the policy of conquest pursued by the Kaiser."

M. Destrée's chapter in which he boldly denies that the neutralist attitude is the normal socialist attitude will come as a shock to many of his comrades. "Neutralism," he says, "in so far as it is a doctrine, is a doctrine of impotence, inertia, and resignation." A proclamation of neutrality may be only the ex-

pression of indifference, selfishness, cowardice, or feebleness. He argues that as law and order within the nation have been developed by the collective force intervening in conflicts between individuals, so, too, it is indispensable that in the future as among nations intervention be the rule and neutrality the exception. To show how during the last twenty years the tendency of socialism has been toward intervention, he instances the agitation and propaganda of Socialists in different countries on behalf of the Armenians, the Russian Jews, the Finns, the Boers in South Africa, and the Spanish free-thinkers during the Ferrer case, and he asks, if Socialists had had the power, would they not have backed their principles and sympathies with action? Socialists must no longer submit docilely to "the prudent, and in some cases interested, watchwords of neutrality." Further, if war is to be replaced by arbitration, the latter must become obligatory, and means must be provided that judgments be obeyed. The moral force of international arbitration "will suffice in the majority of cases. But it is also necessary to foresee extreme cases in which coercion will be indispensable."

Finally, M. Destrée makes it clear that reconciliation with the German and Austrian Socialists will be no easy matter:

Before agreeing to discuss peace terms with the German Socialists, who are not held in fief by imperialism, it will be necessary to be assured, not only of their sincerity, but above all of their influence with their Government. It is quite evident that the victory of the Allies can alone assure in a large measure the expressed desires of international socialism. The German Socialists, in so far as they have remained Socialists, ought then to wish for the defeat of their imperialists. In so far as they approve of and support the imperialists, they exclude themselves from the Socialist Party, and the new international will be formed, purified by the trial, without these faithless elements.

Another book which displays how Socialists are trying to discover what has gone amiss with their ideals is from the pen of Louis B. Boudin, one of the

most learned and distinguished exponents of present-day Marxian Socialism. In his "Socialism and War," (New York: The New Review Publishing Association,) he shatters one pet idea of Socialists when he declares that capitalism is neither warlike nor peaceful in itself, while pointing out on the other hand that the general Socialist position has never been adequately defined. He accuses Socialists for not making clear "the distinction between opposition to war under certain given conditions and opposition to it under any and all conditions."

There can be no doubt that the Socialists, particularly those of the Marxian school, the predominant school among present-day Socialists, are not absolute pacifists. Indeed, the cast of mind and mode of thought which would lead to absolute pacifism is utterly alien to them. That force and bloodshed are not, as such, repugnant to the spirit of their teachings is well known. In fact, they consider war a legitimate and sometimes unavoidable accompaniment of the revolution they preach and advocate.

Mr. Boudin believes that war is sometimes justifiable from the Socialist standpoint if the decision of it is "controlled exclusively by considerations of its result upon the international working class and its struggle for emancipation. Socialists engaging in war are still Socialists, that is to say, provided they enter into the war from Socialist, and not from nationalist, considerations." A Socialist should remember that he is not fighting a certain people, but a certain Government, representing at most the governing class of that people. But, as Mr. Boudin's critics among Socialists urge, this justification may be used equally by the Socialists of the allied countries and of Germany, and that, therefore, the confusion in Socialist thinking about war is as great as ever.

The one fact that emerges clearly from present events is that, with very few exceptions, the Socialists in all the belligerent countries are whole-heartedly sharing with their fellow-countrymen the burdens and sacrifices of war, whatever may be their reasons and motives for so doing.

What France Did for Europe

By Guglielmo Ferrero

The famous Italian historian recently summed up his impressions of travel in France in these words:

THREE times I have visited Paris since the war began—first in the early weeks of November, 1914; next in February, and the third time in December, 1915.

During the first visit Paris was still comparatively deserted and enveloped in the solemn silence in which it had wrapped itself for the coming ordeal. The gigantic battle begun in August on the Belgian frontier with the furious but vain assaults of the Germans on the Yser had ended only a few days before. France was getting her breath for an instant, with joy flashing in her eyes amid the tears which her many bereavements had caused to flow; the joy of having, after forty-four years, given back to the enemy on the Marne and Yser some of the blows received from him in 1870; the joy of having stopped his first and formidable rush, the joy of finding herself still alive, still strong, and henceforth sure of herself and of the future.

Three months later this kind of silent intoxication had vanished. A certain relative tranquillity had descended upon the vast battle front. Already there was in progress that active but discreet effort which was to create a new rampart against the barbarians, behind which Paris, henceforth in safety, was becoming re-peopled. Gazing east and west, north and south, the spirit of the people tried to measure the forces of the country and of its allies; then it compared these with the forces of the enemy and sought in that comparison to read the future.

How long would the war last? Would Italy intervene? And Greece, Rumania, Bulgaria? Would Austria really hold

out to the end? Was Germany beginning to feel the effects of the blockade?

At the end of 1915 Paris has changed yet again. The people seem no longer to think of the end of the war, so uncertain seems all foresight, and it is trying to live amid the moving armies, amid the events that are happening, as if all this were going to last a good while. The great city rings with discussions, with criticisms of strategical projects, of diplomatic plans, of philosophical and political doctrines, of paradoxes and dreams.

When the war broke out France seemed to be a little orphan in the coalition, protected by two giants against the ogre that was trying to devour her. All, or almost all, believed then that she would owe her salvation to Russia and England. Today the world has perforce become convinced that if France had not resisted like an anvil the furious blows of the god Thor, mad with rage, Europe would not have escaped the German hegemony.

Thanks to France—because she broke the first German charge—the Triple Entente had time to prepare armies, to block the Central Powers, to win Italy to its cause; thanks to France, the Entente can wait now while Russia forges a new armament to replace the one she wore out without stint in the first months of the war. The unspeakable sacrifices willingly borne by France with so much stoicism give her the right to speak with authority to the allied powers which she has saved from an irreparable disaster.

If the situation in the Orient, which was very threatening two months ago, is beginning to improve, it is because France has begun with great ability to direct the policy of the coalition.

When the Persia Went Down

By Lord Montagu

Still suffering from injuries received during his terrible experiences on the Persia, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu recently returned to England, where he gave a London Times representative the remarkable personal narrative herewith reproduced. It is the first full account by an eyewitness of the Mediterranean disaster in which the American Consul at Aden lost his life. The responsibility for the sinking of the Persia still remains unacknowledged by any of the Teutonic powers.

ABOUT 1:10 P. M. on Thursday, Dec. 30, as we were sitting down to luncheon, there was a terrific explosion just abaft the main saloon. This blew up part of the deck. The smell of the explosion at once told me what had happened. The passengers, without any sign of panic or fear, went to get their lifebelts, and then to their appointed stations. When I got to the station allotted for No. 6 boat on the port side I saw the boats being lowered on that side, but, as the ship had begun seriously to heel over, I realized that it would not be possible to get into them. I then, with great difficulty, climbed up the starboard side, trying to pull with me my lady secretary, Miss Thornton, who happened to be near. Within three minutes of being struck the ship was on her beam ends. She began to sink rapidly by the stern, and I was swept off my feet by the rush of water along the promenade deck. The next moment I was overboard. The ship sank, and I was sucked down a long way, striking my head and body against several pieces of wreckage. It seemed a very long time before I came to the surface again, though I was conscious of rising very rapidly, owing to the extreme buoyancy of my Gieve waistcoat, which certainly at that moment saved my life.

Just before the ship foundered there was the usual and inevitable uprush of steam and smoke from the engine room and stokehold. Four minutes after being struck the Persia was below the waves. So far as I am a judge, I am convinced that the commander, the officers, and the crew did all that was possible to be done under the terrible circumstances.

When I had recovered my senses suf-

ficiently to look around—for I was very much out of breath at first owing to the shock of the submersion—I saw the sea covered with struggling human beings, but very little wreckage. So far as I could make out, there seemed to be only three undamaged boats afloat. I swam toward a signal locker I observed near by; but I found the ship's doctor clinging to this. He appeared to be in a stunned condition, and his head apparently was injured. The locker would not support more than one person, so I left it to the doctor and made toward a boat floating upside down about fifty yards away. A number of native seamen were clinging to her, a larger number than the boat was able properly to support. Eventually I managed to climb up and get astride of the keel band on the extreme end aft. From this position I saw a boat only half filled a short distance from us, and I shouted to them to come and help us, but they rowed away. As frantic cries for help were rising up from all sides I make no complaint about their not heeding my call.

About an hour after the disaster there were left on our upturned boat six Europeans and about a score of the native crew. The others had dropped off as they became too weak to hold on. At this time the boat was suddenly righted by a big wave, and with great difficulty we scrambled into her. I then discovered that not only had she a large hole in the bottom, but that her bows were split open as well. She was in a state of extreme instability, for some of the air tanks, which showed me that she was one of the lifeboats, were smashed and others were perforated. The smallest weight on the starboard side tended to

capsize her again. This, indeed, happened many times before we were picked up, and added very greatly to our sufferings.

By sunset most of us were sitting up to our knees in water. When the sun went down on the first day there remained of the original party in the boat thirteen native seamen and firemen, two Genoese stewards, an English steward named Martin, an Italian second-class passenger, Mr. Alexander Clark, (a Scottish second-class passenger,) and myself. If it had not been for Mr. Clark and Martin, the steward, who more than once helped me to climb back into the boat when she capsized, I should have had little chance of survival. Though there was not much wind, there was a considerable swell, and nearly all the time the sea was breaking over us.

Before the night was half gone several more natives died from exhaustion, and as the bodies were washed about in the boat we made efforts to throw them overboard. The night seemed interminable. About 8 P. M. a steamer, with her saloon lights all showing, passed about one mile to the southward. I think she must have been a neutral boat. We tried to attract her attention by shouting, and the other ship's boat to the eastward burned two red flares; but no notice was taken, a submarine ruse probably being suspected.

At dawn next morning there were only eleven all told left in the boat. About three hours after sunrise we saw a two-funneled and two-masted steamer away to the southward, and our hopes were again raised. We hoisted a piece of torn flag on the one oar left in the boat, and the other ship's boat, which seemed to be floating high and well, also signaled. The ship, however, passed, westward bound, about three miles away. For the rest of the day we saw nothing. One of the native crew, about noon, managed to get a tin of biscuits from the locker in the boat under the thwarts, and we ate a little of this, though it was spoiled by salt water. We had then been nearly thirty hours without food or water. I myself had had nothing but a cup of tea and a biscuit since dinner

on the 29th. I felt the heat of the sun a good deal, as I had only a small khaki scarf for protection.

At sunset on Friday we had practically given up all hope of being saved. I said to my Scottish friend that it was the last sunset we should ever see, and he answered, "Yes, I'm afraid our number's up." I found it a great struggle to keep awake. The tendency to drowsiness was almost irresistible, but to fall asleep would have meant the end. We capsized once more about 7 P. M. through the Italian turning light-headed. He had yielded to the temptation to drink salt water. In this accident we lost the tin of biscuit and the red flares we had hoped to use during the night.

Then, about 8 o'clock, we saw the masthead lights of a steamer far away to the eastward. At first I thought it was only a rising star, for there was very clear visibility that evening. Presently I could discern her side lights, which suggested that she was coming pretty nearly straight for us. When she got closer we started shouting in unison. I led the men by calling "One, two, three—shout!" When the ship was half a mile away she ported her helm, stopped her engines, and appeared to be listening. We knew then that like other ships she expected a ruse and dare not approach until she had made further investigations. After some time she came nearer and we heard a shout from her bridge. Then her steam whistle was blown. I dared to hope, though hope had almost died within us. We tried to explain that we were helpless and had no means of getting alongside. Eventually the Captain of this ship—Captain Allen—which proved to be the Alfred Holt steamer *Ning Chow*, bound from China to London, very cleverly manoeuvred her alongside our wreckage. We were by this time like a cracked eggshell. Bow lines were passed round us by a plucky Russian and an English Quartermaster, and we were eventually hoisted on board. The Captain and his officers did all they could for us.

I should like to mention that it was Mr. Allan Maclean—a Maclean of Duart, Isle of Mull—the third officer of the

ship, who was the officer of the watch at the time and who first appears to have heard our cries. His alertness and keen sense of hearing were our salvation. I consider that it was a very courageous thing for the Captain to stop for us, as he and his officers knew they were in the danger zone and ran the risk of being torpedoed themselves while they were helping us. Once on board we began slowly to recover from the exposure and our injuries. We arrived at Malta at dawn on Jan. 3.

I have been asked by many people how long I could have held on to the boat. That I could not say, but I had made up my mind quite firmly as to how I would die. I was not going to be slowly drowned and battered to death by the waves, as a dozen or 15 men had died close to me in the boat. I also wanted to show the natives in the boat how a "sahib" would die in these circumstances. I had determined, therefore, when I knew the end was certain, to let the air out of my Gieve waistcoat and to slip quietly overboard and drown.

I would rather not speak about the thoughts which occur to one when facing death in this way for a long period, but they naturally centred around home and friends. Perhaps I may say that my knowledge of seamanship and boats and my love of the sea helped me greatly, and I think I can assert that never through the whole of the period from the blowing up of the ship until the present moment has my nerve been in the least affected. When one comes to think of the circumstances, however, I hold that our being saved at all was a miracle, just as much a miracle as many of those of olden times. We were fast approaching the final stage of exhaustion, and the chances of any vessel in the wide Mediterranean passing over a spot so close to us were infinitesimal.

In conclusion, Lord Montague again expressed the opinion that everything possible was done by the commander, officers, and crew of the ship, and that so far as he could see the ship was in every way well found and the boats in good order and condition up to the time that the vessel was hit.

The New Year

By HERBERT ASQUITH

These New Year verses were written for The Sunday Pictorial, London, by Lieutenant Herbert Asquith, second son of the Prime Minister and one of the most gifted of England's younger poets.

The Old Year goes with all its vanished flow'rs;
 Across the fields we hear the distant bells;
 To other music fade the dying hours,
 Leaving a heritage of long farewells.
 What world is this, to which the New Year comes?
 A world by God forgotten, lost to Man?
 A weary battlefield of broken homes,
 A red monotony without a plan?
 No! Love and Laughter live; and Chivalry
 Still holds the seas from sunset to the dawn;
 The sacred wells of Honor are not dry,
 And still for her the brightest blades are drawn!
 The young Crusaders go to battle singing,
 And we, who listen to that song, may know,
 Again the bells of Freedom will be ringing,
 As they were rung a hundred years ago.

Grand Admiral von Tirpitz

By Paul Louis Hervier

[Translated for CURRENT HISTORY, from *La Nouvelle Revue*, Paris.]



TO see him, you would take him for an old sea wolf who has passed his life on the waves. Not a bit of it; the grand master of the German fleet has never skimmed much over the waves; he has grown old in important administrative functions, in which, moreover, he has shown that he possesses extraordinary capacity for organization—and initiative. He has created nothing new, he has servilely copied the English fleet. So Admiral von Tirpitz is a pirate twice over.

He is tall, very solidly built, and his great white beard, forked in the middle, the better to show his grand cordon of the Black Eagle, gives him a majestic and respectable air. He frequently smiles on the slightest of pretexts. This has won him the renown of affability. But this smile does not signify much. It is a commonplace expression without eloquence, in reality a mere bit of diplomacy. How many members of the Reichstag he has walked up and down on the decks of his big ships, while he “smiled with his mustache”! Diplomacy! The Grand Admiral is a diplomat; he could have become Chancellor of the Empire, instead of Theobald von Bethmann Hollweg, but he preferred to prove that “the future of Germany is on the sea”; he preferred to continue the rôle which he has held for fifty-one years, and play through the last act, which is to be his apotheosis. The *Lusitania*, the fleet safely stowed away at Kiel, the long rows of innocent victims—these things are the crown of his long career.

He is a diplomatist, but he is not a wire-puller. He has proved himself clever, not so much for himself as for the success of projects of the highest possible value for his country. Diplomacy and the tortuous progress of politics he learned in the course of many developments in which he found himself, and he has not survived the storms of parliamentary questions, surmounted the routine and the difficulties of organizations, without learning the tricks of that diplomacy, and the importance of knowing how to will at the right time and in the right way. For the last seventeen years he has occupied the same position.

Think of that! Seventeen years consecrated to a constant effort, to the realization of a precise aim, seventeen years without a single interruption, during which a sacrilegious hand might have annihilated the results of his initial efforts.

We are forced to recognize both the qualities of Tirpitz and his dexterity, but must we not also say that he has had extraordinary luck? Many of our great heads in France could have achieved marvels, if during seventeen years they had enjoyed his authority and his responsibility. More than this, Tirpitz had already consecrated thirty-five years of his existence to the study of projects to put which into execution was his dream. What a pity, for the harmony of such a life, that its evening twilight has been filled with murders, crimes, and blood!

Alfred Tirpitz was born in 1850 at Küstrin-on-the-Oder, and nothing seemed to mark out for him the career which he chose later on. At that time the German Navy was only a little group of worthless boats. In 1865 he entered the school of cadets; in 1869 he was gazetted Lieutenant; in 1875 he was Lieutenant Commander; he was already considered—and at this time he was only 25—an able organizer and a toiler ready to undertake the most gigantic effort. In

1891 Tirpitz was appointed Chief of Staff at Kiel. This gave him a post in which he could show the full extent of his powers. He did not disappoint the hopes formed of him, and he set himself determinedly at the task of creating and perfecting the submarine division. The high estimation which he had won allowed him to have his own way. He knew how to profit by it, and, by gathering capable collaborators together, he accomplished a double success. His personal prestige grew in equal measure. In 1898 he was appointed Assistant Secretary of State at the Admiralty at Berlin. In this greatly envied position he had to be prepared for many ambushes, for envious rivals were plenty. Tirpitz preserved his self-confidence, and triumphed over all difficulties; he even triumphed so completely that in two years he was appointed Vice Admiral. His partisans did not call him "the Everlasting" yet, but they had found a surname for him even more laudatory, which loudly proclaimed how well his powers were recognized. He was "the Master."

"The Master" had long cherished vast projects; an incident gave him the opportunity to make them known, and his ability did the rest.

In the Autumn of 1899, Tirpitz proved, as a result of the capture of a German liner by an English vessel, that Germany could not expand without having a formidable fleet. A constantly growing commerce had to be protected against well-equipped competitors. To reward the Vice Admiral for his marvelous plan, a patent of nobility was first conferred on him. The modest native of Küstrin-on-the-Oder became von Tirpitz. What he asked for was voted in the midst of great enthusiasm.

But he was not yet content. In 1902, he gained permission to build 13,000-ton warships. In the following year he was gazetted Admiral. In 1907, he asked and received enormous supplementary credits. In 1908, Emperor William conferred on him the order of the Black Eagle, the highest and most ardently desired distinction.

Thus every effort of von Tirpitz had *its success and its reward*. In 1914 he

gave the Kiel Canal the last perfecting touches, and informed his Emperor that the fleet was ready. A few months later, war was declared.

Von Tirpitz is prudent, and he does not like to have stories told at his expense. With his customary diplomacy, he avoids supplying the annalists with material for picturesque articles on his high personality. Nevertheless it is he himself who tells the following story, of which he declares he is the hero:

"I was taking a walk with a friend, one very dark night in a little wood not far from Berlin, and both of us were surprised to notice the extraordinary number of glow-worms sparkling on the flower-beds and the turf. Suddenly we found in the darkness of a thicket a glow-worm whose brilliance was astonishing.

"'I should like to take it home with me,' I exclaimed, and started in pursuit of it. But my swift career was stopped by two cries, a cry of pain and a cry of anger.

"The cry of anger was uttered by a fat German bondholder, who was peacefully smoking an enormous cigar in the warm evening air; the cry of pain I uttered myself, for I had seriously burned my finger-ends on the glowing end of a deceptive cigar."

Von Tirpitz, so clever in piercing the darkness of politics, is perhaps as skillful in recognizing light-signals as in recognizing fire-flies!

Is von Tirpitz an Anglophobe? No! He admires the English. His children have been brought up in England, as, indeed, was his wife, and it is quite evident that his merit has consisted in having the emulation of inspiration. He has copied the English fleet. He has copied Lord Fisher's plans, he has tried to equal him, to surpass him, though without succeeding. But since the war von Tirpitz has hidden his admiration for England under a bushel. Hypocritically, he conceals his predilection for everything that is "Made in England." From the first day of hostilities he absolutely forbade his family to talk English, even at home, and it is even added that he made a bonfire of his fine scientific library of English books. He did not even spare

the English novels which were the delight of his daughters. They were guilty of the crime of being English. So he burned them. But we wager that he saved from the holocaust the admirable works which record the minutest details of the finest navy in the world, which he wished to rival in numbers without wishing to rival in honor.

The Kaiser made von Tirpitz his friend. He willingly asks his advice, and prefers his counsels to those of others who intrigue more. The reports of the Grand Admiral's retirement have always been denied; he is glued to his post, and it seems pretty certain that he will stay there so long as William has any authority in Germany.

The young Wolf von Tirpitz who formerly studied at Oxford is at the present moment a prisoner in England. The Summer which preceded the war he was received in England by Mrs. Churchill, with whom he played tennis; he was received also by the First Lord of the Admiralty. Is it not odd enough? Sub-Lieutenant Wolf von Tirpitz was on board the Mainz, which was sunk off Heligoland in August, 1915. In full uniform he swam for twenty minutes before being picked up by one of the boats of the cruiser Liverpool. He is a lucky prisoner of war. Winston Churchill him-

self telegraphed to von Tirpitz, Sr., to reassure him as to his son's fate.

Von Tirpitz, Sr., has not always a conciliatory and agreeable humor in spite of his eternal smile. Frederick William Wile had occasion to meet him in 1907, and this is how "The Everlasting" expressed himself:

"Why do the English papers publish such long telegrams every time we launch a cruiser? Do our newspapers get excited over every new ship England builds? Why is there this constant suspicion of our actions?"

The German battleships and cruisers remain hidden away in the shelter of the Kiel Canal, dredged out and enlarged at such a cost. The more than half-century's toil of this single man is futile.

Von Tirpitz is a curious figure. His huge beard, which droops in white threads over the decorations that star his breast, gives him a false air of Neptune. It will probably not be said of him later on in Germany that he was a great sailor, since he rode out only political storms, but he will be called a potent organizer. Throughout the world the name of von Tirpitz will remain linked with that of the Lusitania and the little children so basely murdered. He will be famed as "the reviver of piracy."



Peace Without Hate

By Jerome K. Jerome

GOD punish Germany! We believe He will. For her share (whatever in His judgment it may be) in the bringing about of this frightful war; for the crimes committed in Belgium; for the drowning of poor sailor folk and of many hundreds of helpless travelers; for the making of war more bloody and bestial than it even need be; for the senseless slaughter of unarmed citizens; for the shooting of Nurse Cavell; for the wanton laying waste of fair lands and destruction of noble works wrought with love and labor and sanctified by time; for calculated cruelty and harshness and injustice done not only upon men, but upon women and little children, one believes that in His good time He will punish Germany.

May I suggest to some of my journalistic friends, to various elderly gentlemen writing from easy chairs, to a certain number of shrill women who have not yet found work more practically useful, that we would do well to leave it in His hands? Our job is something very different. Our business is to fight for England and all for which England stands; for the right of humble folk to live their own lives, slave neither to King nor State; for freedom to every man to speak the thought within him; for justice for the weak and law for the strong.

May the Lord forgive us; we have not always been worthy of our appointed task. We have erred and strayed from the ways we should have followed and often there has been but little health left in us. But, thinking back, across the troubled pages of history, perhaps we may claim to have been not altogether unprofitable servants. It was here in this island castle, with God's deep sea for a moat, that the flag of freedom was kept flying through the long ages of violence and oppression. Here was her sanctuary, and our sailormen kept watch. Here was the rallying point for her followers *from all lands; they knew their welcome*

sure. Here was her council chamber, and no foe might pass the twinkling line of sentinels calling from cliff to headland.

And now the long-drawn battle has flared forth once again, and we, as ever, are fighting in the van. We shall fight better for love of freedom; for love of the green valleys that cradled her, of the English yews that made her bows, of the English oaks that built her ships, than from mere hatred of poor German peasants seized and drilled and cunningly persuaded they are fighting for their Fatherland.

Speaking to some wounded soldiers not long ago, I interpolated a remark that these German enemies of ours were "not all bad." It sounds trite and obvious, but I feel sure that in a meeting of civilians I should have been howled at. My pale-faced but kindly audience indorsed it with a cheer. Our soldiers are fighting like gentlemen for the faith that is in them; for love of the old land; for love of pleasant English ways; of the dear folk at home. Fighting without malice, without hatred. I see letters from the men who are doing, not talking, giving, not demanding. They have no use for this gospel of hatred. They speak of their German prisoners as "poor fellows," pitying them. They record a little shamefacedly the many acts of kindness they have done them.

There was a letter published in The Cambridge Magazine a month or two ago from a youngster fighting in Flanders who now lies in some forgotten grave. It was for love of man, not hate, that he had offered his own young life. He had taken up the sword for freedom; for the breaking of the chains of militarism threatening to enslave all Europe; for peace and the coming together of the nations.

Before we glibly denounce Germany let us be sure that we have got rid of the Hun in ourselves. This clamor for reprisals, for slavish copying of every act

of brutality that Germany invents—what is it but the response of Hun to Hun? It does not come from the soldiers. It comes from our comfortable stay-at-homes. We call for vengeance on submarine crews, leaving our soldiers to pay the penalty. What benefit have we gained by obediently imitating Germany's use of poisoned gases? God's winds are neutral. There are those who would have us retaliate for the Lusitania by sinking German merchant ships without warning. Our sailors refused to do the dirty work at the bidding of our journalists.

We will do better to play the game according to English ideals, not German. We are not out merely to conquer the German people. We are out to conquer German ideas. The German idea that might is right, that there is no law above the sword.

One might, speaking to fellow-Christians, be excused for suggesting that hate is an evil thing in itself. History has proved that it is something worse. It is a folly and a blunder. It is not a good business proposition. Nelson's one mistake was to tell us that our duty was to hate every Frenchman like the devil. Unless he had intended to add "for present purposes only." Our patriotic press a few years ago was urging us to "roll France in the mud." There is an old Spanish proverb which runs: "Say not, Fountain, I will never drink again of thy waters."

"Never again," is fool's talk. One hears it after every railway accident. After every shipwreck. After every war that has ever been waged. Europe will emerge from this war and the map, unless looked at very closely, will have much the same appearance that it had before. There may be one color for Poland instead of three. Alsace and Lorraine will have returned to France, and that one last corner still soiled by Turkish rule may, one hopes, have been cleaned out. The main features will remain. Ger-

many, bruised and battered, her arrogance and her bombast knocked out of her, but still alive and vigorous, will set to work to build herself anew. Ten years after peace is signed—every school-boy knows it—we shall be buying from Germany, selling to Germany. In twenty years we shall be playing tennis with them and teaching them golf, and thirty years later it is quite possible they in their turn may be our allies.

This song of hate does not suit the English voice. Our soldiers make fun of it; the only manly thing to do. Hatred during war time may be necessary to a few poor creatures incapable of fighting for love of country. But now that the end of the contest is coming into sight it will be well to get rid of it. There is, we are told, "a time to love and a time to hate: a time of war and a time of peace." It will be well when we lay aside the sword to be prepared to lay aside our hate. It may in some quarters be considered bad taste. But in this matter I would personally rather listen to the voice of Edith Cavell than to the most strident speakers of the anti-German league. Edith Cavell did a fine thing when she laid down her life for her country. There are many who do that. Poor, feeble, evil men and women have done that. Hundreds of our nameless lads do it every day.

The finest thing she did, not only for her country but for the men and women of all lands, was when she put aside all hatred, all bitterness.

"Standing as I do in view of God and eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness toward any one."

We, too, are standing before God and eternity, and His judgment is awaiting us. For us, too, patriotism is not enough. Our victory must be not only over the Germans but over ourselves. We must have no hatred, no bitterness.

By no other means will peace be "conclusive."

Spiritual Effects of the War

By the Rev. R. J. Campbell

Minister of the City Temple, London

The interesting passages printed below contain the substance of a long article by the noted minister of the City Temple which appeared in *The British Weekly* of Jan. 13, 1916:

TAKEN on the whole, we have been living for wrong values and are now paying the price. As the great German thinker, Rudolf Eucken, kept on telling us for years and years before the war began, civilization had got into a cul de sac; we had fallen into the habit of looking for all our good on the outside of life. Men tend to become like their pursuits, and the ordinary man of the western world had become so wrapped up in considerations of material good as to be gradually rendering himself incapable of imagining or desiring any other kind of good. (By the way, one of the saddest disappointments to me, as to many others, in connection with the war, is the fact that Eucken has now gone right over to the Prussian militaristic side and denounces England as the main cause of the outbreak of hostilities and the friend of barbarism as opposed to enlightenment. Well, well!)

If there were one country more than another of which his indictment was true it was Germany, but we were all more or less tarred with the same brush, and now we are finding it out. If you had asked a Greek statesman in, say, the days of Pericles what civilization was for, what the object of statesmanship was, he would have told you at once, to make good citizens. If you were to ask any European statesman the same question today, he would have no answer unless it were to say that getting the greatest amount possible of comfort, ease, and abundance were what was aimed at.

For the moment, or so it would seem, the nations are wistfully taking account of the eternal once more. How much this means we cannot yet be sure; it may mean a return to the time-honored observances of the Christian faith, and it may not.

Ours is not the only country that is feeling it. Perhaps I may be permitted to insert here an extract from a private letter I wrote home to the correspondent in question: "Last night in a French restaurant I picked up a copy of the *Echo de Paris*, one of the best-known daily newspapers in France. In the most conspicuous position on the front page I found an article beginning thus: 'Sometimes one hears the question asked, Do you truly believe that after the war France will be changed? Assuredly I believe it, and, indeed, she is changed already.' The leader writer goes on to enlarge upon this at length, and includes in his article a letter from a French soldier, written from the trenches to some friend or preceptor—perhaps a priest; I do not know. Here is a paragraph from it:

"I have lived without faith. I was raised without religion. I am not baptized. I was married outside the Church. This cannot continue. I have recourse to you to guide me and help me apply a remedy to this disorder. I mistrust myself, knowing the force of habit and of liberal sophisms. Understand me: It is not merely the formality of the act of baptism that matters. It is the inward order. I need discipline, I need to join a secular organization, to serve. I believe it is my duty as a man and a Frenchman, you see."

Remember that this letter and the article incorporating it constitute the chief editorial in a prominent daily paper in France, and those who read these words can judge for themselves what is happening to the soul of the nation.

The renaissance of faith in France is not wholly caused by the war, however, as I can myself testify. In the early part of 1914, just before Lent began, I happened to be in Rouen, and found the cathedral crammed to the doors with men of all social grades, night after

night, for the holding of conferences on the person and work of our Lord Jesus Christ. There was no service; the altar was unlighted; there were only two priests present, and these did not seem to be doing more than giving a start to the proceedings; the rest was in the hands of the men themselves. I was told it was the same, more or less, all over the country, Paris not excepted. What a change from the aggressive atheism which controlled the statecraft and the public opinion of a few years before!

The trials and sufferings consequent upon the war are helping to intensify it in spite of the deep disappointment, and even bitterness, engendered by the pro-Germanism or, to say the least, moral supineness of the Vatican in face of German atrocities and flagrant breaches of international good faith. The churches are full, fuller than in England, so far as one could judge—perhaps not fuller than on Sundays, but day by day throughout the week. Pathetic streams of people are ever passing in and out, coming to pray in silence before the altar for those dear to them, and then going back to their daily toil.

As to our own soldiers in the same territory opinions differ. I can but de-

scribe them as I found them. It was a strange experience to take church parade in camp, or, better still, an ordinary evening service in one of the numerous large huts erected within the war zone, and compare it with what used to be in the old days. The psychological atmosphere was very remarkable, especially in the case of men who had been in the trenches. There was an intensity, an eagerness to hear, a reverence and responsiveness not usual, I should imagine, among the same class at home.

What those brave fellows wanted was to hear and ask about supersensuous realities, about God, the soul, and the life to come. The last Sunday night before I came away was wet and stormy, and I had to drive about ten miles to conduct evening prayer and give an address at a certain camp. I thought nobody would be there, but the place was crammed from end to end. I wonder if many London churches were equally full at the same hour; I doubt it. And would these same soldiers to a man have been found in church a year and a half ago? I doubt it still more. Life takes on a new perspective for those who are looking death in the face day after day, and doing it not for themselves, but for the land they love and a cause greater still.

Belgium's Unconquerable Spirit

Declaring that Belgium would never make a separate peace with Germany, Alfred Lemonnier, editor of Indépendance Belge, the mouthpiece of Belgians in London, added in an interview cabled to New York on Jan. 24:

Germany has compelled Belgium, through the Société Générale, to give assurance that all of this \$240,000,000 of tribute will be paid, and has taken home Belgium's wealthiest men as hostages. She will find that Belgium will exact full retribution for this when the day of reckoning is at hand.

Thanks to the noble generosity of America, the Belgians left in the conquered territory are being fed. England's hospitality enabled 200,000 Belgian refugees to find homes and occupation here. Nearly every one of the Belgians in England is working either in munition factories at pay averaging \$10 a week, or has work in households or relief work at substantial pay. Belgium has 160,000 men on the fighting line in the small strip of her country which has not been invaded. These men are going to hold the line, with the help of the Allies, until the day of peace, unless in the meantime they happily succeed in driving the enemy out.

The outlook is not hopeless for Belgium. With unconquerable spirit she will stick to the battle, no matter what alluring offers may come from Germany. With other belligerents, Belgium believes in her heart that the war must not end until Germany is beaten down. Europe is unsafe until Prussianism is crushed, and Belgium is in the fight to help do it.

The Famous St. Mihiel Salient

By Richard Harding Davis

In this article the well-known American author tells of a visit to a French trench dug deep in a chalk mine, and describes the German position, the holding of which has cost thousands of lives.

PARIS, Jan. 18, 1916.

WE left the white swans smoothing their feathers, and through rain drove to a hill covered closely with small trees. The trees were small because the soil from which they drew sustenance was only one to three feet deep. Beneath that was chalk. Through these woods was cut a runway for a toy railroad. It possessed the narrowest of narrow gauges, and its rolling stock consisted of flat cars three feet wide, drawn by splendid Percherons. The live stock, the rolling stock, the tracks and the trees on either side of the tracks were entirely covered with white clay.

The French Marquis who guided "Mon Capitaine" and myself to the trenches either had built this railroad, or owned a controlling interest in it, for he always spoke of it proudly as "my express," "my special train," "my petite vitesse." He had lately been in America buying cavalry horses. Concerning them he has a most intimate knowledge, as for years he has owned one of the famous racing stables in France. The last time I had seen him he was in silk, mounted on one of his own thoroughbreds, and the crowd, or that part of it that had backed his horse, was applauding him; and, while he waited for permission to dismount, he was smiling and laughing happily. Yesterday, when the plow horses pulled his express train off the rails, he descended and pushed it back, and, in consequence, was splashed, not by the mud of the race track but of the trenches. Nor in the misty, dripping, rainsoaked forest was there any one to applaud him. But he was still smiling and laughing, even more happily.

The trenches were dug around what had been a chalk mine, and it was difficult to tell where the mining for profit

had stopped and the excavations for defense began. When you can see only chalk at your feet and chalk on either hand, and overhead the empty sky, this ignorance may be excused. In the boyaux, which began where the railroad stopped, that was our position. We walked through an endless grave with walls of clay, on top of which was a scant foot of earth. It looked like a layer of chocolate on the top of a cake.

In some places, under foot was a coruroy path of sticks, like the false bottom of a rowboat, in others we splashed through open sluices of clay and rain water. You slid and skidded, and to hold yourself erect pressed with each hand against the wet walls of the endless grave.

We came out upon the "Hauts de Meuse." They are called also the "Shores of Lorraine," because to that province, as are the cliffs of Dover to the County of Kent, they are a natural barrier. We were in the quarry that had been cut into the top of the heights on the side that now faces other heights held by the enemy. Behind us rose a sheer wall of chalk as high as a five-story building. The face of it had been pounded by shells. It was as undismayed as the whitewashed wall of a schoolroom at which generations of small boys have flung impertinent spit balls. At the edge of the quarry the floor was dug deeper, leaving a wall between it and the enemy, and behind this wall were the posts of observation, the nests of the machine guns, the raised step to which the men spring when repulsing an attack. Below and back of them were the shelters into which, during a bombardment, they disappear. They were roofed with great beams, on top of which were bags of cement piled three and four yards high.

Not on account of the sleet and fog,

but in spite of them, the aspect of the place was grim and forbidding. You did not see, as at some of the other fronts, on the sign boards that guide the men through the maze jokes and nicknames. The mess huts and sleeping caves bore no such ironic titles as the *Petit Café*, the *Anti-Boche*, *Chez Maxim*. They were designated only by numerals, businesslike and brief. It was no place for humor. The monuments to the dead were too much in evidence. On every front the men rise and lie down with death, but on no other front had I found them living so close to the graves of their former comrades. Where a man had fallen, there had he been buried, and on every hand you saw between the chalk huts, at the mouths of the pits or raised high in a niche, a pile of stones, a cross, and a soldier's cap. Where one officer had fallen his men had built to his memory a mausoleum. It is also a shelter into which, when the shells come, they dive for safety. So that even in death he still protects them.

I was invited into a post of observation and told to make my entrance quickly. In order to exist, a post of observation must continue to look to the enemy only like part of the wall of earth that faces him. If through its apparently solid front there flashes, even for an instant, a ray of sunlight, he knows that the ray comes through a peephole, and that behind the peephole men with field glasses are watching him. And with his shells he hammers the post of observation into a shambles. Accordingly, when you enter one, it is etiquette not to keep the door open any longer than is necessary to squeeze past it. As a rule, the door is a curtain of sacking, but hands and bodies coated with clay, by brushing against it, have made it quite opaque.

The post was as small as a chart room, and the light came only through the peepholes. You got a glimpse of a rack of rifles, of shadowy figures that made way for you, and of your Captain speaking in a whisper. When you put your eyes to the peephole it was like looking at a photograph through a stereoscope. But, instead of seeing the lake of Geneva, the Houses of Parliament, or

Niagara Falls, you looked across a rain driven valley of mud, on the opposite side of which was a hill.

Here the reader kindly will imagine three stickfuls of printed matter devoted to that hill. It was an extremely interesting hill, but my Captain, who also is my censor, decides that what I wrote was entirely too interesting, especially to Germans. So the hill is "strafed." He says I can begin again vaguely with "Over there."

"Over there," said the voice in the darkness, "is St. Mihiel."

For more than a year you had read of St. Mihiel. Communiqués, maps, illustrations had made it famous and familiar. It was the town that gave a name to the German salient, to the point thrust in advance of what should be his front. You expected to see an isolated hill, a promontory, some position of such strategic value as would explain why for St. Mihiel the lives of thousands of Germans had been thrown like dice upon a board. But except for the obstinacy of the German mind, or, upon the part of the Crown Prince, the lack of it, I could find no explanation. Why the German wants to hold St. Mihiel, why he ever tried to hold it, why if it so pleases him he should not continue to hold it until his whole line is driven across the border, is difficult to understand. For him it is certainly an expensive position. It lengthens his lines of communication and increases his need of transport. It eats up men, eats up rations, eats up priceless ammunition, and it leads to nowhere, enfilades no position, threatens no one. It is like an ill-mannered boy sticking out his tongue. And as ineffective.

The physical aspect of St. Mihiel is a broad sweep of meadow land cut in half by the Meuse flooding her banks and the houses of the *Ferme Mont Meuse*. On each side of the salient are the French. Across the battleground of St. Mihiel I could see their trenches facing those in which we stood. For, at St. Mihiel, instead of having the line of the enemy only in front, the German has it facing him and on both flanks. Speaking not as a military strategist but

merely as a partisan, if any German commander wants that kind of a position I would certainly make him a present of it.

The Colonel who commanded the trenches possessed an enthusiasm that was beautiful to see. He was as proud of his chalk quarry as an Admiral of his first dreadnought. He was as isolated as though cast upon a rock in midocean. Behind him was the dripping forest, in front the mud valley filled with floating fogs. At his feet in the chalk floor the shells had gouged out holes as deep as rain barrels. Other shells were liable at any moment to gouge out more holes. Three days before, when Prince Arthur of Connaught had come to tea, a shell hit outside the Colonel's private cave and smashed all the tea cups. It is extremely annoying when English royalty drops in sociably to distribute medals and sip a cup of tea to have German shells invite themselves to the party. It is a way German shells have. They push in everywhere. One invited itself to my party and got within ten feet of it. When I complained, the Colonel suggested absently it probably was not a German shell but a French mine that had gone off prematurely. He seemed to think being hit by a French mine rather than by a German shell made all the difference in the world. It nearly did.

At the moment the Colonel was greatly interested in the fact that one of his men was not carrying a mask against gases. The Colonel argued that the life of the man belonged to France, and that through laziness or indifference he had no right to risk losing it. Until this war the Colonel had commanded in Africa the regiment into which criminals are drafted as a punishment. To keep them in hand requires both imagination and the direct methods of a bucko mate on a whaler. When the Colonel was promoted to his present command he found the men did not place much confidence in the gas masks, so he filled a shelter with poisoned air, equipped a squad with protectors and ordered them to enter. They went without enthusiasm, but when they found they could move about with impunity the confidence of the entire command was gained.

The Colonel was very vigilant against these gas attacks. He had equipped the only shelter I have seen devoted solely to the preparation of defenses against them.

We learned several new facts concerning this hideous form of warfare. One was that the Germans now launch the gas most frequently at night when the men cannot see it approach, and, in consequence, before they can snap the masks into place, they are suffocated and, in great agony, die. They have learned much about the gas, but chiefly by bitter experience. Two hours after one of the attacks an officer seeking his field glasses descended into his shelter. The gas that had flooded the trenches and then floated away still lurked below. And in a moment the officer was dead. The warning was instantly flashed along the trenches from the North Sea to Switzerland, and now after a gas raid the underground shelters are attacked by counterirritants and the poison driven from ambush.

I have never seen better discipline than obtained in that chalk quarry, or better spirit. There was not a single outside element to aid discipline or to inspire morale. It had all to come from within. It had all to spring from the men themselves and from the example set by their officers. The enemy fought against them, the elements fought against them, the place itself was as cheerful as a crutch. The clay climbed from their feet to their things, was ground into their uniforms, clung to their hands and hair. The rain chilled them, the wind, cold, damp, and harsh, stabbed through their great coats. Their outlook was upon graves, their resting places dark caverns, at which even a wolf would look with suspicion.

And yet they were all smiling, eager, alert. In the whole command we saw not one sullen or wistful face.

It is an old saying, "So the Colonel, so the regiment."

But the splendid spirit I saw on the heights of the Meuse is true not only of that Colonel and of that regiment, but of the whole 500 miles of trenches, and of all France.

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To the Soldiers of France

By Raymond Poincaré
President of the French Republic

President Poincaré issued the following New Year's address to the soldiers of France:

LIKE you, my noble friends, I have read with emotion the messages which the Mayors of the large cities addressed to you on New Year's Eve. The same language, with scarce a shade of difference in accent, has gone forth to you from all the French cities, and it is easy for me today to extract from these numerous witnesses the unanimous thought of the country.

Everywhere, as you have seen, there is maintained without effort that sacred solidarity which sprang to life spontaneously seventeen months ago under the threat of the enemy. How could the civil population do otherwise than follow the example of union and harmony which you are giving it? In the trenches and on the battlefield you give little thought, I believe, to the personal opinions of each other. The importunate memory of civil discords does not come to disturb the fraternity of arms which binds you one to another in the consciousness of a common danger and a common duty.

You have your eyes fixed on an ideal which constantly turns your attention away from secondary objects, and you know that your patriotic mission will permit no divided thought. While you are sacrificing yourselves thus wholly to the safety of the nation, is it not natural that those Frenchmen whose age, health, or function prevents their facing the perils and fatigues of war at your side should work, at least, to repel evil suggestions of hatred and to conserve jealously the public peace?

The Mayors of France have told you of some of the charitable enterprises born of this happy union of hearts. Most of these institutions are intended to succor you, your aged parents, your children, your wives, your wounded or im-

prisoned brothers. Even in the cities furthest from the front your image is thus continually present to all minds, centring upon the tragic realities the thoughts of those who might otherwise forget them. The mourning which has darkened so many firesides also imposes a pious obligation of reserve and gravity upon those families that are privileged to be less cruelly stricken. All French hearts are brought closer by the same trials, and there is not one of us who does not listen with respect to the manly lesson of the dead; a lesson of courage, of patience, and of good-will; a lesson of calm, of confidence, and of serenity.

You have seen passing before you the long procession of the cities and counties. You have heard their shouts. Not one discordant voice was raised. There is everywhere the same cool and thoughtful resolution to hold on, to endure, and to conquer. Everybody understands that the stake of war is formidable, and that it includes not only our dignity but our life.

Shall we be tomorrow the resigned vassals of a foreign empire? Will our industry, our commerce, our agriculture ever become tributary to a power which openly boasts of aspiring to universal domination? Or shall we safeguard our economic independence and our national autonomy? It is a terrible problem, and it admits of no half-way solution. Any peace that shall come to us in a suspicious form and with equivocal words, any peace that offers us squinting concessions and bastard combinations, will bring us, under its deceptive appearances, only dishonor, ruin, and slavery. The free and pure genius of our race, our most venerated traditions, our most cherished ideas, our most delicate tastes, the interests of our fellow-citizens, the fortune of our land, the soul of our country, all that our ancestors have bequeathed us, all that belongs to us, all that constitutes our very selves would be

the prey of German brutality. Who, then, would wish, by impatience or by weariness, to sell thus to Germany the past and future of France?

Yes, truly, the war is long, and harsh, and bloody. But think how much future suffering is avoided by our present sufferings. No Frenchman wished for this war; none would have committed the crime of wishing it. Every Government that has ruled in France since 1871 has tried to avoid it. Now that it has been declared in spite of us, we owe it to ourselves to carry it through, with our faithful allies, to victory, to the annihilation of German militarism and the total restoration of France. To let ourselves fall even into a momentary weakness would be to betray posterity and show ourselves ingrates toward our dead.

Is not obstinate perseverance in the will to conquer, then, the surest means of victory? In the war which you are waging so bravely in France, in Belgium, and in the Orient, the rôle of destructive en-

gines has taken on an essential importance, and the imperative duty of the public authorities is to furnish you daily with more powerful weapons and more abundant munitions. But moral force, too, is an element that is mistress of final success. The nation that is conquered will not necessarily be the one that shall have endured the greatest losses, or that shall have undergone the most miseries: it will be the one that grows weary first.

We are not going to grow weary. France has confidence because you are there. How often have I heard your officers say: "Never, in any age, have we had a finer army. Never have men been better trained, braver, more heroic than ours!" Everywhere that I have seen you I have felt myself tremble with admiration and hope. You will conquer. The year now opening will bring you, my friends, the pride of finishing the defeat of the enemy, the joy of returning to your homes, and the sweetness of celebrating the victory there amid those you love.

Proclamations of Two Emperors

THE CZAR

The Russian Emperor's New Year order to his armies, issued Jan. 14, (Jan. 1, old style,) was as follows:

THE year 1915 has passed full of acts of self-sacrifice by my glorious forces. In the hard struggle with an enemy, strong in numbers and rich in all resources, they have harassed him and have checked his invasion, their breasts forming an invincible protecting shield of the fatherland.

On the threshold of the new year, 1916, I send you my greetings, my brave warriors. In heart and thought I am with you fighting in the trenches, imploring the aid of the Most High upon your work, valor, and courage.

Bear in mind that without decisive victory over the foe our beloved Russia is not in a position to secure her independence and the right to profit by her toil or to develop her natural wealth. Therefore possess yourselves thoroughly of the conviction that without victory

there can not be and there will not be peace. Whatsoever toils and sacrifices it may cost us, we must give victory to our country.

I had occasion recently to greet certain regiments on the fields of Molo-dechno and Wileika, famous for the battles in September. I then felt the warm heart, the high spirit, the firm determination of all to do their sacred duty in defense of their country.

I enter on the new year believing strongly in the grace of God, in the moral power, unshakable resolution, and fidelity of the whole Russian Nation, and in the martial valor of my army and navy.

THE KAISER

Proclamation by the German Emperor, General Headquarters, Jan. 12, 1916:

For the second time I shall celebrate my birthday amid the clash of arms. In spite of the heroic deeds and glorious successes of the German and allied powers, the great struggle for existence imposed upon us by the envy and the hatred

of the great powers is not yet at an end. The heart, the mind, and the strength of the German people at the front and at home must be concentrated on the one great aim, namely, to secure final victory and a peace which will permanently safeguard the Fatherland as far as is humanly possible against a repetition of hostile attacks.

I therefore beg all this year, as last, on the occasion of my birthday, to abstain from the customary festivities and demonstrations, and to confine themselves to loyal prayers. Whoever on this day

feels himself compelled to give further special expression of friendly sentiments may do so by making charitable gifts to heal the scars of war. All may be sure of my warmest thanks.

May the Lord God be further with us and our arms. May He accept the heavy sacrifices which have been joyfully offered on the altar of the Fatherland in order to strengthen the firm structure of the empire and to secure a happy future for the German people.

I request you to bring this proclamation to the knowledge of the public.

The Sultan's Parliamentary Address

The Ottoman Parliament was called together in regular session Nov. 14, 1915. The Sultan delivered the manuscript of his speech to the Grand Vizier, who, after having kissed the document, passed it to the First Secretary of the Sultan, Ali Fuat Bey, who read as follows:

THE events which have happened since the 19th of December, 1914, glory be given to the Almighty, have realized the wishes expressed in my imperial address, read on that day, in the same way as they justified the hope which I expressed, namely, that these events would assure the salvation and the happiness of the Moslem world and of the Ottomans.

The tremendous onslaughts which have been directed by the land and sea forces of the British and French against the Dardanelles and the Gallipoli Peninsula, in order to make it easier for the Russians to invade Constantinople, for the possession of which they have been striving for the past two and a half centuries, have been repulsed by the resistance, the bravery, and the absolute self-denial of the Ottoman army and navy, whose courage has won the admiration of the whole world. Our foes suffered colossal and tremendous losses, and their defeat has given us the assurance that the road to Constantinople is unpassable, while it forced our proud enemies to seek the help of the Balkan States. This defeat has helped to disclose all the machinations of our enemies in the Balkans, and has been

instrumental in enabling our powerful allies to dislodge the Russian armies from the Carpathians, from Galicia, and from Poland; to destroy the strong fortresses of our secular enemy, and to nullify all the hopes which the Triple Entente had placed on the Russian troops.

In kneeling gratefully before the All-Powerful, Who gave the Ottoman people a chance to redeem its glory and honor, I pray Him to accept my thanks, and I pray Him also to grant victory to the other glorious soldiers of my empire, who are fighting on the frontiers of the fatherland and on the other fronts. When the glorious armies of our allies, which with indescribable bravery have taken all the fortresses of the enemy and broken the offensive power of the Russian troops, turned to the Balkans, the Bulgarian army joined them. This serious step, which transformed our triple alliance into a quadruple, will quicken the realization of the final victory, and it was to this end, namely, to facilitate and secure such a turn of the Balkan situation as would serve our interests, that we consented to rectify our frontier with our neighbors. The treaty covering this change will be submitted to your approval.

I pray the Almighty to grant success to the laudable effort displayed by you for the salvation of the country, and I declare this session of Parliament open.

America's Perils and Defenses

By Woodrow Wilson
President of the United States

At the end of January the President made a tour of the Middle West to present the urgent need of military preparedness to the people in a series of public addresses. Beginning in New York and ending at St. Louis, he addressed large and attentive audiences in a dozen cities, speaking always extemporaneously, yet with a facility and power that attracted world-wide attention. The substance of the whole series is typified in the portions herewith reproduced.

[From the Cleveland Speech.]

THE times are such, gentlemen, that it is necessary that we should take common counsel together regarding them. I suppose that this country has never found itself before in so singular a position. The present situation of the world would, only a twelve-month ago, even after the European war had started, have seemed incredible, and yet now the things that no man anticipated have happened. The titanic struggle continues. The difficulties of the world's affairs accumulate.

What are the elements of the case? In the first place, and most obviously, two-thirds of the world is at war. It is not merely a European struggle; nations in the Orient have become involved as well as nations in the West, and everywhere there seems to be creeping, even upon the nations disengaged, the spirit and the threat of war.

All the world outside of America is on fire. Do you wonder that men's imaginations take color from the situation? Do you wonder that there is a great reaction against war? Do you wonder that the passion for peace grows stronger as the spectacle grows more tremendous and more overwhelming?

And do you wonder, on the other hand, that men's sympathies become deeply engaged on the one side or the other? For no small things are happening. This is a struggle which will determine the history of the world, I dare say, for more than a century to come. The world will never be the same again after this war is over. The change may be for weal or it may be for woe, but it will be *fundamental and tremendous*.

And in the meantime, we, the people of the United States, are the one great disengaged power, the one neutral power, finding it a little difficult to be neutral, because, like men everywhere else, we are human; we have the deep passions of mankind in us; we have sympathies that are as easily stirred as the sympathies of any other people; we have interests which we see being drawn slowly into the maelstrom of this tremendous upheaval.

And all the while the nations themselves that were engaged seemed to be looking to us for some sort of action, not hostile, but sympathetic. Hardly a single thing has occurred in Europe which has in any degree shocked the sensibilities of mankind that the Government of the United States has not been called upon by the one side or the other to protest and intervene with its moral influence, if not with its physical force. So that it is as if we were the great audience before whom this stupendous drama is being played out, and we are asked to comment upon the turns and crises of the plot. And not only are we the audience and challenged to be the umpire, so far as the opinion of the world is concerned, but all the while our own life touches these matters at many points of vital contact. * * *

And America has done more than care for her own people and think of her own fortunes in these great matters. She has said ever since the time of President Monroe that she was the champion of freedom and the separate sovereignty of peoples throughout the Western Hemisphere. She is trustee for those ideals, and she is pledged, deeply and permanent-

ly pledged, to keep those momentous promises.

She not only, therefore, must play her part in keeping this conflagration from spreading to the people of the United States, she must also keep this conflagration from spreading on this side of the sea. These are matters in which our very life and our whole pride are imbedded and rooted, and we can never draw back from them. * * *

The military authorities of this country have not been negligent; they have sought adequate appropriations from Congress and in most instances have obtained them, so far as we saw the work in hand that it was necessary to do. And the work that they have done in the use of these appropriations has been admirable and skillful work. Do not let anybody deceive you into supposing that the army of the United States, so far as it has had opportunity, is in any degree unworthy of your confidence.

And the navy of the United States. You have been told that it is the second in strength in the world. I am sorry to say that experts do not agree with those who tell you that. Reckoning by its actual strength, I believe it to be one of the most efficient navies in the world, but its strength ranks fourth, not second. And you must reckon with the fact that it is necessary that that should be our first arm of defense, and you ought to insist that everything should be done that it is possible for us to do to bring the navy up to an adequate standard of strength and efficiency.

Where we are lacking more, perhaps, is on land and in the number of men who are ready to fight—not the number of fighting men, but the number of men who are ready to fight. Some men are born troublesome, some men have trouble thrust upon them, and other men acquire trouble. I think I belong to the second class. But the characteristic desire of America is not that she should have a great body of men whose chief business is to fight, but a great body of men who know how to fight and are ready.

What we want is to associate in training with the army of the United States men who will volunteer for a sufficient

length of time every year to get the rudimentary acquaintance with arms, the rudimentary skill in handling them, rudimentary acquaintance with camp life, rudimentary acquaintance with military drill and discipline, and we ought to see to it that we have men of that sort in sufficient number to constitute an initial army when we need an army for the defense of the country.

We have no such body of men in the United States, except the National Guard. Now, I have a very great respect for the National Guard. I have been associated with one section of that guard in one of the great States of the Union, and I know the character of the officers and the quality of the men, and I would trust them both for skill and efficiency, but the whole National Guard of the United States falls short of 120,000 men.

I believe that the Congress of the United States ought to do, and that it will do, a great deal more for the National Guard than it ever has done, and everything ought to be done to make it a model military arm; but that is not the arm that we are immediately interested in. We are interested in knowing that there are men all over the United States prepared, equipped, and ready to go out at the call of the National Government upon the shortest possible notice.

I merely want to leave you with this solemn impression that I know that we are daily treading amid the most intricate dangers, and that the dangers we are treading among are not of our making and are not under our control, and that no man in the United States knows what a single week or a single day or a single hour may bring forth. These are solemn things to say to you, but I would be unworthy of my office if I did not come out and tell you with absolute frankness just exactly what I understand the situation to be.

You have laid upon me this double obligation: "We are relying upon you, Mr. President, to keep us out of this war, but we are relying upon you, Mr. President, to keep the honor of the nation unstained."

Do you not see that a time may come

when it is impossible to do both of these things? Do you not see that if I am to guard the honor of the nation I am not protecting it against itself, for we are not going to do anything to stain the honor of our own country; I am protecting it against things that I cannot control, the action of others. And where the action of others may bring us I cannot foretell. You may count upon my part and resolution to keep you out of the war, but you must be ready if it is necessary that I should maintain your honor. That is the only thing a real man loves about himself.

Some men who are not real men love other things about themselves, but the real man believes that his honor is dearer than his life; and a nation is merely all of us put together, and the nation's honor is dearer than the nation's comfort and the nation's peace and the nation's life itself. So that we must know what we have thrown into the balance; we must know the infinite issues which are impending every day of the year, and when we go to bed at night and when we rise in the morning, and at every interval of the rush of business, we must remind ourselves that we are part of a great body politic in which are vested some of the highest hopes of the human race.

[From the Chicago Speech.]

Somebody must keep the great stable foundations of the life of nations untouched and undisturbed; somebody must keep the great economic processes of the world of business alive; somebody must see to it that we stand ready to repair the enormous damage and the incalculable losses which will ensue from this war, and which it is hardly credible could be repaired if every great nation in the world were drawn into the contest.

And do you realize how nearly it has come about that nearly every great nation in the world has been drawn in? The flames have touched even our continent by drawing in our Canadian neighbors to the north of us, and, except for the South American continent, there is not one continent upon the whole surface of the world to which this flame has not spread.

When I see some of my fellow-citizens

spread tinder where the sparks are falling I wonder what their ideal of Americanism is, and, I dare say, you realize the solemnity of the feeling with which I come to address audiences of my fellow-citizens at this time. I cannot indulge in the reckless pleasure of expressing my own private opinions and prejudices; I speak as the trustee of the nation, called upon to speak its sober judgments and not its individual opinions, and therefore it is with the feeling of this responsibility upon me that I have come to you tonight or have approached the other audiences that I have had the privilege of addressing upon this journey.

It is a very terrible thing, ladies and gentlemen, to have the honor of the United States intrusted to your keeping. It is a great honor, that honor of the United States. In it runs the blood of generations of men who have built up ideals and institutions on this side of the water intended to regenerate mankind, and any man who does violence to right, any nation that does violence to the principles of just international understanding, is doing violence to the ideals of the United States.

Now, we may have to assert these principles of right and of humanity at any time. What means are available? What force is at the disposal of the United States to assert these things? The force of opinion? Opinion, I am sorry to say, did not bring this war on, and I am afraid that opinion cannot stay its progress.

This war was brought on by rulers, not by peoples, and I thank God that there is no man in America who has the authority to bring war on without the consent of the people.

No man for many a year yet can trace the real source of this war. But this thing we know: That opinion did not bring it on, and that the force of opinion, at any rate the force of American opinion, is not going to stop it.

I would be ashamed of my intelligence if I did not understand the significance of indubitable facts, and it may be that large bodies of our fellow-citizens were resting in a false security based on an imaginary correspondence of all the

world with the conceptions under which they were themselves conducting their own lives. It is probably a fortunate circumstance, therefore, that America has been cried awake by these voices of the disturbed and reddened night, when fire sweeps sullenly from continent to continent, and it may be that in this red flame of light there will rise again that ideal figure of America holding up her hand of hope and of guidance to the people of the world, saying:

"I stand ready to counsel and to help; I stand ready to assert, whenever the flame is quieted, those infinite principles of rectitude and peace which alone can bring happiness and liberty to mankind."

[From the St. Louis Speech.]

Some of these days we shall be able to call the statesmen of the older nations to witness that it was we who kept the quiet flame of international principle burning upon its altar while the winds of passion were sweeping away every altar in the world. Some of these days they will look back with gratification upon the steadfast allegiance of the United States to those principles of action which every man loves when his temper is not upset and his judgment not disturbed.

The peace of the world, including America, depends upon the aroused passion of other nations, and not upon the motives of the nation itself, and it is for that reason that I have come to call you to a consciousness of the necessity for preparing this country for anything that might happen.

Now, here is the choice, and I don't see how any prudent man could doubt which side of the alternative to take. This is the alternative: Either we shall sit still and wait for the necessity for immediate national defense to come, and then call for raw volunteers, who probably for the first few months would be impotent as against a trained and experienced enemy, or we shall adopt the ancient American principle that the men of the country shall be made ready to take care of their own Government. You have either got to make the men of this nation, in sufficient number, ready to defend the nation against initial disaster,

or you have to take the risk of initial disaster.

Think of the cruelty, think of the stupidity, of putting raw levies of inexperienced men into the modern field of battle. We are not asking for armies; we are asking for trained citizenship which will act in the spirit of citizenship, and not in the spirit of military establishment. If anybody is afraid of a trained citizenship in America, he is afraid of the spirit of America itself. I don't want to command a great army; I want to command the confidence and support of my fellow-citizens.

Of course you will back me up and come to my assistance, if I know you. But will you come knowing what you are about, or won't you? Will you come knowing the character of the arms that you carry in your hands, knowing something of the discipline of organization, knowing something of how to take care of yourself in camp, knowing something about all those things it is necessary to know, so as not to throw human life away? It is handsome, my fellow-citizens, to sacrifice human life intelligently for something greater than life itself, but it is not handsome, for any cause whatever, to throw human life away.

The plans now laid before the Congress of the United States are merely plans not to throw the life of American youth away. Those plans are going to be adopted. I am not jealous and you are not jealous of the details. No man ought to be confident that his judgment is correct about the details. No man ought to say to any legislative body: "You must take my plan or none at all." That is arrogance and stupidity; but we have the right to insist—and I don't think it will be necessary to insist—that we will get the essential thing.

That is the principle, the system by which we can get a trained citizenship, so that, if it becomes necessary to defend the nation, the first line of defense on land will be more adequate and an intelligent line of defense. I say on land, because America apparently has never been jealous of our men if they are only at sea. And America also knows that you can't send volunteers to

sea, unless you want to send them to the bottom, too. The modern fighting ships, the modern submarine, and other instruments of modern naval warfare must be handled by experts. America has never debated or disputed that proposition, and all we are asking for is a sufficient number of experts and a sufficient number of vessels at their disposal.

Do you realize the task of the navy? Have you ever let your imagination dwell upon the enormous stretch of coast from the Canal to Alaska, from the Canal to the northern coast of Maine? There is no other navy in the world that has to cover so great an area, an area of defense, as the American Navy.

And it ought, in my judgment, to be incomparably the greatest navy in the world. But, as I say, you have never been jealous of armed forces at sea. You have been jealous of the armed force on land, and I must say that I share with you the jealousy of a great military establishment. But I have never shared any prejudice against putting arms in the hands of trained citizens,

whose interest is to defend their homes and their security and not to serve any political purpose whatever.

There is no politics in national defense, ladies and gentlemen. I should be sorry to see men of different parties differ about anything but the details of this great question, and I do not find any essential difference.

The judgment of America is not based upon sentiment, but upon fact, and I say to you that nothing has encouraged me more upon this trip than the consciousness that America is awake to the fact.

The strength of America is in that part of it which is not vocal. The voice of America is a very still, but a very powerful voice. My constant endeavor at Washington is to hear that voice, and I believe it has brought to me in unmistakable accents the resolution of this country to do whatever is necessary and essential to do in order that no man may question the honor and perfect integrity, or disregard the rights of the United States of America.

One of the Foreign Legion

By O. C. A. CHILD

So, from this cottage, when the dawn shall break,
I am to go, content, I trust, to make
My last adieu—to fall when rising sun
Flames o'er yon hill—content that I have won!

They call me spy! Well, let them have it so!
The papers that they prize—they little know
How I prepared them so they might be found,
And we might win, while I lie under ground!

And she, ah, she who rests in room above!
Fair land of France, in all your years of love,
You ne'er have made one fairer to the eye
Than my sweet bride who sleeps, unknowing, nigh.

Would it be wrong to wake her from her dreams,
For just a space, ere yet the crimson beams
Of sun shall flash their warning through the sky?
An hour's solace, ere I go to die!

Farewell, dear heart! Rare soul of living grace!
My arms shall clasp your land in last embrace—
My lips, still warm from yours, shall fondly press
The soil of France in their last long caress!

The Rights of Nations

Formal Declaration of the American Republics Regarding Violation of Neutral Territory

A new Declaration of Independence, applying the fundamental rights of man to the nations of the world, large and small, was prepared and unanimously adopted by the American Institute of International Law, assembled at Washington, D. C., Jan. 6, 1916, and was made public Jan. 23 by Dr. James Brown Scott, its President. The Institute is composed of 105 members—five from each of the twenty-one American Republics—with Secretary of State Lansing and two ex-Secretaries of State on the delegation from the United States. Of late this body has taken on an almost official character, and its latest pronouncement, though it makes no direct mention of European powers, promises to have historic interest.

After a preamble, based on the Declaration of the Independence of the United States, the text proceeds:

THE American Institute of International Law unanimously adopts at its first session, held in the City of Washington, in the United States of America, on the 6th day of January, 1916, in connection with and under the auspices of the second Pan-American Scientific Congress, the following five articles, together with the commentary thereon, to be known as the Declaration of the Rights of Nations:

I. Every nation has the right to exist and to protect and to conserve its existence; but this right neither implies the right nor justifies the act of the State to protect itself or to conserve its existence by the commission of unlawful acts against innocent and unoffending States.

This right is and is to be understood in the sense in which the right to life is understood in national law, according to which it is unlawful for a human being to take human life unless it be necessary so to do in self-defense against an unlawful attack threatening the life of the party unlawfully attacked.

In the Chinese Exclusion Case (reported in 130 United States Reports, Pages 581, 606,) decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1888, it was said that:

To preserve its independence, and give security against foreign aggression and encroachment, is the highest duty of every nation, and to attain these ends nearly all other considerations are to be subordinated. It matters not in what form such aggression and encroachment come, whether from the foreign nation acting in its national character or from vast hordes

of its people crowding in upon us. The Government, possessing the powers which are to be exercised for protection and security, is clothed with authority to determine the occasion on which the powers shall be called forth; and its determinations, so far as the subjects affected are concerned, are necessarily conclusive upon all its departments and officers.

[An English case, *Regina vs. Dudley*, also is cited.]

II. Every nation has the right to independence in the sense that it has a right to the pursuit of happiness and is free to develop itself without interference or control from other States, provided that in so doing it does not interfere with or violate the rights of other States.

III. Every nation is in law and before law the equal of every other State composing the society of nations, and all States have the right to claim, and, according to the Declaration of Independence of the United States, "to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them."

The right to equality is to be understood in the sense in which it was defined in the following passage quoted from the decision of the great English Admiralty Judge, Sir William Scott, later Lord Stowell, in the case of *The Louis*, reported in 2 Dodson's Reports, Pages 210, 243, 244,) decided in 1817:

Two principles of public law are generally recognized as fundamental. One is the perfect equality and entire independence of all distinct States. Relative magnitude creates no distinction of right.

relative imbecility, whether permanent or casual, gives no additional right to the more powerful neighbor, and any advantage seized upon that ground is mere usurpation. This is the great foundation of public law, which it mainly concerns the peace of mankind, both in their politic and private capacities, to preserve inviolate. The second is that, all nations being equal, all have an equal right to the uninterrupted use of the unappropriated parts of the ocean for their navigation. In places where no local authority exists, where the subjects of all States meet upon a footing of entire equality and independence, no one State, or any of its subjects, has a right to assume or exercise authority over the subjects of another.

[The text further cites Chief Justice Marshall's decision in the case of *The Antelope*, 1825, and the address delivered by Elihu Root, in his capacity as Secretary of State of the United States at the Pan-American conference in Rio de Janeiro, July 31, 1906, as follows:]

We wish for no victories but those of peace; for no territory except our own; for no sovereignty except the sovereignty over ourselves. We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire, and we deem the observance of that respect the chief guarantee of the weak against the oppression of the strong. We neither claim nor desire any rights, or privileges, or powers that we do not freely concede to every American republic. We wish to increase our prosperity, to expand our trade, to grow in wealth, in wisdom, and in spirit, but our conception of the true way to accomplish this is not to pull down others and profit by their ruin, but to help all friends to a common prosperity and a common growth, that we may all become greater and stronger together.

IV. Every nation has the right to territory within defined boundaries and to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over its territory, and all persons, whether native or foreign, found therein.

This right is to be understood in the sense in which it was stated by Chief Justice Marshall in the following passage of his judgment in the case of the schooner *Exchange*, (reported in 7 Cranch's Report, Pages 116, 136, 137,) decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in the year 1812:

The jurisdiction of the nation, within its own territory, is necessarily exclusive and

absolute; it is susceptible of no limitation not imposed by itself. Any restriction upon it, deriving validity from an external source, would imply a diminution of its sovereignty, to the extent of the restriction, and an investment of that sovereignty, to the same extent, in that power which could impose such restriction. All exceptions, therefore, to the full and complete power of a nation, within its own territories, must be traced up to the consent of the nation itself. They can flow from no other legitimate source.

This consent may be either express or implied. In the latter case it is less determinate, exposed more to the uncertainties of construction; but, if understood, not less obligatory. The world being composed of distinct sovereignties, possessing equal rights and equal independence, whose mutual benefit is promoted by intercourse with each other, and by an interchange of those good offices which humanity dictates and its wants require, all sovereignties have consented to a relaxation, in practice, in cases under certain peculiar circumstances, of that absolute and complete jurisdiction within their respective territories which sovereignty confers. This consent may, in some instances, be tested by common usage, and by common opinion. * * *

V. Every nation entitled to a right by the law of nations is entitled to have that right respected and protected by all other nations, for right and duty are correlative, and the right of one is the duty of all to observe.

This right is to be understood in the sense in which it was stated in the following passage from the judgment of *United States vs. Arjona*, (reported in 120 United States Reports, Pages 479, 487,) decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1886, holding that, as each nation had by international law the exclusive right to fix its standard of money, it was the duty of the United States as a member of the society of nations to protect the money of a foreign country, in this case, Colombia, from forgery:

But if the United States can require this of another, that other may require it of them, because international obligations are of necessity reciprocal in their nature. The right, if it exists at all, is given by the law of nations, and what is law for one is, under the same circumstances, law for the other. A right secured by the law of nations to a nation or its people is one the United States as the representatives of this nation are bound to protect.

Britain's Compulsory Service Law

Below is the full text of the first and only British law for compulsory military service that has been enacted since the Magna Charta insured the personal liberty of Englishmen. The bill was introduced in the House of Commons on Jan. 6, 1916. The vote on the first reading was 403 to 105; on second reading, 431 to 39, and on third reading, 483 to 36. It became a law on Jan. 27, and was put into force on Feb. 10 by proclamation of King George.

UNMARRIED MEN'S OBLIGATION

I.

1. Every male British subject, who, on the 15th day of August, 1915,

(a) Was ordinarily resident in Great Britain; and

(b) Had attained the age of 18 years and had not attained the age of 41 years; and

(c) Was unmarried or was a widower without children dependent on him; shall, unless within the exceptions set out in the First Schedule to this act, be deemed as from the appointed date to have been duly enlisted in his Majesty's regular forces for general service with the colors or in the reserve for the period of the war, and to have been forthwith transferred to the reserve.

2. The Army act (with the exception of Section 96 thereof, which relates to the claim of masters to apprentices) and the Reserve Forces acts, 1882 to 1907, and any orders and regulations made thereunder, shall apply accordingly to any man who is so deemed to have been enlisted and transferred to the reserve; and if any question arises in any legal proceeding under any of those acts, orders, or regulations whether any man is a man who is under this section deemed to have been enlisted and transferred to the reserve or not, the court may require the man to give evidence on the question, and if satisfactory evidence is not given to the contrary the man shall be deemed to have been so enlisted and transferred.

3. Provision shall be made under Section 20 of the Reserve Forces act, 1882, for information being obtained from men who are transferred to the reserve under this section as to preference for naval service in case their services are needed for that purpose.

EXEMPTED CASES

II.

1. An application may be made at any time before the appointed date to the Military Service Tribunal established under this act by or in respect of any man or class or body of men for a certificate of exemption from the provisions of this act:

(a) On the ground that it is expedient in the national interests that he or they should, instead of being employed in military service, be engaged in other work; or

(b) On the ground that the man by or in respect of whom the application is made has any person dependent on him who, if the man was called up for army service, would be without suitable means of subsistence; or

(c) On grounds of ill-health or infirmity; or

(d) On the ground of a conscientious objection to the undertaking of combatant service; and the Military Service Tribunal, if they think it just in the circumstances, may grant such a certificate.

2. Certificates of exemption from the provisions of this act may also be granted by any Government department, after consultation with the Army Council, to men, or classes or bodies of men, in the service or employment of that department, or to men or classes or bodies of men employed in any work which is certified by the department to be work of national importance, and which comes within the sphere of the department.

If any question arises whether any person or body of persons is to be treated as a Government department, or as a separate Government department, for the purpose of this provision, or whether any work comes within the sphere of one department or another, the question shall

be referred to the Treasury, and the decision of the Treasury thereon shall be final for the purpose of this section.

3. Any certificate of exemption may be absolute, conditional, or temporary, as the authority by whom it was granted think best suited to the case, and in the case of an application on conscientious grounds, may take the form of an exemption from combatant duties only.

4. The Military Service Tribunal shall be constituted in accordance with the provisions of the Second Schedule to this act, and any decision of the Military Service Tribunal shall be subject to appeal as provided in that schedule.

III.

1. A certificate of exemption may be reviewed by the authority by whom it was granted at any time on the application either of the holder of the certificate or of any person generally or specially authorized for the purpose by the Army Council, and may be withdrawn or varied if the authority are of opinion that, in the circumstances of the case, the certificate should be withdrawn or varied.

2. It shall be the duty of any man holding such a certificate, if the circumstances which led to the granting of the certificate are changed, to give notice to the authority mentioned in the certificate that the circumstances are so changed; and if he fails to do so, he shall be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding £50.

3. Where a certificate of exemption ceases to be in force owing to the withdrawal of the certificate or the failure to comply with the conditions on which the certificate was granted or the expiration of the time for which the certificate was granted, the man to whom the certificate was granted shall, as from the date on which the certificate so ceases to be in force, be deemed to have been enlisted and transferred to the reserve in the same manner as if no such certificate had been granted.

4. If for the purpose of obtaining a certificate of exemption any person makes any false statement or false representation, he shall be liable on summary conviction to imprisonment for a

term not exceeding six months with or without hard labor.

5. Where an application has been made by or in respect of any man for a certificate of exemption, he shall not be called up for service with the colors until the application has been finally disposed of.

IV.

This act may be cited as the Military Service act, 1916, and shall come into operation on such day as his Majesty may fix by proclamation, not being more than fourteen days after the passing thereof.

The appointed date for the purposes of this act shall be the twenty-first day after the day on which this act comes into operation.

FIRST SCHEDULE—EXCEPTIONS

1. Men who are resident in Great Britain for the purpose only of their education or for some other special purpose.

2. Men who are members of his Majesty's regular or reserve forces or who are members of the territorial force and liable for foreign service.

3. Men who are serving in the navy or the royal marines, or who, though not serving in the navy or royal marines, are recommended for exception by the Admiralty.

4. Men who at the date of the passing of this act were in holy orders or regular ministers of any religious denomination.

5. Men who hold a certificate of exemption under this act for the time being in force, or who have offered themselves for enlistment and been rejected since Aug. 14, 1915.

SECOND SCHEDULE—TRIBUNALS

1. There shall be a Military Service Tribunal for each local registration district under the National Registration act, 1915, in Great Britain, or for any division of any such district which may be adopted for the purpose by the registration authority of the district, consisting of such persons, not less than five and not exceeding twenty-five in number, as may be appointed for the purpose by that authority.

2. There shall be appeal tribunals, acting within such areas as his Majesty may appoint, consisting of such persons

as may be appointed for the purpose by his Majesty.

3. Tribunals may act through committees appointed by them, consisting wholly or partly of members of the tribunal.

4. There shall be a central tribunal for Great Britain, consisting of such persons as may be appointed for the purpose by his Majesty.

5. His Majesty may by Order in Council make regulations with respect to the procedure of the Military Service Tribunals, the Appeal Tribunal, and the Central Tribunal; and so far as provision is not made for procedure by those regulations, the procedure of the tribunal shall be such as may be determined by the tribunal.

APPEALS

1. Any person aggrieved by the decision of a Military Service Tribunal, and any person generally or specially authorized to appeal from the decision of that tribunal by the Army Council, may appeal against the decision of a Military Service Tribunal to the Appeal Tribunal of the area.

2. Any person aggrieved by the decision of an Appeal Tribunal, and any person generally or specially authorized to appeal from the decision of that tribunal by the Army Council, may, by leave of the Appeal Tribunal, appeal to the Central Tribunal.

The Real Danger of Conscription

By Arthur J. Balfour

In the course of a long speech for the Compulsory Service bill in the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour said:

THERE are those who say that this is the thin edge of the wedge of a system of permanent conscription. I believe that the danger is all the other way. If anybody asked me what I think the danger of the future military organization of this country is I should say that we should rely after this war too much upon the notion that we can call armies out of the ground by a wave of the wand. I am afraid that the fact that we have under the stress of these abnormal times done what no nation has ever done yet will delude us into a false security and we shall be apt to believe that when the moment of danger came a similar miracle can always be performed.

There is one other argument which I must notice which is not quite so definite, though it rather resembles the one with which I have attempted to deal. There are those who say, "If this House once indulges in the luxury of compulsion the whole spirit of militarism will grow up among our people; we shall become a nation with the same ideals as Prussia or as Prussianized Germany; we shall become a militarist nation." I think that is a wrong belief. The spirit of this peo-

ple has produced its institutions; it is not its institutions that have produced the spirit. Prussia was a militarist nation in the bad sense of the word long before universal service was introduced. Prussian historians refer with pride to Frederick the Great, and Frederick the Great's predecessors—but particularly Frederick the Great—as their very ideal of what a sovereign should be, and to Prussia under Frederick the Great as their very ideal of what the German Nation should be.

Militarism is an affair of the heart; it is an affair of the disposition of the nation. And nothing will make me believe that anything will change this country, whose traditions have been unchanged. We exaggerate the changes which have occurred; we talk of the glorious Revolution and of the great Reform bill, and all the rest of it; but we have never changed. And don't tell me that a national disposition which has lasted in this way through continuous centuries is going to be modified root and branch because a bill is brought in for England and Scotland, excluding Ireland, to deal with a promise made by the Prime Minister that married men are not to be asked to serve at the front until unmarried men, who have no reason for not serving, are compelled to do so.

Ireland's Part in the War

By John E. Redmond, M. P.

This recent utterance of the noted Irish leader goes frankly to the heart of the subject and will be read with interest by Irishmen the world over.

I HAVE long felt that if conscription in any form were passed for Great Britain, and if Ireland were excluded, Ireland's whole attitude toward this war was likely to suffer cruel and unjust misrepresentation. But the situation has arisen and we must face the facts. As I understand the situation, conscription in Ireland would be impracticable, unworkable, and impossible. Conscription, if enforced in Ireland today, or sought to be enforced, instead of leading to an increase of the number of Irishmen in the army, would in my opinion have the opposite effect. It would undoubtedly paralyze the efforts of myself and others who have worked unsparingly and not unsuccessfully since the commencement of this war, and it would play right into the hands of those—a contemptible minority among the Nationalists of Ireland—who are unsuccessfully trying to prevent recruiting and to undermine the position and power of the Irish Party because of the attitude we have taken up.

On this question of military service, Ireland has always stood in a separate and distinct position from England. I will not go back into the far past, but allow me to point out that, when the territorial system was established in this country, you refused to extend it to Ireland. The old Irish militia was practically abolished, and nothing was put in its place. In my opinion that was a grave blunder.

When Lord Derby's scheme was established in Great Britain another separate and distinct scheme was established in Ireland. It was established as the result of a conference held in the Viceregal Lodge, presided over by the Lord Lieutenant, where I had the honor of sitting in council with many of the leaders of the Unionist Party from the North of Ireland, and where we unanimously founded a scheme we all had.

At that conference the War Office took us into their confidence, and the General commanding the troops in Ireland, General Friend, told us what it was that the War Office asked Ireland to do. He said we were not asked to create any new units. He pointed out that we had from Ireland already fifty-three battalions—sixteen of the old regiments and thirty-seven of the three divisions of the new army—and he told us that all we were asked to do was to maintain those regiments at their proper strength, and that to do so from 1,000 to 1,100 men a week would have to be recruited; and he said that if that number were obtained "we shall then have a satisfactory inflow of recruits." That was the demand put before us by the War Office. So far as that is concerned, over 10,000 have been recruited. Now we have at the present moment twenty-six reserve battalions, and when we are asked for 1,100 men a week, I say that the scheme which was put on foot has been and is being successfully worked.

The Lord Lieutenant, who is the Director General of Recruiting in Ireland, said in the House of Lords about three or four days ago that it was not true to assert that the movement was a failure. The fact that recruiting is going on in a fairly satisfactory way in Ireland is proved, I think, by the letter which Sir E. Carson wrote in refusing to come with me to a recruiting meeting in Newry. He gave as his reason the following: "I have already from time to time made known in Ulster my views as to supporting our comrades at the front by keeping up the necessary reserves, and I am glad to know from the most recent reports [the letter was dated Dec. 6] that such opinions are being very patriotically replied to."

I am sure he does not want to do now what he did not want to do in his speech, and that is to draw distinctions

between one part of the country and the other.

I have endeavored to get the figures with reference to these reserve battalions, and it is a strange thing in all these matters how difficult it is for us to get from the War Office the correct figures. Although I have a list it is not a complete list, and I cannot quote it as an authoritative list, although it comes from a gentleman in high command in Ireland. I find that the Third Royal Irish Regiment in Dublin has 2,000 men; the Third Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers in Derry has 2,000 men; the Third Royal Irish Rifles in Dublin, 2,000 men; the Third Royal Irish Fusiliers at Lough Swilly, 1,600; the Third Connaught Rangers at Kinsale, about 1,600; the Third Royal Dublin Fusiliers in Cork, over 2,000; the Royal Irish Fusiliers in Belfast, 900; the Fifth Royal Irish Rifles in Belfast, 870, and the Fifth Royal Dublin Fusiliers, 1,150. The gentleman who sent me these figures sent them at the commencement of December. Recruiting has gone on ever since, and I take it for granted those numbers have been increased.

Recruiting in Ireland has really, on the whole, been very satisfactory. In the towns, in my opinion, it has been amazing. Towns, large and small, all through the country have recruited in a most satisfactory way. It is true that the agricultural parts of Ireland have not provided as many men as some people, perhaps, expected, and that remark is true of the agricultural parts in the north just as it is true of the agricultural parts in the south, and it is true of the agricultural parts in England. The truth is you can never get as large a proportion of men from the agricultural parts as you can from the towns.

I will endeavor to put this matter on what I think is a wider plane of statesmanship and common sense. The view expressed by the Chief Secretary (Mr. Birrell) the other night, in a speech full of inspiration and sound statesmanship, is the view which I think men of all parties ought to take. Remembering the very recent past, I ask any fair man if Ireland's attitude as a whole has not been something almost miraculous? I speak

not now of the valor of Irish troops in the field; I speak not now of the Irish Guards at Mons, or the Royal Irish Regiment at Ypres, or the Dublins and Munsters at "V" Beach, who, although their names were never mentioned in the official dispatch, performed an achievement which General Sir Hunter Weston, in a speech made to them the next day, told them was without parallel in the history of feats of arms. I speak not of the Munsters and Dublins at Suvla. I will not allude any further to the experiences at Suvla or to the Dublins and Inniskillings at Saloniki, where, we are told, they saved the British and French armies. I will not allude to what was done by the Leinsters, the Connaughts, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, or the Royal Irish Rifles—regiments from all parts of Ireland, and I am as proud of the Ulster regiments as I am of the Nationalist regiments.

I do not want to boast of these things. We Irishmen are inclined to take them as a matter of course. They merely keep up the tradition of the race. But I say, apart altogether from the performances of the Irish troops in the field, that Lord Kitchener's words are true—the words that he wrote to the Viceregal Conference in Dublin a couple of months ago, when he said that in the matter of recruiting, "Ireland's performance had been magnificent." Let me ask any fair-minded man this question: If five years ago any one had predicted that in a great war in which the empire was engaged that 95,000 recruits would have been raised from Ireland and that there would be 151,143 Irishmen with the colors, would he not have been looked upon as a lunatic?

Last August General Botha sent me this cablegram: "I entirely indorse your view that this victory"—he was speaking of his great victory—"is the fruit of the policy of liberty and the recognition of national rights in this part of the empire." General Botha had enormous difficulties to face, serious racial animosity and bitter national memories. Does any fair-minded man think that General Botha could have overcome the difficulties as he did if the war

broken out just after the recognition of those national rights to which he referred and before they had come into operation? And yet I honestly believe that General Botha's difficulties were in reality rather small compared with the difficulties which my colleagues and myself had to face in Ireland.

It is true that the overwhelming sentiment of the Irish people is with the empire for the first time. That fact is of incalculable value, and its value has been felt in every corner of the empire. If the sentiment of the Irish people at home had not been with you in this war, the effect would have been felt everywhere in the self-governing dominions. The result of what has happened has been that a wave of enthusiasm has stirred the heart of every man of Irish blood in every one of your dominions. I was told the other day by a gallant wounded Australian from Anzac that a large proportion—he said 20 per cent.—of the Australians and also a large proportion of the Canadians are men of Irish blood. Only a couple of days ago I received a New Year's card from the commanding officer and the other officers of a regiment just raised in Vancouver, commanded by Irishmen and composed of Irishmen. They call themselves "The Vancouver Irish Fusiliers." Then not long since in Cape Town green flags were presented by General Botha's wife—I might remind the committee that she is a member of the historic Emmet family

—to an Irish regiment raised in the Dominion where a wave of enthusiasm has filled the hearts of the men of Irish blood. That was a striking result of the action we were able to take to bring the sentiment of Ireland into line with that of the rest of the empire. This state of things is of incalculable value also in America. If any one is inclined to doubt, let him refer to the Foreign Office for information.

The other day the sovereign in a letter of good-bye and congratulation to the third and last of the Irish new divisions for the front said he was confident that they would not only maintain but add to the glorious traditions of the Irish regiments. His confidence was well founded. I say to you, "Let Ireland go her own gait in this matter." Believe, when we make professions such as we have made, that we are honest men who mean what we say. Trust to us to know the best methods of getting recruits for your army. Do not attempt to drive a people who have already gone further than yesterday you could have hoped or believed. Do not weaken the hands of men who are straining every nerve to allay suspicion and to arouse enthusiasm in this cause among their fellow-countrymen. Do not carp at or belittle Irish efforts. I believe this country may rely with confidence, until victory in this war has vindicated liberty and justice, upon the loyal support and the gallantry of the Irish race.

Kipling's Tribute to the British Navy

Rudyard Kipling closes his eloquent little book, "The Fringes of the Fleet," (Doubleday,) with this tribute to the navy of Great Britain:

The civilian only sees that the sea is a vast place, divided between wisdom and chance. He only knows that the uttermost oceans have been swept clear, and the trade routes purged, one by one, even as our armies were being convoyed along them; that there was no island nor key left unsearched on any waters that might hide an enemy's craft between the arctic circle and the Horn. He only knows that less than a day's run to the eastward of where he stands the enemy's fleets have been held for a year and three months, in order that civilization may go about its business on all our waters.



CARDINAL MERCIER

Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium
(Photo by Press Illustrating Co.)



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

Italian Poet and Dramatist, Now a Lieutenant in His Country's Navy

tained showed to be suspect, while making a genuine and honest attempt to distinguish between bona fide neutral trade and trade which, although in appearance equally innocent, was in fact carried on with the enemy country.

"For this purpose a considerable organization has been established in the Contraband Committee, which sits at the Foreign Office and works in close touch with the Admiralty, Board of Trade, and War Trade Department. Nearly every ship on her way to Scandinavian or Dutch ports comes or is sent into a British port for examination, and every item of her cargo is immediately considered in the light of all the information which has been collected from the various sources open to the Government, and which, after nearly a year and a half of war, is very considerable. Any items of cargo as to which it appears that there is a reasonable ground for suspecting an enemy destination are placed in the prize court, while articles as to the destination of which there appears to be doubt are detained pending further investigation.

"Delays caused by the elaborate exercise of the belligerent right of visit and search are very irksome to shipping; and many shipping lines who carry on regular services with Scandinavia and Holland have found it well worth their while to make agreements with his Majesty's Government under which they engage to meet our requirements with regard to goods carried by them, in return for an undertaking that their ships will be delayed for as short a time as possible for examination in British ports. Several agreements of this kind have been made; the general principle of them is that his Majesty's Government obtain the right to require any goods carried by the line, if not discharged in the British port of examination, to be either returned to this country for prize court proceedings or stored in the country of destination until the end of the war, or only handed to the consignees under

stringent guarantees that they or their products will not reach the enemy. The companies obtain the necessary power to comply with these conditions by means of a special clause inserted in all their bills of lading, and the course selected by the British authorities is determined by the nature of the goods and the circumstances of the case.

"In addition to this, some of these companies make a practice, before accepting consignments of certain goods, of inquiring whether their carriage is likely to lead to difficulties, and of refusing to carry them in cases where it is intimated that such would be the case. The control which his Majesty's Government are in a position to exercise under these agreements over goods carried on the lines in question is of very great value. * * *

"As to the results of the policy described in this memorandum, the full facts are not available. But some things are clear. It has already been shown that the export trade of Germany has been substantially destroyed. With regard to imports, it is believed that some of the most important, such as cotton, wool, and rubber, have for many months been excluded from Germany. Others, like fats and oils and dairy produce, can only be obtained there, if at all, at famine prices. All accounts, public and private, which reach his Majesty's Government agree in stating that there is considerable discontent among sections of the German population, and there appear to have been food riots in some of the larger towns. That our blockade prevents any commodities from reaching Germany is not, and, under the geographical circumstances, cannot be true. But it is already successful to a degree which good judges both here and in Germany thought absolutely impossible, and its efficiency is growing day by day. It is right to add that these results have been obtained without any serious friction with a neutral Government."



Changes in British Trade Policy

By Walter Runciman

Cabinet Minister and President of the London Board of Trade

(Portion of a speech delivered in the House of Commons Jan. 10, 1916.)

LET the House be assured we are looking ahead. We are anxious to prosecute the war with all our strength, but peace may come before some of us expect, and we must not be taken unawares.

There are some of these great questions which strike at the root of national prosperity, and in these we must ask for the co-operation of the dominions. Reference was made to the production of raw materials in this country and in the dominions. The control of metals passed years ago to Frankfort. It was Frankfort that dictated the production of metals even in our own dominions. The influence of Frankfort in Australia was so great that the Australian Government went to the extreme length on the outbreak of war of canceling by legislation every contract in which the great metal organization of Frankfort was concerned.

We have control within the British Empire of some of the most valuable metals upon which our prosperity depends. So far as these metals were concerned nothing could have been more whole-hearted than the support given to us by the dominions. At the beginning of the war we pointed out how largely we were dependent upon them. The dominions at once took the most drastic action, so that we have an abundance of manganese. Tungsten and wolfram we can get in sufficient quantities; spelter and zinc are being produced in increasing quantities every month.

We must carry further our investigations into the control of oil. We never seem to get to the bottom of that. We must see to it that the control of oil within this country or the dominions does not pass out of British hands.

In regard to shipping it is necessary that we should overhaul our position. *The important thing in this: that so far*

as our empire is concerned no privileges should be given to any foreign shipping which are not enjoyed by our own.

Heavily subsidized foreign lines ought not to have the same run of our ports as those which receive no artificial assistance.

I do not wish to see an increase of subsidies so far as we are concerned. But there are other ways of dealing with a very complex and difficult question. Why, for instance, should the great North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American liners—the Kaiser a shareholder in one and Prince Henry in the other—be allowed to originate their voyages at Hamburg or Bremen, come to the Isle of Wight and take large bodies of passengers on board, and escape all harbor dues, while, for all practical purposes, getting full advantage of Southampton Harbor, and our own liners sailing out of that port having heavy dues to pay? The mind of the Board of Trade is proceeding along the lines of remedying this state of affairs.

The Colonial Secretary was Chairman of the Cabinet Committee which recently made arrangements whereby the trading of British vessels between foreign countries was put under strict control, in order that the empire might receive the full advantage of our own merchant shipping. We may have to go further. As events change, as markets fluctuate, as the difficulty of carriage by sea becomes greater, causing a heavy rise in freights, it may be necessary to make changes, and no one would ask that, having taken a step, we should regard it as final.

We are mobilizing for imperial purposes and for the purposes of the Allies the whole economic strength of the British Empire.

While the war is on I believe we ought to do everything in our power to injure and ruin German finance.

To that end we should do everything

in our power to cripple, cramp, squeeze, and destroy her trade. We must at the same time lay the foundation for future action. A demand has been made that we should increase the number of articles on our contraband list. It is the longest contraband list the world has ever seen. The House knows that in some directions Germany has had an outlet which it was not in our power to prevent. She had for some time a certain amount of traffic in the Baltic. We have since singularly interfered with that.

Our submarines have almost stopped the supplies of ore from Scandinavia. At all events they have so diminished those supplies that the German iron works have been short of the greatest necessities of their manufacture for some months past.

There is no doubt that there is not a single neutral which does not consider itself unfairly treated. Not that that ought altogether to decide our action. Many neutrals have done fairly well out of the war. I do not believe that neutrals were ever better treated than they have been by us in this war. The leakage through Italy ceased when Italy declared war. There was a leakage through Switzerland before we came to an arrangement which has impeded the traffic, and through Holland before we came to an arrangement with the Netherland Overseas Trust. Through Scandinavia material may still be passing, but in much smaller quantities. I should be prepared without too fully outraging neutral rights to go even further in the injury of German trade.

Fortunately there are some things we can do in which neutrals can have no concern. We can prevent Germany getting a supply of wool without neutrals being aggrieved. Australia prohibited the export of wool outside the British Empire, and when, in course of time,

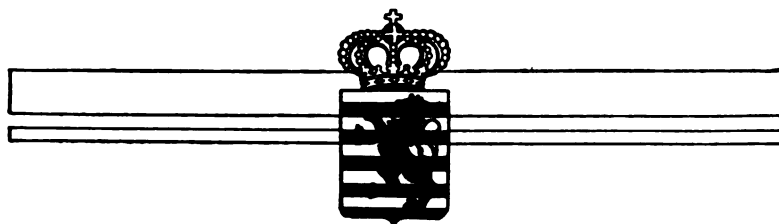
it was found that we could not consume all the merino she produced we made an arrangement whereby the surplus merino went to the United States, to a concern which did not export. Australia has throughout acted in striking harmony and enthusiasm with us. That has been extended to the wheat market as well. She took possession of her entire wheat crop, and Australian wheat is coming home in increasing quantities for ourselves and our allies. We provided her with more tonnage, and we regret that the shortage of tonnage has prevented our bringing over the whole wheat crop. Regarding frozen meat, Australia and New Zealand have said they will place every animal passing through the abattoirs at our disposal.

An economic war should be well within the range of our powers, and when ending this war we ought not to give Germany a chance of reconstructing her economic machinery. The longer she holds out the worse it will be for her.

When I said the other day that Germany was commercially a beaten nation I was described on the strength of that statement as the blindest of Englishmen. He would be blind who would say that Germany is not a commercially beaten nation. Her ships are swept off the seas, her commercial travelers in South America or in China or Ceylon are idle. The amount of goods she gets out as the war goes on will be smaller and smaller.

If Germany is not a commercially beaten nation there was never a beaten nation in this world.

And when the war comes to an end and when, beaten at sea and, I hope, beaten ashore, she may wish to embark on that new economic campaign, it is for us to see to it when making peace that she does not raise her head.



India Loyal to Britain

By Sydney Brooks

IF I were asked, as an Englishman, what incident in the war has given me the greatest and least checkered satisfaction I should answer unhesitatingly, "India, and the part she has played in it and the spontaneous, irrepressible uprising of her peoples and Princes in defense of the British Raj." We have suffered in this struggle some reverses and many disappointments. We have blundered and we have paid the penalty. But one feature of the conflict has brought us nothing but pride and a sort of wondering humility—I mean the magnificent rally of the empire as a whole and of every single section in it to the cause of a motherland which for nineteen out of every twenty British subjects is no motherland at all, but a symbol of alien rule and distant, unguessed-at power.

It is a demonstration that must have amazed and chagrined the Germans even more than it has gratified us. They did not believe that even the self-governing dominions would hold together under the shock of this or any other war. Yet Canada, Australia, and New Zealand have plunged into it with a passion and effectiveness that today are more powerful than when the trumpet first blew, eighteen months ago. And the "weak spots" of the empire, on which the German General Staff counted so confidently, have proved less weak than they looked.

I suppose few Americans have read the Parliamentary paper known as Cd 7624. Yet it is an enthralling document. If British rule in India were to come to an end tomorrow I could wish for it no nobler memorial than these few official pages recounting the offers of support tendered to the King-Emperor at the outbreak of the war by the Princes and peoples of the great dependency. They have the glow and romance of the Iliad. Reading them, one might think that the gorgeous East had summoned all its stores of chivalry and martial loyalty,

of wealth and fighting prowess, and were laying them without reserve at the feet of its Emperor. The seven hundred rulers of the native States in India offered with one accord their personal services, the resources of their principalities, their private treasures and jewels, their horses, camels, and troops, and vast sums of money for hospital ships, machine guns, aeroplanes, motor ambulances, and all the appliances and accessories of modern war that came within the reach of their ample purses.

From the Himalayas to Cape Comorin messages of loyalty and proffers of assistance poured in upon the Viceroy from thousands of religious, social, and political associations, from societies and individuals of all classes and creeds, from native meetings and native-controlled organs of local administration, and from tribe after tribe and State after State beyond the border. The Dalai Lama of Tibet placed at once 1,000 troops at the disposal of the Government, innumerable Lamas all over Tibet offered up prayers for the success of British arms, and when the news came of the conquest of German Southwest Africa flags were hoisted on all the hills around Lhasa.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that we in England summoned the native troops to fight in Flanders. It was the imperative demand of India that sent them there. Nothing less than that supreme proof and consecration of the position of India in the partnership of empire would content Indian opinion.

Great Britain accepted the Indian offer because it could not be refused, because to have declined it would have been in the circumstances an error of sentiment and statesmanship that would have chilled and humiliated every Indian under our rule. Throughout India there was but one voice and one wish. Political agitation suddenly and utterly ceased. Instead of an India of gloom, resentment, and unrest, the lightnings of the war revealed to us the great depend-

ency in a state of exuberant loyalty, and fearful only lest full advantage should not be taken of its spirit of devotion and the services it was yearning to render.

Without denying that the unrest of recent years had been genuine and deep-seated, it really looked, when the pinch came, as though India as a whole was reconciled to our rule and preferred us, with all our faults and our stupidities, to any other claimants. India, therefore, was not neutral. India was passionately partisan. With all grudges and divisions laid aside, India closed up her ranks and took her stand side by side with Great Britain as a single, thrilling unit. The spectacle made many an Englishman wonder what his country had done to deserve so moving a tribute of devotion and how it could be repaid.

British rule in India never of course rested, and never could rest, upon force. At their maximum the white troops did not amount to more than 75,000 men, while the native force stood at about 160,000. In a country of a million and a half square miles and among 300,000,000 people such a force was simply swallowed up and forgotten. As a matter of fact, millions upon millions of Indians go through life without once seeing the gleam of a British bayonet or the face of a British soldier. The absurdity of regarding them as "overawed by brute strength" needs no further demonstration than these bare figures.

The Germans and the Indian irreconcilables are perfectly right in saying that now is the golden chance to turn the British out of India. Never were we less able to hold India by force than at this moment; never would an uprising or even serious disturbances in India place us in a position of greater difficulty. And yet this precisely is the moment we have chosen to empty India of practically all the trained and seasoned British troops and of over half of the best native troops.

It sounds like madness, but it is nothing of the kind. It is the only way in which we can at once gratify the martial instinct of India and prove the sincerity

of our confidence in the disposition of the Indian multitudes. If they wish to overthrow us, they have only to combine to do so. But our belief is they have no such wish and that we can safely run risks which among a people who detested us and who were only waiting for an opportunity to rise against us we should not dare to run. That faith has been justified.

Do not imagine for a moment that because the Indian contingents have been transferred from Flanders to other and more congenial fields of action, the great experiment of employing them in a European war has failed. It has, on the contrary, been a signal success. I am not thinking merely of the stubborn part they played in stemming the German lunge at Calais or of India's contribution not alone of 200,000 trained men, but of horses, mules, and munitions. I am thinking chiefly of the very genuine sense of comradeship which has sprung up on the battlefield between the British and Indian soldiers, of the undying memories of English kindness and care which the wounded natives will carry back to India with them, and of the profound impression that has been made upon their minds by the spectacle of British power extended to its uttermost.

East and West have never come so near to meeting and understanding one another as during the past year and a half. The causes for which we British are fighting are as dear to the mind and conscience of India as they are to ourselves. Nowhere, not even in America, has Germany's treatment of Belgium aroused such an intense and instinctive repugnance as in India. Nowhere is the sanctity of pledges better appreciated, and nowhere is there a keener realization of the difference between the German and the British attitudes toward these "scraps of paper." Germany has not gained a friend, an admirer, or even an apologist in India since the war began, and the Indian Advisory Committee, which is attached to the German General Staff, might just as well not have come into existence.

Appeal of the Belgian Bishops

A Letter Unparalleled in Christian History, Addressed to the Catholic Prelates of Germany

Though this much-discussed letter of Cardinal Mercier and the Episcopate of Belgium was known to have been written last November, its full text remained unknown to the outside world until it was published at Havre on Jan. 14, 1918. It first reached the United States through the columns of The New York Evening Post. The Kaiser refused to allow it to reach the German clergy, and Cardinal Mercier recently went to Rome and sought to have it forwarded through official channels, but apparently without success.

Nov. 24, 1915.

To their Eminences the Cardinals and their Lordships the Bishops of Germany, Bavaria, and Austria-Hungary:

AS Catholic Bishops, you, the Bishops of Germany on the one hand and we, the Bishops of Belgium, France, and England on the other, have been giving for a year an unsettling example to the world.

Scarcely had the German armies trodden the soil of our country than the rumor was spread among you that our civil population was taking part in military operations; that the women of Visé and Liège were putting out your soldiers' eyes; that the populace in Antwerp and Brussels had sacked the property of expelled Germans.

In the first days of August (1914) Dom Ildefonds Herwegen, abbot of Maria Laach, sent to the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines a telegram in which he begged him, for the love of God, to protect German soldiers against the tortures which our countrymen were supposed to be inflicting on them.

Now it was notorious that our Government had taken useful measures so that every citizen might be instructed in the laws of war; in each commune, the arms of the inhabitants had to be deposited in the communal house; by posters, the population was warned that only citizens regularly enrolled under the flag were authorized to bear arms; and the clergy, anxious to aid the state in its mission, had spread, by word of mouth, by parish bulletins, by posters on church doors, the instructions given by Government.

We were habituated for a century to the rule of peace, and we had no idea that any one, in good faith, could attribute to us violent instincts. We were strong in our right and in the sincerity of our peaceful intentions; and we answered calumnies about "free shooters" and "eyes put out" with a shrug of the shoulders, since we were persuaded that the truth would be known, without delay, of itself.

The clergy and episcopate of Belgium had personal relations with numerous priests, members of religious communities, and Bishops of Germany and Austria; the Eucharistic Congresses of 1909 at Cologne and 1912 at Vienna had given them the opportunity of nearer acquaintance and mutual appreciation. So we felt assured that Catholics of the nations at war with our own would not judge us lightly; and, without troubling himself much about the contents of Dom Ildefonds's telegram, the Cardinal of Malines limited his reply to an invitation to preach gentleness toward ourselves—for, he added, "we are told that German troops are shooting innocent Belgian priests."

From the very first days of August crimes had been committed, at Battice, Visé, Berneau, Hervé, and elsewhere, but we wished to hope that they would remain isolated deeds; and, knowing the very high relations which Dom Ildefonds had, we put great confidence in the following declaration which he sent us on the 11th of August:

I am informed, at first hand, that formal orders have been given to German soldiers by the military authorities to

spare the innocent. As to the very deplorable fact that even priests have lost their lives, I allow myself to bring to your Eminence's attention that, within these last days, the dress of priests and monks has become the object of suspicion and scandal, since French spies have used the ecclesiastical costume, and even that of religious communities, to disguise their hostile intentions.

Meanwhile, the acts of hostility toward innocent populations went on.

On Aug. 18, 1914, the Bishop of Liège wrote, to Major Bayer, Governor of the City of Liège:

One after the other, several villages have been destroyed; notable persons, among whom were parish priests, have been shot; others have been arrested, and all have protested their innocence. I know the priests of my diocese; I cannot believe that a single one of them would have made himself guilty of acts of hostility toward the German soldiers. I have visited several ambulances, and I have seen German soldiers cared for in them with the same zeal as Belgians. This they themselves acknowledge.

[The entire text of the letter of the Bishop of Liège is appended to the Bishop's appeal. His protest was renewed on Aug. 21 to Gen Kolewe, who had become Military Governor of Liège; and again, on Aug. 29, to His Excellency Baron von der Goltz, Governor General of the occupied provinces of Belgium, who was lodging at that time in the Bishop's palace at Liège.]

The letter remained unanswered.

In the beginning of September, the Emperor of Germany covered with his authority the calumnious accusations of which our innocent populations were the object. He sent to Mr. Wilson, President of the United States, this telegram, which, so far as we know, has not hitherto been retracted:

The Belgian Government has publicly encouraged the civil population to take part in this war, which it had been preparing carefully for a long time. The cruelties committed in such a guerrilla war, by women and even by priests, on doctors and nurses have been such that my Generals have finally been obliged to have recourse to most rigorous methods to chastise the guilty and to prevent the sanguinary population continuing its abominable, criminal, and odious deeds. Several villages and even the City of Louvain have had to be demolished (excepting

the very beautiful Hôtel de Ville) in the interest of our defense, and for the protection of our troops. My heart bleeds when I see that such measures have been made inevitable and when I think of the numberless innocent people who have lost home and goods as a consequence of those criminal deeds.

This telegram was posted up in Belgium, by order of the German Government, on Sept. 11. The very next day, Sept. 12, the Bishop of Namur demanded to be received by the Military Governor of Namur, and protested against the reputation his Majesty the Emperor sought to give to the Belgian clergy; he affirmed the innocence of all the members of the clergy who had been shot or maltreated, and declared that he was ready himself to publish any culpable deeds which might be proved.

The offer of the Bishop of Namur was not accepted, and no answer was made to his protestation.

Thus calumny was able to pursue its course freely. The organ of the Catholic Centre rivaled the Lutheran press; and the day when thousands of our fellow-countrymen, ecclesiastics and laymen, of Visé, Aerschot, Wessemael, Herent, Louvain, and twenty other places, all as innocent of acts of war or cruelty as you and we, were taken off as prisoners and passed through the railway stations of Aix la Chapelle and Cologne, and, for mortal hours, were given over as a show to the unwholesome curiosity of the Rhenish metropolis, they had the grief to know that their Catholic brethren vomited over them just as many insults as did the Lutherans of Celle, Soltau, or Magdeburg.

Not one voice was lifted up in Germany to take the defense of the victims.

The legend which was transforming innocent into guilty persons and crime into an act of justice thus became accredited, and on May 10, 1915, the White Book—an official organ of the German Empire—dared to adopt it on its own account, and to circulate in neutral countries these odious and cowardly falsehoods:

There is no doubt that German wounded have been stripped and finished, yes, and frightfully mutilated by the Belgian population, and that even women and

young girls have taken part in such abominations. Wounded soldiers have had their eyes put out, their ears, nose, fingers, and sexual organs cut off, or their bowels opened; in other cases, German soldiers have been poisoned, hanged to trees, have had boiling liquid poured over them, and been sometimes burned, so that they have endured death in atrocious pain. Such bestial proceedings of the population not only violate obligations expressly formulated by the Geneva Convention concerning the attention and care due to the wounded of an enemy army, but they are contrary to the fundamental principles of the laws of war and humanity.

Put yourselves for a moment in our place, dear brethren in the faith and priesthood.

We know that these shameless accusations of the Imperial Government are, from one end to the other, calumnies—we know it and we swear it.

Now, your Government invokes for its justification witnesses that have been subjected to no check and to no cross-examination.

Is it not your duty, not only in charity, but in strict justice, to enlighten yourselves, to enlighten the faithful of your flocks, and to furnish us with the occasion to establish judicially our innocence?

You owe us this satisfaction in the name of Catholic charity which dominates national conflicts. You owe it to us—today—in strict justice, because a committee, covered by at least your tacit approbation, and composed of all that is most distinguished in politics and science and religion in Germany, has undertaken the patronage of the official accusations and confided to the pen of a Catholic priest, Professor A. J. Rosenberg of Paderborn, the task of condensing them in a book entitled "The Lying Accusations of French Catholics against Germany," and has thus put on the back of Catholic Germany the responsibility of the active and public propagation of the calumny against the Belgian people.

When the French book, to which German Catholics oppose their own, saw the light, their Eminences Cardinal von Hartmann, Archbishop of Cologne, and Cardinal von Bettinger, Archbishop of Munich, felt it necessary to address to their Emperor a telegram in these words:

Revolted by the defamation of the German Fatherland and its glorious army contained in the book, "The German War and Catholicism," we have the heartfelt need of expressing our sorrowful indignation to your Majesty in the name of the whole German episcopate. We shall not fail to lift up our complaint even to the Supreme Head of the Church.

Very well, Most Reverend Eminences, Venerated Colleagues of the German episcopate, in our turn, we Archbishops and Bishops of Belgium—revolted by the calumnies against our Belgian country and its glorious army, which are contained in the White Book of the empire and reproduced in the German Catholics' answer to the work published by French Catholics—we feel the need of expressing to our King, to our Government, to our army, to our country, our sorrowful indignation.

And that our protestation may not run counter to yours, without useful effect, we ask you to be willing to aid us to institute a tribunal for searching inquiry of evidence and counterevidence. In the name of your official tribunal, you will appoint as many members as you desire, and as it pleases you to choose; we will appoint as many more, three for example, one each side. And we will ask of a neutral State—Holland, Spain, Switzerland, or the United States—to appoint for us a "superarbiter" who will preside over the operations of the tribunal.

You have taken your complaints to the Sovereign Head of the Church.

It is not just that he should hear only your voice.

You will have the loyalty to aid us to make our voice heard also.

We have—you and we—an identical duty, to put before his Holiness tried documents on which he may be able to base his judgment.

You are not ignorant of the efforts we have made, one after another, to obtain from the power which occupies Belgium the constitution of a tribunal of investigation.

The Cardinal of Malines, on two occasions—Jan. 24, 1915, and Feb. 10, 1915—and the Bishop of Namur, by a letter addressed to the Military Governor of his province, April 12, 1915, both solicited the formation of a tribunal to be composed

of German and Belgian arbiters in equal number and to be presided over by a delegate from a neutral State.

Our efforts met with an obstinate refusal.

Yet the German authority was desirous to institute investigations. But it wished them to be one-sided—that is, without any judicial value.

After it had refused the investigation demanded by the Cardinal of Malines, the German authorities went into different localities where priests had been shot and peaceful citizens massacred or made prisoners, and there—on the depositions of a few witnesses taken haphazard or selected discreetly, sometimes in presence of a local authority who was ignorant of the German language and thus found himself forced to accept and sign blindly the minutes made—it believed itself authorized to come to conclusions which were afterward to be presented to the public as results of cross-examination.

The German investigation was carried out, in November, 1914, at Louvain, in such conditions. It is, therefore, devoid of any authority.

So it is natural that we should turn to you.

The court of arbitration, which the power occupying our country has refused us, you will grant us—and you will obtain from your Government the public declaration that witnesses can be cited by you and by us to tell all they know, without having to dread reprisals. Before you, under cover of your moral authority, they will feel themselves more secure and be encouraged to bear witness to what they have seen and heard; the world will have faith in the episcopate of our two nations united; our common control will give authenticity to the witness borne and will guarantee the fidelity of the report. The investigation thus carried out will be believed.

We demand this investigation, Eminences and venerated colleagues, before all else, to avenge the honor of the Belgian people. Calumnies put forth by your people and its highest representatives have violated it. And you know as well as we the adage of human, Christian, Catholic moral theology: "Without resti-

tution, no pardon." ("Non remittitur peccatum, nisi restituatur abletum.")

Your people, by the organ of political powers and of its highest moral authorities, has accused our fellow-citizens of giving themselves up to atrocities and horrors on wounded German soldiers, and particulars are given, as above cited, by the White Book and the German Catholics' manifesto. To all such accusations we oppose a formal denial—and we demand to give the proofs of the truth of our denial.

On the other hand, to justify the atrocities committed in Belgium by the German Army, the political power, by the very title it gave to its White Book—"Die Völkerrechtswidrige Führung des Belgischen Volkskriegs" ("The Violation of the Law of Nations by the War Proceedings of the Belgian People")—and the hundred Catholics who signed the book—"The German War and Catholicism: German Answer to French Attacks"—assert that the German Army found itself in Belgium in the case of legitimate defense against a treacherous organization of free-shooters.

We affirm that there was nowhere in Belgium any organization of free-shooters, and we demand in the name of our national honor, which has been calumniated, the right to give proofs of the truth of our affirmation.

You will call whom you choose before the tribunal of cross-investigation. We shall invite to appear there all the priests of parishes where civilians, priests, members of religious communities, or laymen were massacred or threatened with death to the cry, "Man hat geschossen," ("Some one has been shooting"); we shall ask all these priests to sign, if you wish it, their testimony under oath, and then, under penalty of pretending that the whole Belgian clergy is perjured, you will have to accept, and the civilized world will not be able to refuse, the conclusions of this solemn and decisive investigation.

But we add, Eminences and venerated colleagues, that you have the same interest as ourselves in this constitution of a tribunal of honor.

For, relying on our direct experience,

we know—and we affirm—that the German Army gave itself up in Belgium, in a hundred different places, to pillage and incendiarism, to imprisoning and massacres and sacrileges contrary to all justice and to all sentiment of humanity.

This we affirm, in particular, for the communes whose names figure in our pastoral letters, and in the two notes addressed by the Bishops of Namur and Liège (respectively on the 31st of October and the 1st of November, 1915,) to his Holiness Benedict XV., to his Excellency the Nuncio of Brussels, and to the Ministers or representatives of neutral countries at Brussels.

Fifty innocent priests, thousands of innocent faithful, were put to death; hundreds of others, whose lives have been preserved by circumstances independent of their persecutors' will, were put in danger of death; thousands of innocent people were made prisoners, many of them underwent months of detention, and when they were released the most minute questionings to which they had been subjected had brought out against them no evidence of guilt.

These crimes cry to heaven for vengeance.

If, when we formulate these denunciations, we calumniate the German Army, or if the military authority had just reasons to order or permit these acts, which we call criminal, it belongs to the interest and to the national honor of Germany to confound us. Just so long as German justice refuses to listen we keep the right and the duty to denounce what, in conscience, we consider a grave violation of justice and of our honor.

The Chancellor of the German Empire, in the Reichstag session of the 4th of August, declared that the invasion of Luxemburg and Belgium was "in contradiction with the prescriptions of the right of nations"; he recognized that, "by passing over the justified protests of the Governments of Luxemburg and Belgium, he was committing an injustice which he promised to repair"; and the Sovereign Pontiff, intentionally alluding to Belgium—as he had his Eminence Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State, write to M. Van den Heuvel, Belgian

Minister—pronounced in his Consistorial Allocution of Jan. 22, 1915, this irreformable judgment: "It belongs to the Roman Pontiff, whom God has established as a supreme interpreter and avenger of the eternal law, to proclaim, before all else, that none may, for any reason whatsoever, violate justice."

Yet, since that time, politicians and casuists seek to dodge or enfeeble those decisive words. In their reply to French Catholics, German Catholics engage themselves in like mean subtleties and would fain corroborate them by a fact. They have at their disposition two witnesses: one—who is anonymous—saw, so he says, on the 26th of July, French officers in conversation with Belgian officers in the Boulevard Anspach at Brussels; the other, a certain Gustave Lochard, of Rimogue, deposes that "two regiments of French dragoons, the Twenty-eighth and the Thirtieth, and one battery crossed the Belgian frontier on the 31st of July, 1914, and remained exclusively on Belgian territory during all the following week."

Now, the Belgian Government affirms that, "before the declaration of war, no French troop, no matter how small, had entered Belgium." And it adds: "There is no honest witness who can rise up against this affirmation."

The Government of our King, therefore, accuses German Catholics of asserting an error.

Here is a question of prime importance, both political and moral, on which we ought to enlighten the public conscience.

If, however, you should refuse to examine this general question, we ask you at least to check off the witness on which German Catholics have relied to decide the question against us. The deposition of this Gustave Lochard touches facts easy to control. German Catholics will wish to free themselves from the reproach of error and will make it a duty of conscience to retract the error if they have let themselves be deceived to our injury.

We are not ignorant that you have a repugnance to believe that regiments of whom, you say, you know the discipline,

the honor, the religious faith, could have given themselves up to the inhuman acts with which we reproach them. You wish to persuade yourselves that it is not so, because it cannot be so.

And, forced by evidence, we answer you—it can be so, because it is so.

In face of the fact no presumption holds.

For you as for us there is but one issue—the verification of the fact by a commission whose impartiality is and appears to all to be beyond dispute.

We have no difficulty in understanding your state of mind.

We, too, respect, believe us, the spirit of discipline and labor and faith of which we have so often had proofs and gathered testimony among your fellow-countrymen. Very numerous are those Belgians now who bitterly confess their deception. But they have lived through the sinister events of August and September. The truth has triumphed over all interior resistance. The fact can no longer be denied—Belgium has been made a martyr.

When foreigners of neutral countries—Americans, Hollanders, Swiss, Spanish—ask us of the way in which the German war has been carried on, and wish us to narrate certain scenes whose horror, in spite of ourselves, we have verified, we soften the impression, feeling how far the naked truth passes limits of probability.

Nevertheless, when you have been placed in the presence of the entire reality, when you have been able to analyze the causes, some distant, others immediate, of what one of your Generals—before the ruins of the little village of Schaffenlez-Diest—called “a tragic error”; when you hear the influences which your soldiers underwent at the moment of their entry into Belgium and in the intoxication of their first successes, the unlikelihood of the truth will appear to you, as to us, less disconcerting.

Most of all, Eminences and venerated colleagues, let not yourselves be held back by the vain pretext that an investigation would be now premature.

We might say so, indeed, because at the present hour the investigation would have to be made in circumstances un-

favorable to ourselves. Our populations, in fact, have been so profoundly terrorized, and the prospect of reprisals is still so sombre for them, that the witnesses we may call before a tribunal which would be German in part would scarcely dare to tell the truth to the end.

But decisive reasons are opposed to all dilatory procedure.

The first, that which will go straight to your hearts, is that we are the weak and you the powerful. You would not wish to abuse your strength against us.

Public opinion usually goes to him who first possesses himself of it.

Now, whereas you have all liberty to flood neutral countries with your publications, we are imprisoned and reduced to silence. Hardly are we permitted to lift up our voices inside our churches; the preaching in them is checked off, that is, parodied by paid spies; protestations of conscience are qualified revolts against public authorities; what we write is stopped at the frontier as contraband. So you alone enjoy freedom of speech, and of the pen, and if you will, in a spirit of charity and equity, procure a particle of it for Belgians who are accused and give them a chance to defend themselves, it is for you to come to their protection as soon as possible. The old law adage—“*Audiatur et altera pars*,” (“Let the other side be heard”)—is posted up, they tell us, at the doors of many German courts of law. In any case, for you as for us, it is law for the official judgments of Bishops, and doubtless, too, with you as with us, it circulates in the people’s speech under this figure—“Who hears but one bell hears but one sound.”

You will say, perhaps: “That is the past; forget it. Instead of casting oil on the fire, try rather to pardon and join your efforts with those of the power occupying your territory—for it only asks to heal the wounds of the unhappy Belgian people.”

Oh, Eminences and dear colleagues, add not irony to injustice!

Have not we suffered enough? Have we not been—are we not still—tortured cruelly enough?

It is the past; resign yourselves—forget.

The past! But all the wounds are still

bleeding! There is not an honest heart that is not swollen with indignation. While we hear our own Government saying to the face of the world, "That one is twice guilty who, after violating another's rights, tries still, audaciously and cynically, to justify himself by imputing to his victim faults which he had never committed," our own people can only by doing violence to themselves stifle words of malediction. But yesterday a countryman in the suburb of Malines learned that his son had fallen on the field of battle. A priest consoled him. And the brave man answered: "Oh, for my son, I give him to our country. But they took my eldest son, the cowards, and shot him down in a ditch!"

How do you wish us to obtain from such unfortunates, who have been made to know every torture, a sincere word of resignation and forgiveness, so long as those who have made them suffer refuse them one word of acknowledgment or repentance or promise of reparation?

Germany will not give us back the blood she has made to flow and the innocent lives her armies have mowed down; but it is in her power to make restitution to the Belgian people of their honor, which she has violated or let be violated.

This restitution we demand from you;

from you who are the first and chief representatives of Christian morals in the Church of Germany.

There is something more profoundly sad than political divisions and material disaster—it is the hatred which injustice, real or presumed, heaps up in so many hearts made to love each other. As pastors of our peoples, does it not belong to us, is there not incumbent on us, the mission to make easy the dying away of evil feeling and to re-establish on the foundation so shaken now of justice a union in charity of all children of the great Catholic family?

[The letter closes with specific citations of international laws which the German Empire is stated to have violated in Belgium, and is signed:]

D. J. CARDINAL MERCIER,
Archbishop of Malines.

ANTHONY,
Bishop of Ghent.

GUSTAVE J.,
Bishop of Bruges.

THOMAS LOUIS,
Bishop of Namur.

MARTIN HUBERT,
Bishop of Liège.

AMEDEE CROOY,
Appointed Bishop of Touraine,
Tournai.

The Sharpshooter

By FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN.

It's not so bad to kill in the dusk
Of a growling Winter day.
When a man is tired, and stiff as a husk,
It seems a merciful way
To end it all, perhaps. From my tree
Where I watch the road below,
I send pale peace—an eternity
Of peace in the pitiless snow.

"But Spring! Ah, what about Spring?" I think,
When the little leaves are green,
And buds hold dew for the birds to drink,
Then—when I have to lean
Against white blossoms and blaze away
At a lad with the sun on his hair,
And red in his cheek from the kiss of May,
God! but it won't seem fair!

Belgium's Protest on New Tax

In the last week of January, 1916, a communication from the Belgian Government was laid before the State Department at Washington by Emanuel Havenith, the Belgian Minister, accusing the German conquerors of illegal exactions in their taxation program for 1916. It stated that a new tax had been added to that of \$96,000,000 levied in 1915, calling for a total of \$192,000,000 in 1916. The main portions of the text are given below.

BY an order issued Nov. 8-10, 1915, the German Governor General of Belgium has decided, by alleged authorization of Article 49 of The Hague Convention in regard to the laws and customs of war on land, to impose upon the Belgian people henceforth, until further orders, a war tax of 40,000,000 francs (about \$8,000,000) per month, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the army and of the civil administration of the occupied territory. The tax is imposed upon the nine provinces of Belgium which are held jointly and severally responsible for the sum.

The effect of this increase is to compel Belgium to make monthly payments of 40,000,000 francs (rate of \$96,000,000 per annum) after having already paid one first tax of 480,000,000 francs, (\$96,000,000.) This new and supplemental tax has been imposed in spite of the fact that the first tax was agreed to by the provinces only after the Governor General, on Dec. 31, 1914, had given a formal declaration and assurance that no additional taxes would be imposed.

In order to clothe this act with an appearance of legality, Baron von Bissing invokes Article 49 of the Fourth Hague Convention, which reads:

"If in addition to the taxes mentioned in the above article the occupant levies other money contributions in the occupied territory, this shall only be for the needs of the army or of the administration of the territory in question."

The tax of 40,000,000 francs per month does not (as alleged by General von Bissing) cover partly costs of civil administration and partly maintenance of the army. The Belgians continue to pay their contributions as formerly, and these are sufficiently large for the needs of the administration of the country. We know, in fact, from an article in the Frankfort Gazette of Nov. 11, that "the

annual expenses of the German administration in Belgium are fixed at 4,500,000 marks, a figure manifestly exaggerated, without counting the cost of military occupation, which is covered by the monthly contribution of 40,000,000 francs."

This extraordinary contribution, according to the avowal of the Germans themselves, is, therefore, intended exclusively for the army of occupation.

The order of General von Bissing imposes upon our country a charge disproportionate to its present resources, and, consequently, it is in contravention of Articles 46 and 52 of this same convention. Indeed, the tax in question, because of its exorbitant rate, is in the nature of veritable spoliation. It represents an annual amount twenty times the amount of the taxes and contributions levied by the nine provinces in times of peace, and, instead of supply replacing, extraordinary contributions and requisitions, it has been increased so that within two years it has reached the amount of a billion.

The tax is all the more excessive in view of the fact that the war has caused a particularly severe crisis in the financial and industrial life of the Belgian people. The German military occupation during the last fifteen months has entirely prevented all foreign trade, has paralyzed industrial activity, and has reduced the majority of the laboring classes to enforced idleness.

The impoverished Belgian population whom Germany has unjustly attacked, upon whom she has brought want and distress, who have been barely saved from starvation by the importation of food which Germany should have provided—upon this population Germany now imposes a new tax, equal in amount to the enormous tax she has already imposed and is regularly collecting.



War Service of German Industries

By Dr. Walter Rathenau.

How German industry has been enabled to meet the enormous demands laid upon it by the war, and what it is planning for the future, is summed up in this address delivered by Dr. Walter Rathenau, head of the General Electric Company of Germany, at a recent meeting of the company in Berlin.

IN no former period was the worth of the principles upon which the system of the financial balancing of our great companies is based proved so clearly as it has been during the time through which we are passing. What is the kernel of the problem which the English, French, and Russians cannot solve and which we overcome without meeting any resistance? On the one side is the organization of our raw materials, which were pressed into the service of the war establishment, and on the other is the unparalleled elasticity of our industry itself. What is the expression of this elasticity?

All at once the factory is confronted with the task of manufacturing new articles which will entail the expenditure of millions. If the war is soon over, the money is lost, and then we shall be glad to lose it. In order to make a decision possible two things are necessary, technical ability—and in the case of our companies and their employes this is more abundant than in any other nation—and capital. Shall an important part of the invested capital be risked in a business the outcome of which no one can predict and which may end in an entire loss, in a moderate profit, or in a substantial gain? This is the question that is bound to cause real anxiety at every stockholders' meeting.

The fact that the great German stock companies have been, and are, able to devote enormous sums to the carrying on of the war is due to their having a free hand in drawing upon their reserves and even upon their passive reserves. If any justification of the policy of establishing a passive reserve ever were necessary, it has been found in this case. We have accepted the war orders, not to enrich ourselves, but partly to replace our lost

resources. We would not have been able to do this upon such a big scale if we had not had at our disposal the means laid up as the result of a careful policy of dividend distribution extending over many years.

And we shall need these means again when the task of transforming our present activities to those of peace confronts us.

The internal strength of German business enterprises contains the secret of our industrial services. The power of the German stock companies is a mighty factor in this war. Our task is to preserve it.

How this power was to be created was shown by my father in the case of this company in the emphasis laid by him upon the policy of caution, the results of which are now apparent. The creative ability of our industries is responsible to a large degree for our unshaken confidence of victory.

We all approve of the tax on war profits because no one should enrich himself through the war. During the war, when thousands are laying down their lives and other thousands sacrificing their property, comes the time for retrenchment, reflection, and renunciation. Nevertheless, the fiscal screw should not be turned too far. The strength of our industry depends upon bold enterprise, and the confidence of this daring spirit in the future should not be diminished too much.

A year ago we spoke of the transformations necessary in order to make the accomplishment of the tasks of war possible. After sixteen months of war we conclude that a no less important change will be necessary to render industry, which is now executing the tasks of war on a gigantic scale, once more

which has been and will be a hard school of social and political economy for us, also became our school of industrial economics. We have learned a great deal which we hope to make use of in time of peace. For sixteen months we have been living on our home industry. This has taught us that there is a new way to manage with both capital and material. It is to be hoped that, above all, the lessons of financial management will not be forgotten in time of peace.

Today we are all carrying on business with a smaller working capital than formerly. We also get along with a limited amount of material. This is due to the fact that goods circulate faster, that more cash sales are made, and that extensive stocks, containing hundreds and hundreds of qualities and shades, are no longer carried. This lesson should be taken to heart by everybody in the empire. The working capital of Germany could be reduced permanently to an enormous extent if this system of quicker payment, more rapid circulation, and limitation of stocks is to be retained, and if the capricious individualism in placing orders that burden the market with an exaggerated variety of goods and a surplus of designs is to disappear. Then the billions of dead working capital could be dispensed with.

Again I refer to the lessons of the war. The greatest danger that we faced was that of a lack of raw materials. That we never could be conquered in a military

sense and that a country which produced more than 80 per cent. of its food itself could not be starved out we knew. But that in this country, almost completely blockaded, we could nevertheless live, work, equip ourselves, and carry on the war we did not know. Now we do know it.

Our organization of raw materials has been completed and has proved successful. To this may be attributed the constant progress being made in the substitution of imported raw materials by the domestic product. And these experiences will benefit our industries in time of peace by further intensifying our economic life, that is, by further developing original material, and German original material at that, thus making our system of producing goods stronger and more independent.

Germany faces peace with the same ardent and cheerful consciousness with which she went to war. The words spoken in the Reichstag yesterday are echoed in our hearts. Germany, like all sentient humanity, wishes peace. But we want no other peace than one which guarantees our honor, security, and power.

Our industry is stronger than ever before and is better prepared than at any other time to go to any extreme to prove that it is just as unconquerable as our power of defense. We have the will and the strength for waiting as well as for action.

A German View of English Compulsory Service

[Paul Harms in the Berliner Tageblatt.]

In England there is no talk of universal service. The word "duty" does not occur in the whole discussion, and people speak only of "compulsion." England has by no means come to the point at which one could think of adopting the great idea that every able-bodied citizen owes the State one death. They are thinking not at all about universal service, but only of compulsory recruiting. There is to be an end of universal voluntaryism, and a start is to be made upon a road at the end of which it is possible that universal service will be found. What is certain is that where the road begins stands the creation of dual law and dual duties, and what may happen in thirty or fifty or one hundred years concerns us less at the present moment.

French War Finances

A French financier gave the following clear and optimistic statement of his Government's financial status to the Paris correspondent of The London Morning Post on Jan. 7, 1916:

CONSIDER first the debtor side of the position. France has her troops holding the bulk of her own borders; she has had one expeditionary force at Gallipoli; she has another in being in Saloniki; she has sent assistance to Serbia; all through the war her fleet has kept the seas, co-operating with the Allies; she has had large portions of her richest territory invaded by the enemy. Speaking in figures, I am betraying no secret when I state that France month by month is now paying out in money the enormous sum of 2,400,000,000 francs, (£96,000,000,) or 80,000,000 francs a day. In the year that has elapsed between Dec. 31, 1914, and December, 1915, France, however, has only increased her indebtedness to the Bank of France by £52,000,000. In fact, if you care to visualize the situation by a simple illustration, France has only incurred an indebtedness from her final source of an amount corresponding to that which the individual incurs during a fortnightly holiday each year.

The analogy must not, of course, be pressed, but it is worth emphasizing that whereas in December, 1914, the State owed the Bank of France £148,000,000, in December, 1915, the amount of indebtedness had only increased to £200,000,000. In other words, the State has hardly had to appeal to the Bank for help in financing the war. At the same time the situation of the Bank itself is extremely healthy. In round figures, it holds at the present moment five milliards of gold, (£200,000,000,) three hundred millions of silver, (£12,000,000,) and thirteen milliards of notes, (£520,000,000.)

Hitherto our war expenses have amounted to some thirty-odd milliards, or about £1,200,000,000, and in order to prevent encroaching on the Bank we

have secured the funds necessary much as follows:

Fresh money (bons, obligations, and national loan).....	about £720,000,000
Received from abroad (3 to 4 milliards)	about 160,000,000
Taxes (6 to 7 milliards)....	about 280,000,000
Advanced by the Bank of France	about 200,000,000
Total	about £1,360,000,000

It may therefore be said, especially when one remembers the conditions under which the national loan was raised, that the war has been financed, so far as France is concerned, out of the income and current savings of the people. Another point carefully to be born in mind is that such indebtedness as exists as between the State and the Bank does not constitute a heavy burden to the latter, owing among other reasons to the large quantity of gold in possession of the Bank as a result of the private accounts, and owing to the large amount of gold called in from general circulation.

The buoyancy of France is shown in very many other ways. As fresh capital is constantly necessary, *bons* and *obligations* are still being issued, and the returns show that despite the loan these are still being taken up by the public, the reason being that traders especially require to have their money available at short notice. Again, Jan. 5 was the first day on which the national loan could be quoted on the French Stock Exchange, and the quotations showed a premium of roughly $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., in other words, the stock that was bought at 88 was selling at 88.50. Further, though there was a very considerable demand there were very few sellers.

The situation in the Central Empires and among their allies is very different, and the remarkable fall of the value of the German mark is a sign that neutrals are beginning to take alarm. Germany's position is stronger than that of the rest of the enemy countries, but Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria have none of them ventured to publish balances for their

State banks. Their failure to do so has unquestionably aroused the suspicion of the bankers and financiers all over the world, with the result that, no doubt justly, even apart from the present military situation, their finances are very considerably depressed.

In looking forward to the financial future of France we can have every confidence. Even the allied countries may perhaps not realize the very careful way in which the agitation in favor of the loan was conducted by the French Ministry of Finance. The *Morning Post*, I notice, has already shown that care was taken not unduly to bring pressure to bear on the population, no invitation being given to them, for instance, to sell out foreign securities with a view of investing in the loan. The whole system followed, however, was very much more complex than that. The influence to be effected by public posters, public car-

toons, newspaper articles, and lectures was carefully combined and calculated with a view to prevent confusion and overlapping, and also with a view of keeping the loan very carefully under control. Plenty of time was taken over the work. No one could complain that he was hustled into taking up shares, for the earlier posters carefully explained the conditions of the loan and the later ones made their appeal to the patriotism of the individual citizens. The whole scheme of the loan, in fact, was thoroughly and carefully thought out, and the stimulus applied to the public just produced the result that was expected and desired. We have reason in France, therefore, to regard the future of our finances with confidence, for care has been taken by the Treasury not to exhaust or seriously to interfere with the very great resources that we still have at our command.

The Year's Showing for the Allies

At the close of 1915 The London Times printed this summary of the year's activities:

The year thus ended, in a military sense, less favorably for the Allies than it began. Only a few square miles had been reconquered in the West; Italy had made little progress; the Dardanelles expedition had proved a failure; we had not reached Bagdad nor attained our aim in Greece; while Russia had lost nearly all Galicia, with Poland and Courland to boot, and the Serbian Army had been practically eliminated. On the other hand, we had maintained inviolate our supremacy upon the seas, had captured all but one of the German colonies, and still held all German seaborne trade in a vise of steel. Not one of the armies of the Allies other than that of Serbia had been struck down, and the spirit of all the citizens of the Alliance remained stern and unbending. Germany, with a third of her able-bodied manhood of military age disposed of, and in serious trouble from financial and other causes, was in greater straits than a superficial examination of her military successes showed. The year ended finding all the Allies hard at work in raising new armies and developing their supply of munitions, with the fixed determination of carrying the struggle to a successful issue.



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expressed. This protest is supreme, and only people without a country will try to find a justification for such acts. They are acts that will awaken the conscience of all that part of the civilized world which has kept out of the savagery of this war.

The Venizelist Patris took another view of the situation on the same date:

Only those who are unable to foresee things, or who are panic-stricken, would be unable to foretell the evolution of the events immediately following the Austro-German attack on Serbia. The Central Empires, not disposing enough troops for this campaign, needed the Bulgars, with whom they associated; but they also needed the neutrality of Greece, because without it Bulgaria would be unable to co-operate with them, as she would have to defend herself against Greece. In order to secure Bulgar help, the Austro-Germans used the method of compensation. The whole of Serbian Macedonia, a part of Old Serbia, an exit on the Adriatic Sea, concessions at the expense of Turkey—all this was a part of the national problem of the Bulgarian lust of conquest. It was in this way that the Bulgarians undertook the assassin's job of striking Serbia from behind. In order to secure the neutrality of Greece, the Austro-Germans resorted to the Prussian method of terrorism, inasmuch as no other concessions and compensations were at hand. Both methods have been equally successful.

Vainly at that time arose the foremost

national and political man of Greece to preach the gospel of duty, of honor, and of the salvation of the fatherland. In vain he recalled to mind the Bulgarian hatred of Greece; in vain he said that Serbia was the first object of the Bulgarian attack, and that Greece would be the next; in vain he proclaimed that, if the Bulgars and Germans are today lenient toward Greece, they are so simply because they want to crush each one of the parties of the Greco-Serbian alliance separately. The answer to all this was: Greece cannot expose herself to the catastrophe that would follow a German invasion. The Greek people cannot undertake a third war in three years, as long as it is not for her own interests, but for those of the Entente powers. So far as the aspirations of the national policy of Greece were concerned, these are satisfied by Germany, which is willing to give us Albania, Monastir, Perlepe, Gevgeli, Doiran, the twelve Aegean islands, (now held by Italy,) as Germany desires Greece to be a strong naval power in the Mediterranean in opposition to Italy.

Well, what remains of all these claims? Why, Germany, the first moment that she does not need our neutrality, bluntly says that military considerations compel the invasion of Greek territory by the Bulgars. * * * The enemy, and such an enemy as the Bulgar is, threatens again those territories so dearly won by the blood of the Greek Nation; the moment is tragic, and we must respect it in a common rally for the common fatherland.

King Constantine's Protest

On Jan. 13 King Constantine sent for The Associated Press correspondent at Athens in order to express through the newspapers of the United States, as he said, his profound indignation over the action of the Allies in Greece.

IT is the merest cant," said the King, "for Great Britain and France to talk about the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg after what they themselves have done and are doing here. I have tried in

every way I know how to get fair play in the British and French press, and to obtain a fair hearing from the British and French public. No sooner had the British newspapers attacked Greece with the most amazing perversion of fact and misrepresentation of motives, than I called one of their correspondents and gave him face to face a full statement of Greece's position. I have given a most frank statement to the French press through one of the French newspapers

which had been most bitterly attacking Greece.

"The only forum of public opinion open to me is that of the United States. The situation is far too vital for me to care a snap about royal dignity in the matter of interviews when the very life of Greece as an independent country is at stake. I shall appeal to America again and again if necessary for that fair hearing which is denied to me by the countries of the Allies.

"Just look at the list of Greek territories already occupied by the allied troops—Lemnos, Imbros, Mytilene, Castelloriza, Corfu, Saloniki, including the Chalcidice Peninsula, and a large part of Macedonia. In proportion to all Greece it is as if that part of the United States which was won from Mexico after the Mexican war were occupied by foreign troops—and not so much as 'by your leave!' What matters that they promise to pay for the damage done when the war is over. They cannot pay for the sufferings of my people driven out of their homes. They plead military necessity. It was under the constraint of military necessity that Germany invaded Belgium and occupied Luxemburg.

"It is no good claiming that the neutrality of Greece was not guaranteed by the powers now violating it as was the case in Belgium, for the neutrality of Corfu is guaranteed by Great Britain, France, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and yet that has not made any difference in their action. And what about that plea of military necessity? Where is the military necessity of destroying the Demir Hissar bridge, which cost a million and a half drachme, and which was the only practicable route by which we can revictual my troops in Eastern Macedonia? The bridge was mined; it could have been blown up on a moment's notice at the enemy's approach. It is admitted that there was no enemy anywhere near the bridge, and no indication that any was coming. What military reason was there, therefore, to blow up the bridge now, except to starve out the Greek troops around Serres Drama?

"Where is the necessity for the occupation of Corfu? If Greece is the ally

of Serbia, so also is Italy, and transportation of Serbs to Albania and Italy would be simpler than to Corfu. Is it because Italians are refusing to accept Serbs, fearing a spread of cholera, that the Allies think that the Greeks want to be endangered by cholera any more than the Italians?

"They say that they are occupying Castelloriza, Corfu, and other points in search for submarine bases. The British Legation at Athens has a standing offer of \$10,000—a great fortune to any Greek fisherman—for information leading to the detection of a submarine base, but never yet received any news about a submarine base in Greece, and never yet have any submarines been supplied from Greece.

"The history of the Balkan politics of the Allies is a record of one crass mistake after another, and now, through pique over the failure of their every Balkan calculation, they try to unload on Greece the result of their own stupidity. We warned them that the Gallipoli enterprise was bound to fail, that negotiations with Bulgaria would be fruitless, and that the Austro-Germans would certainly crush Serbia. They would not believe, and now, like angry, unreasonable children, the Entente powers turn upon Greece. They have deliberately thrown away every advantage they ever had of Greek sympathy. At the beginning of the war 80 per cent. of the Greeks were favorable to the Entente. Today not 40, no, not 20 per cent. would turn their hand to aid the Allies."

[A semi-official reply to King Constantine's protest was made in Paris by "the highest French authority," stating that the circumstances of Germany's invasion of Belgium were widely different from those of the Allies' occupation of points in Greece. The Allies, he said, were acting in defense of small nations, and their presence in Greece was temporary. They went to Saloniki only to succor Serbia, Greece's ally, and the Greek people received them cordially. Greece's neutrality has from the beginning been a benevolent one toward the Allies, he added, and the Allies have been so informed officially by M. Venizelos and others; yet the Greek Government has allowed Ger-

mans and Austrians to violate its neutrality by using the Greek coasts and islands as a base for provisioning submarines. The French "highest authority"

remarked in concluding that the Allies were continuing, at King Constantine's request, to advance money for the mobilization of the Greek Army.]

Two Rumanian Views of the Situation

Under the heading, "The Defeat of Serbia," the Rumanian paper Libertatea of Dec. 5 published the following editorial:

M. TAKE JONESCU (the leader of the pro-Allies party) writes that Greece, Rumania, and the Quadruple Entente are those responsible for the Serbian disaster. What has Greece or Rumania to do with the tragedy of Serbia? M. Jonescu affirms that the Quadruple Entente knew of a treaty which bound Greece to support Serbia. This is not exact. The Quadruple Entente has known, since the outbreak of the Austro-Serbian war, that Greece would never have come to the assistance of Serbia. Greece had declared her neutrality. The character of the general European conflict has not at all been changed by the Bulgarian intervention against Serbia. The interpretation given by Greece to the Serbian treaty was accepted by the Entente powers, and it was on this account that Venizelos was able from the beginning of the war to declare that Greece would remain neutral.

The Entente powers are responsible for the Serbian defeat, because Serbia before beginning the war expected substantial help from England, Russia, and France, which never came; France and England then suggested that Rumania and Greece help Serbia. This had to be done through certain concessions to these two Balkan States, but to such concessions Russia objected, and so nothing came out of that suggestion. M. Jonescu says that Rumania also is responsible for Serbia's doom, on account of a certain treaty that bound Rumania to support Serbia; but this also is inexact. In face of the facts, M. Jonescu, an ex-Minister of Rumania, affirms what is only a deliberate falsehood. Rumania never had any such treaty with Serbia; Rumania is not a coward nation, and

would keep her word, had she first given it. Rumania gave every imaginable help to Serbia in her trouble, moved by a humanitarian spirit. Serbia fell because she was abandoned by her allies and friends of the Entente, and chiefly by Russia, and on Russia will fall tomorrow the anathema of the entire Serbian Nation, so sacrificed by the Muscovite autocracy.

An opposite view is held by the leading Bucharest daily, Adeverul, which said in its issue of Dec. 13:

It has been said that Premier Bratianu has done well in not having Rumania enter the war; but we repeat that Bratianu has committed a political crime against our national cause—to say nothing of the interest of the Balkans—and he is also guilty of felony toward Serbia; he made no effort to stay the hand of Bulgaria when this latter country was about to strike the Serbs. It would have been enough at that time to take an energetic step in Sofia, when Bulgaria was about to join the Central Powers. A warning from Rumania would have been enough at that time to destroy any Bulgarian attempt against Serbia. Those who say that, had Rumania warned Bulgaria, she would in her turn have been attacked by Germany, are simply exaggerating the dimensions of the Teuton bluff. If we had adopted that policy Venizelos too would have triumphed, and Greek intervention would have been a fact. These being the facts, it is high time for us to turn the light on the entire policy of Premier Bratianu regarding our intervention in the war, a policy which has done an immense harm to the national cause. * * * This Government has been unable to cope with the present situation, and has besides compromised the country, which otherwise would have been assured an enormous profit from this same situation.

No More Golden Days for Tourists

By Twells Brex

This noteworthy article from The London Daily Mail is by the same author whose striking forecast of "Life After the War" was a feature of the February issue of CURRENT HISTORY.

I HAVE received a letter from a spirited octogenarian. "Directly peace is declared," he says, "I intend to take a prolonged tour over the battlefields of Europe."

My young-hearted octogenarian had better reconcile himself to postponement of his tour as a celebration of his ninetyeth year. Not until about then will Europe be able to receive him with such comforts as even nonagenarians appreciate. Europe would rather that he and all other tourists stayed at home for several years after the war is over. For directly the war is over there will be a placard over the gates of almost every familiar travel route of Europe; its legend will be "Admission on business only."

There are forecasts of a mighty crossing of American tourists directly after the war for "conducted" explorations of that tangled Golgotha that stretches from the sea to Switzerland and among the blackened remains of the war-ravaged cities of Belgium and Northern France. But if the tourists are hardy enough to come they will be like visitors who descend upon a host who has just seen his walls go down in an earthquake, and whose family and servants are straining with rope and pickaxe among the ruins. If the tourists want to make sure of their tour they will have even now to charter their ships, because after the war tonnage will be precious and staterooms and saloons will remain dismantled for the cargoes of the rebuilders and the foodstuffs for empty granaries. The tourists should bring also their own motors or wagons for land transport. Half of the railway lines in the "touring" district are twisted wreckage, two-thirds of the rolling stock lies in war's *great scrap heap*. The tourists should *also bring tents and camping equipment, and even their own commissariat*. Towns

left inhabitable will be overcrowded during the rebuilding epoch; hotel life will not have been reorganized; millions of the lean and hungry and dispossessed will have first claim on shelter and slowly increasing food supplies.

One tourist only will be welcomed after Armageddon. He will carry plans and drawings instead of camera and picture postcard album. His name will appear in contracts rather than in visitors' lists. His luggage will be spades, trowels, and iron girders. The traveler's tucked-up shirt sleeve is going to be more fashionable than the traveler's dinner jacket for a generation to come.

We easy British will feel the draught of the new travel discomforts, even when we visit our good allies, even in leaving or entering our own free country, even in traveling in our own country. If there is one Continental restriction we have derided and disliked more than any other it is the passport. But we have a strict passport system ourselves today in war time, and it is certain that we will continue it in peace time, just as we will be sane enough to continue the safeguard of national registration. For our eyes are now opened to the Teutonic meaning of "peaceful penetration," our ears have heard the Teutonic whisper of "the war after the war," we know now what was the meaning of that chain of excellent German hotels that linked all our coast resorts and strategic and naval and military towns, and the mission of all their alert, courteous, and attentive German proprietors and German staffs. The passport will henceforth help us to sift out our alien settlers and visitors and sort out the natives of that country whose emigrants and travelers will henceforth be lepers among civilized men.

Even travel at home will for long not be as easy and comfortable as it was in the old days. It is scarcely likely to be

as cheap again. The excursionist has seen his zenith, and the week-ender is in his nadir. How long will it be before all those canceled trains, all that choice of swift expresses, creep into the time tables again? How long before there will again be so many trains, and such long trains, that the third-class, long-distance passenger will be able once more to feel resentment when he cannot get a corner seat? The railway companies have much to build up; the war has taught them the meaning of "wasteful competition"; they have pooled traffic; they have pooled rolling stock; they have found that three expresses two-thirds empty, starting from three different London termini at almost the same hour for Birmingham or Edinburgh, can be substituted by only one express from one of the termini. Railway companies are human concerns, with very human instincts of self-interest. Whatever happens to the railways, the traveler's golden days are gone.

With the shrinkage of travel will come a shrinkage of all the paraphernalia, the pomp, and the ceremonies that hung upon the people who could afford the magic carpet. It is safe to say that, for many a year, Europe will see no more rebuilding of mammoth palace hotels and shining kursaals.

Snobbery is another thing that has

suffered by war. It still is not dead, but it is badly wounded. We of the new world must see that it walks not again. The bill that is passing through Parliament now is the cruelest blow that snobbery ever had. There are two sorts of compelling that the Compulsion bill will achieve. It will not only compel the British man of all classes to serve his country; it will compel the British man of whatsoever class to prove for himself, in the rough test of field fellowship, the equality to himself of the man who is as good a man as he. It will open up the biggest era, the greatest social vista, of all the changes that the new world brings.

A narrower world? Yes, but for all that a wider world. A world you will find of workers and horny hands and shirt sleeves, and a surprising number of great gentlemen. A strange era for us British, because we, the home-givers aforetime to so many Continental nations, are likely to turn out a race of Continental émigrés ourselves. There will be a new Britain in France and Russia and Belgium, just as today one can hear the voices of the new France and the new Belgium in England today. When the great time of rebuilding comes many of the strong hands and the great brains and muscles of England, as well as of our allies, will be wanted among those ruins of France and Flanders.



French War Finances

A French financier gave the following clear and optimistic statement of his Government's financial status to the Paris correspondent of The London Morning Post on Jan. 7, 1916:

CONSIDER first the debtor side of the position. France has her troops holding the bulk of her own borders; she has had one expeditionary force at Gallipoli; she has another in being in Saloniki; she has sent assistance to Serbia; all through the war her fleet has kept the seas, co-operating with the Allies; she has had large portions of her richest territory invaded by the enemy. Speaking in figures, I am betraying no secret when I state that France month by month is now paying out in money the enormous sum of 2,400,000,000 francs, (£96,000,000,) or 80,000,000 francs a day. In the year that has elapsed between Dec. 31, 1914, and December, 1915, France, however, has only increased her indebtedness to the Bank of France by £52,000,000. In fact, if you care to visualize the situation by a simple illustration, France has only incurred an indebtedness from her final source of an amount corresponding to that which the individual incurs during a fortnightly holiday each year.

The analogy must not, of course, be pressed, but it is worth emphasizing that whereas in December, 1914, the State owed the Bank of France £148,000,000, in December, 1915, the amount of indebtedness had only increased to £200,000,000. In other words, the State has hardly had to appeal to the Bank for help in financing the war. At the same time the situation of the Bank itself is extremely healthy. In round figures, it holds at the present moment five milliards of gold, (£200,000,000,) three hundred millions of silver, (£12,000,000,) and thirteen milliards of notes, (£520,000,000.)

Hitherto our war expenses have amounted to some thirty-odd milliards, or about £1,200,000,000, and in order to prevent encroaching on the Bank we

have secured the funds necessary much as follows:

Fresh money (bons, obligations, and national loan).....	about £720,000,000
Received from abroad (3 to 4 milliards)	about 160,000,000
Taxes (6 to 7 milliards).....	about 240,000,000
Advanced by the Bank of France	about 200,000,000
Total	about £1,360,000,000

It may therefore be said, especially when one remembers the conditions under which the national loan was raised, that the war has been financed, so far as France is concerned, out of the income and current savings of the people. Another point carefully to be born in mind is that such indebtedness as exists as between the State and the Bank does not constitute a heavy burden to the latter, owing among other reasons to the large quantity of gold in possession of the Bank as a result of the private accounts, and owing to the large amount of gold called in from general circulation.

The buoyancy of France is shown in very many other ways. As fresh capital is constantly necessary, *bons* and *obligations* are still being issued, and the returns show that despite the loan these are still being taken up by the public, the reason being that traders especially require to have their money available at short notice. Again, Jan. 5 was the first day on which the national loan could be quoted on the French Stock Exchange, and the quotations showed a premium of roughly $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., in other words, the stock that was bought at 88 was selling at 88.50. Further, though there was a very considerable demand there were very few sellers.

The situation in the Central Empires and among their allies is very different, and the remarkable fall of the value of the German mark is a sign that neutrals are beginning to take alarm. Germany's position is stronger than that of the rest of the enemy countries, but Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria have none of them ventured to publish balances for their

State banks. Their failure to do so has unquestionably aroused the suspicion of the bankers and financiers all over the world, with the result that, no doubt justly, even apart from the present military situation, their finances are very considerably depressed.

In looking forward to the financial future of France we can have every confidence. Even the allied countries may perhaps not realize the very careful way in which the agitation in favor of the loan was conducted by the French Ministry of Finance. The *Morning Post*, I notice, has already shown that care was taken not unduly to bring pressure to bear on the population, no invitation being given to them, for instance, to sell out foreign securities with a view of investing in the loan. The whole system followed, however, was very much more complex than that. The influence to be effected by public posters, public car-

toons, newspaper articles, and lectures was carefully combined and calculated with a view to prevent confusion and overlapping, and also with a view of keeping the loan very carefully under control. Plenty of time was taken over the work. No one could complain that he was hustled into taking up shares, for the earlier posters carefully explained the conditions of the loan and the later ones made their appeal to the patriotism of the individual citizens. The whole scheme of the loan, in fact, was thoroughly and carefully thought out, and the stimulus applied to the public just produced the result that was expected and desired. We have reason in France, therefore, to regard the future of our finances with confidence, for care has been taken by the Treasury not to exhaust or seriously to interfere with the very great resources that we still have at our command.

The Year's Showing for the Allies

At the close of 1915 The London Times printed this summary of the year's activities:

The year thus ended, in a military sense, less favorably for the Allies than it began. Only a few square miles had been reconquered in the West; Italy had made little progress; the Dardanelles expedition had proved a failure; we had not reached Bagdad nor attained our aim in Greece; while Russia had lost nearly all Galicia, with Poland and Courland to boot, and the Serbian Army had been practically eliminated. On the other hand, we had maintained inviolate our supremacy upon the seas, had captured all but one of the German colonies, and still held all German seaborne trade in a vise of steel. Not one of the armies of the Allies other than that of Serbia had been struck down, and the spirit of all the citizens of the Alliance remained stern and unbending. Germany, with a third of her able-bodied manhood of military age disposed of, and in serious trouble from financial and other causes, was in greater straits than a superficial examination of her military successes showed. The year ended finding all the Allies hard at work in raising new armies and developing their supply of munitions, with the fixed determination of carrying the struggle to a successful issue.



Service of Titled Women in Hungary

By Baroness Ida von Lonyay

According to the editor of *Die Woche*, Berlin, the author of this article is herself one of the chief factors for organizing works looking to the amelioration of the Hungarian people at home while the war is claiming the services of all the able-bodied men in the field.

THE noted author, Count Emreich Miko, in writing of woman's vocation, exclaims: "Women! mothers! to a very great extent the future of our fatherland lies in your hands. While our glorious army protects the frontiers of our country, while our men wield the weapons of the war god Mars, at home the women hold high the banner of charity to guard the inner life of the nation, to prepare for the future."

Almost as soon as mobilization took place there arose a large organization with the view of looking after the families of the soldiers, and also to care for the returned wounded heroes. No official edict, no centralized machinery, was responsible for the creation of this body; no agitation was necessary to bring it into existence. Love of country, humane enthusiasm, sympathy for one's fellow-men, these joined to battle against the most dreadful of enemies, misery and want.

Humanitarianism and love of country are the driving wheels of this organization, but the Hungarian women are the active factors who are giving themselves in the service of the various institutions devoted to the task of aiding the fatherland.

At the head of this splendid army stands the noble-minded Grand Duchess Auguste, the wife of the Grand Duke Joseph. From the very moment the war broke out her brilliant court, which in times of peace drew to itself the most exalted among the Hungarian aristocracy, changed its tenor to conform with the seriousness of the situation. Grand Duke Joseph, one of our most gifted soldiers, around whom a whole series of legends has been built, took the field. On that same day Grand Duchess Auguste gave the initiative to the Hungarian benevolent co-operation which has proved such a blessing.

The majestic figure of the Grand Duchess is robed in the pearl-gray garments of the nurses, and wherever she goes she appears in this characteristically patriotic costume. She herself declines every luxury and reproaches it in others. Her entire strength is given over to soothe the sorrowful and lessen pain.

Every morning at an early hour she leaves her palace accompanied by a lady in waiting, and visits one after the other of the many hospitals, where she comforts the wounded. For each suffering one she has a loving word, and her exemplary activity is spurring the ladies of the aristocracy to imitate her labor.

In the organization of the sanitary work she is also playing a conspicuous part. Besides her public activity, the Grand Duchess in her own home circle displays a no less sacrificing love. The *Nayta Polcossanyer* castle has been transformed into a hospital, where eighty wounded soldiers are being constantly cared for under the personal supervision of the noble owner.

Grand Duchess Stefanie is another woman of princely birth whose name will go down in Hungarian history by reason of patriotic sacrifice. The wife of the late Crown Prince Rudolf always held the love of the people who looked forward to her assuming the royal ermine with intensest interest. Merciless fate, however, shattered the beautiful dreams of the Hungarian Nation. In the place of the Countess Elemer Lonyay the people gained Sister Stefanie. Through the length and breadth of the land Stefanie Lonyay is now known by that humble title. Her heart, her soul, her every thought belongs to the Hungarian Nation. She is like an angel among us. By night and day she lives only to minimize suffering.

I know from personal observation that her expenditures amount to a fortune.

No less than seven committees look to her for aid. She clothes the poor, she maintains whole families, complete hospital equipments are due to her benevolence. The magnificent castle, Oroszva-Lonyay, has been turned into one of the most perfect hospitals, where a hundred wounded are being nursed back to life and military activity.

Countess Karl Khuen-Hedervary of Croatia is Second President of the Hungarian Red Cross Society. Her chief aim is to make the state of convalescence of the soldiers a means for making them spiritually receptive.

The splendid Hungarian writer, Countess Alexander Teleki, whose works, under the pseudonym "Szikra," have gained lasting fame, takes an active part in the humanitarian labors of the hour. Her intellectual faculties prove of vast usefulness, and she is wonderful in originating new ideas that are decidedly practical. In the war hospital in Munkacsy Street, where she is the presiding genius of the kitchen, she works wonders. In her are combined many qualities—the artist with the pen who at the same time is the exemplary housekeeper.

In the romantically beautiful region of Tatra stands the charming villa, Szikra-Haus. Countess Teleki built it from the income derived from her writings, and here, in Summer, she used to come to get away from the world. For more than a year Szikra-Haus has been deserted, and since the war's terrors have struck home Countess Alexander Teleki's whole mind, her soul, her intellectual gifts are the property of the nation.

Countess Sigmund Mikes is the beneficent angel of the important Siebengurgen committee. She collected thousands of kronen for the Auguste Fund's section, "Gold for Iron." She erected a refreshment station, and the many wounded in transit have cause to bless her name. Countess Sigmund Mikes is also known as

one of the best of housewives, and she has the additional qualification of being considered one of the handsomest women in all Hungary.

Countess Julius Andrassy has been the originator of many plans that have been found exceedingly useful. She is a devoted nurse and with the Countess Ludwig Batthyany enjoys wide popularity among the nobility of Hungary. Society in Budapest was not to be thought of without these members of the aristocracy.

Countess Albert Apponyi, the worthy helpmate of her famous husband, is of Austrian descent, but she speaks faultless Hungarian and is everywhere to help the needy. Since the beginning of the war she has given herself completely over to nursing. She, too, has made of her castle, the ancient seat of Eberhard, a hospital. Here she is nobly assisted by her daughter, Marica Apponyi.

Mme. Albert Berzeviczy, wife of the former Cabinet Minister and President of the Royal Hungarian Academy of Science, is at the head of the General Charitable Society, and also the leader of the section of the Auguste Fund called "For the Educated Poor." She is very discreet in her office and finds in Mme. von Kralman a most able assistant in the distribution of articles to wear as well as food.

Mme. Leo von Lanczy was one of the chief workers in the organization of the "Central People's Kitchen." She never fails to be on hand where most needed. Her husband, his Excellency von Lanczy, is the President of the Pester Hungarian Commercial Bank. Finally, we must not fail to mention the Countess Denise Almasy, whose self-sacrifice is shown by her labors in one of the contagious disease hospitals, where she is completely cut off from contact with the outer world.



Human Documents of the War Fronts

Again the human side of life at the battle fronts furnishes some of the most illuminating and touching literature of the war. The group of sketches, letters, personal experiences, and pen pictures here presented is selected for its emotional interest, irrespective of nationality.

The Dying Agony of a Nation Scenes of Horror in Serbia

The following piece of appalling realism is the eyewitness narrative of Henri Barby, a French journalist, and was forwarded to The London Daily News by its Paris correspondent:

ON the evening of his arrival at Rashka he came upon M. Pachitch, standing sad and solitary on the bridge over the Ibar.

"It is here that we were born," remarked the great Serb statesman, the tears running down his cheeks; "Heaven grant that Rashka be not our grave."

But already the Austro-Germans were threatening, and the retreat was resumed to Novi Bazar and Mitrovitza; and no sooner had the Government and Headquarters Staff reached Mitrovitza than they had to fly from it.

The panic at Mitrovitza may be readily understood. It was the morning of Nov. 16. After the authorities had left, every one who had at his disposal any means of locomotion hurriedly packed a few provisions and clothes and hastened to follow. At the station were crowded 10,000 fugitives, but the last train had left with the baggage and archives of the Headquarters Staff.

After a morning's feverish search (continued M. Barby) I was fortunate enough to be taken on the lorry of the Chief of the Army Telegraph and Telephone Service, who was endeavoring to save the most precious parts of his material. The lorry was already crowded, but I had no luggage. With the exception of the clothes I was wearing, my sole possession was an Austrian knapsack, which I had picked up on the battlefield of the Tser in August, 1914. In it were some biscuits, articles of toilet, a pair of boots, and a blanket.

I describe my own plight, but I was

one of the privileged in the frightful débâcle. The destitution of the Serb soldiers and people was complete. Most of them were in rags and went barefoot, and they lived on raw cabbage and maize.

But all the miseries, all the sufferings which I had till then witnessed were as nothing beside the frightful things I saw on quitting Mitrovitza. We had hardly proceeded three miles when we found the road blocked by some thirty motor cars and lorries imbedded in the mud. Soldiers and gangs of prisoners were endeavoring to extricate them from the quagmire. Only people on foot or on horseback could get by—and Lipliane was still thirty miles off. Finally, after waiting four hours I set off on foot in the night, and after two hours' march through a pelting rain I reached Vuchitru. On the next day, Nov. 17, the rain, which had not ceased, fell in torrents, the cold became sharper, and soon a driving snowstorm covered the town, the immense plain of Kossovo, and the surrounding mountains. The road alone was darkened by the crowd of fugitives who spent the night amid the storm, stumbling on with drooping heads, dazed with fatigue, suffering, and despair. To my last day I shall remember that fearful march across the plain of Kossovo from Vuchitru to Prishtina. Around me all the unhappy fugitives were exhausted. Overcome by the cold, by the sudden snowstorm, numbers of them fell on the road among sunken lorries, overturned and broken vehicles, dead oxen and horses.

None of the pictures recalling the retreat from Moscow gives any idea of the terrifying spectacle spread out as far as the eye could reach in all its tragic real-

ity. I saw a woman stretched out on the step of a lorry which had sunk in the mud. She was straining to her breast a baby already stark and stiff. She, too, was dying of cold and hunger. A little girl—eight years at most—shivering under a tattered shawl, was vainly trying to raise her; then, scared all at once by her mother's frightful silence, she burst into sobs and fell on her knees.

Further on, again, a little boy was cowering by the ditch. Tears were streaming down his wan cheeks and his teeth were chattering. I questioned him. He had lost his parents and had eaten nothing for two days. He could go no further. What could I do? I gave him what was left of my maize bread and

went on with sinking heart unable to restrain my own tears. * * *

The first time I witnessed this frightful agony it seemed to me that the poor wretch who was dying before my eyes was intoxicated. After a supreme effort to rise, he rolled his head from this side to that and moved his legs. Then his movements grew feebler till they ceased entirely and all was over.

Right through that awful day I witnessed the agony of the Serb people in that same valley of Kossovo where five centuries earlier the first great Serb Empire had gone under.

And the snow kept on falling, covering the dead and the dying and lashing the faces of those who still held out.

The Trail of Death in Armenia

This harrowing account of Turkish atrocities in Asia Minor was furnished to a London newspaper correspondent in Egypt by a young woman who had been a British missionary of the American Board, and had just arrived from Beirut. The incident she relates occurred in the late Summer and Autumn. She herself saw and talked with the refugees at Aleppo and Aintab.

AT Aleppo were the remnants of 5,000 exiles who had started from Kharput. When they began their journey they were of all ages and of both sexes. Among them were many intelligent and refined young women who had graduated from Constantinople College and the Euphrates College. Their treatment at the hands of the gendarmes, and their fate as occupants of harems, are almost unthinkable. When the refugees came to cross the rivers that flow into the Euphrates, the able-bodied men were drowned. Further on, the survivors, now only old men, women, and children, were stripped of all their clothing. Naked, they waded through streams, slept in the chilly nights, and bore the heat of the sun. They were brought into Aleppo for the last few miles in third-class railway carriages, herded together like so many animals. When the doors of the carriages were opened they were jeered at by the populace for their nakedness. Of the 5,000 that had started from Kharput only 213 were left!

On the way from Kharput one party of 40 women came to a river at dusk.

The gendarmes told them to strip and wade across. This they did, thinking that the gendarmes would follow with their clothing. Instead, they turned back, taking all the animals, baggage, clothing, and food with them, and leaving the naked women alone for the night. Another caravan of refugees came along later and found the women in their unhappy plight.

In Marash an ophanage had to be given up to the Turks, who turned it over to men. Its occupants were girls and young women, made orphans by the massacres of 1909 and preceding years. Many of them were cultured young women. The condition of those not yet dead is worse than death itself. In a German orphanage at Marash there were more than 1,000 girls. The order for expatriation came, and, in order that she might shield a few of the older girls, the headmistress kept them under her own protection. Soon there came a telegram from the German Consul at Aleppo, saying, "You have hidden some girls. You have no business to do such a thing. Give them up." The girls had to be given

up, and were taken away to suffer the inevitable at the hands of their Turkish masters. This so angered the headmistress that she went to Constantinople to protest to the German Ambassador. She tried repeatedly to interview him on the subject, but failed every time. She was told curtly that it was none of her business. Broken-hearted, she returned to do what little relief work might be possible.

Near Aintab the refugees were not permitted to camp near any water, nor were they even allowed to go for any. Miss — finally secured permission from a Turkish gendarme to give a pittance of food to the miserable multitude. While she was distributing it, the gen-

darme suddenly became excited and began striking her. The reason for his action was the approach of some German officers on horseback. One of them rode directly at Miss — with the plain intention of riding her down. However, she braced herself and suffered only a bruise from contact with the horse's head. She was then rushed off by a gendarme at the command of the German officer.

The officer also said, in her hearing, to the Turkish gendarmes, "You are too easy with the people. Draw your whips and beat this crowd." The Turks obeyed, and began beating the suffering crowd of old men, women, and children.

How We Captured a General

A Russian Soldier's Story

By H. Hamilton Fyfe

Special Petrograd correspondent of The London Daily Mail

IN the Pinsk marshes there is a little town called Nevel. Near this the Prussian General commanding the Eighty-second Division had made himself as comfortable as he could in a substantial country house. The house stands in a garden. There are no other houses quite near. Of course the staff of the Russian division which lay to the eastward knew all about it. They had local eyes and ears at their service. But it was not any one upon the staff who conceived the bold idea of raiding the Prussian General's headquarters.

It was to the ambitious imagination of a young officer in charge of a scouting party that the thought of this triumph presented itself. He knew the country. Among the swamps a small number of men might pass by paths known only to the peasants, with such a secret movement as would escape the notice of any German outpost. The house, he learned, was not closely guarded; it would be some few minutes before help could arrive. A *kidnapping expedition* would be risky. Its *success must depend upon the swift and*

ruthless energy with which the attack was made. Any delay would mean certain failure. It would be "touch and go" in deadly earnest.

He resolved, however, to risk it. Others were easily found to share the peril—and the hoped-for glory. Preparations were scarcely needed. This was fortunate, for if such plans are talked about they have a way of becoming known to outsiders; the enemy's gold can often buy the secret. All that had to be done was to secure a guide knowing every track across the marshes who could be trusted, and to wait for a dark night.

The night came, solidly black, with a low sky from which scattered snowflakes fell. The scouting party was paraded. Without being told that anything special was their night's work, they started off. Scouts generally put some food into their haversacks, for they never know how long they may be away. Sometimes they have to hide for days before they get a chance to return with their information, picked up literally "under the enemy's nose." They were well provided this

time, and when their guide joined them they were told to eat something and to make tea before they set off on their fifteen-mile tramp across the bitter bog-land. They were also taken now into their officers' confidence.

At last, after hours of tramping through desolation, they saw lights far away. These were the lights of the little town. Again they took a bite, while the officer in command explained to them what each must do. They had crossed one river already. They had another to ford now. Then they would be close to the house which they had come to raid, the house where the General and his staff were probably asleep, unsuspecting, little thinking that before morning they would be prisoners in the Russian lines.

Now they moved more carefully than ever. Beyond the Stokhod River they were among the enemy's detachments. They had pierced deep into the country occupied by the "Niemtsi," (Russian for "Germans," literally "the dumb ones," because long ago the first Germans who were seen by the Russian peasants could not speak Russian and to them were therefore "dumb.") Here it is impossible to hold a continuous front. The marshes prevent it. This marsh which our scouts had crossed seemed to the enemy to be uncrossable, and therefore a secure barrier. Very soon they were to be roughly undeceived.

There were no sentries outside the garden. The raiders got into it and had surrounded the house before they were noticed. Sentries back and front kept guard, unfearing. Suddenly death took them in the darkness. Before the life was out of them the Russians were in the house.

The teller of the story entered a room where a soldier sat with receivers over his ears sleepily waiting for a telephone message. This room was lighted up. The rest of the house seemed to be dark. The soldier did not look around. He heard some one enter, but evidently thought it a comrade.

There was a pause of half a minute. The house was so still that those who

had got into the telephone room felt doubtful what to do next. Death stood by the German soldier's elbow. Then a voice in the next room cried out sharply, "Wer da?" ("Who's that?") and the German soldier's life was over. The telephone instrument was smashed at once. Next moment the whole place was in an uproar.

Shots were fired. Shouts came from all sides. Soldiers appeared buckling their belts. All who showed themselves to the scouts left outside the house were either bayoneted or bombed. The bursting of the hand grenades, the yells of the terrified Germans, the leaping flames of a fire started by an overturned lamp, the hoarse bellowing of orders which could not be obeyed, the hard breathing of those who were engaged in death-struggles within the house—all combined to make up a scene wilder and grimmer than any which could be imagined.

Now picture the General's bedroom. It was next to the room where the soldier with the telephone sat. Our scouts, running in, see "a man no longer young," half dressed, just as he had lain down on the bed. Half asleep still, but sufficiently awake to be furiously angry, and very much "rattled" at the same time. A battle is one thing. To be kidnapped is quite another. A pitiable plight for "one no longer young."

No escaping this ignominious fate, however. Seized is the angry General and hustled out. With him three of his officers, one of them, like himself, of General rank, the headquarter's doctor; a few privates. Hustled out through the garden, down the river bank, over the river, now they can go more gently. And now they hear the rattle of rifle fire. Assistance has arrived. They hear their men shouting. But they are beyond reach.

Those who had been left behind soon followed. The Germans were arriving in numbers too formidable. Our scouts made for the river, crossed it, and were lost in the gloom of the further bank. Only two were left behind with death wounds. Nine were wounded slightly. All got back safely before daylight.

The Escape From Suvla and Anzac

A Naval Officer's Story

This graphic story of how the British effected the secret evacuation of Gallipoli Peninsula appeared in The London Times of Jan. 20. It was written by a naval officer on one of the two battleships that covered the withdrawal.

WE have at last come through a most trying time with complete success. To tell you all about it I must go back to the very beginning. We left Mudros and went to Suvla Bay on Dec. 4, and on that date or thereabout the authorities at home decided that Suvla and Anzac were to be evacuated. The wisdom or otherwise of this step I am not in a position to judge, though I personally think they were right to do it. Ian Hamilton put down his probable casualties at 50 per cent. of his men. I have to tell of how it was done without one single casualty other than three killed, five wounded.

The first fortnight was spent in getting off at night, and gradually the horses, stores, motors, and guns. Day after day, night after night, was calm and still, but as the moon waxed and the nights got lighter it seemed impossible that the Turks on the hills five miles away could fail to see the ships that stole in after dark and stole out again full up in the early dawn. During the day things went on as usual. There were no infantry attacks, but continual artillery duels, in which the two covering battleships, ourselves and another, took a very big part. When the last week came the number of men was reduced to the completely fit; all weaklings and men not in full health were out of it; all the slightly wounded had gone, and the trenches were held by all the very best available. Large quantities of empty boxes were piled up in conspicuous places, and the position looked as if it were going to be held for the whole Winter.

On Monday, the 13th, the final week began, and frequent consultations were held between the Generals and our Captain, who was senior naval officer, and the nights began to be very busy. The Turks became much more vigorous, and

shelled the beaches and main positions continuously all the day, but fortunately not at all at night. In addition they got up some heavy howitzers away behind the hills that caused us considerable anxiety. To help us knock them out the balloon ship came up, but the continual gentle moist south winds kept the clouds very low and she couldn't see.

Saturday passed quietly, and on Saturday evening at 6 o'clock we went to action stations, the ship cleared and fixed with a stern anchor broadside on to the Turkish position, every gun trained in readiness to support and prevent a Turkish attack in force on our weakened lines. By 7 o'clock the first big transport was in and the embarkation began. In absolute silence it continued all night. The moon was three-quarters full, the night clear, but the Turks never moved, and as the dawn broke and the last transport slunk away one ventured almost to breathe. All Sunday we continued at our stations. No church, Captain's inspection; but the day wore on, and still the Turks made no sign. They shelled the beach, of course, as usual, but they also shelled—cheering sight!—a low hill from which every gun and every man had been removed. It seemed almost too much to hope that they could still be in ignorance of what was going on under their noses, and yet the day wore through, the sun went down, and with it the wind, till the moon rose on a sea flat and oily and raised a slight mist which hung low on the water and in the nullahs and valleys running up into the hills. The transports came in and the last men began to leave.

It was arranged that the firing line of trenches should be evacuated at 1:30 P. M., the men leaving behind traps, and mines with trip wires, automatic bomb-throwers, and candles and slow matches

primed to imitate a desultory rifle fire. One-thirty came; 2:30 and still no sign—where were their patrols? Surely they must know that the trenches that for so long had faced them were now empty. Eight-thirty, and the last companies were down to the beaches. Only the engineers remained to burn and destroy the stores left over which could not be removed. Just before 4 the first fire was started and rapidly spread a mass of leaping, roaring flames that cast a glow of red over the heavens and lit up the whole scene, and still the Turks never moved. It was as though they had been smitten with blindness, as Elisha smote the Syrians, and were not permitted to see.

Soon after 4 an enormous fire was lit near Suvla Point, and thousands of empty boxes burned furiously, and at the same time there was a big explosion away up near our front lines, but of what I couldn't make out. About 4:30 a large motor lighter that had been wrecked some weeks previously, and that had defied all attempts to refloat

it, was blown up with a terrific report, and, catching alight, added its quota to the glare that was lighting up everything.

But it was not till dawn, "rosy fingered," was heralding the day that the Turks opened fire. They shelled the empty beaches, dropped shrapnel on the vacated trenches, and even in their mystification put big, heavy, high explosive shells into the flaming piles. We then opened fire on everything that had been left behind—sunken lighters and ships—and the unique sight was seen of ourselves and the enemy shelling the same target simultaneously. Soon they turned their attention to us, but their shooting was very wild, and they never got within 100 yards of us. And as we left—the last ship to leave the spot where so many hopes were buried—they were still frantically shelling—nothing! Late last night as we lay a dozen miles away the glow of the fires was still visible. This morning, 24 hours after, a furious southerly gale has sprung up, and is driving huge seas before it into the little bay.

The Jewish Cemetery of Muravica

By Eugene Szatmari

This fine German description of the fate of a quiet Jewish cemetery during the fierce fighting between the Russians and the Austro-German forces on the southern front in November was printed in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of Jan. 4. Muravica is a small town on the bank of the Ikwa River in Volhynia, about thirteen miles northwest of Dubno.

IN the days of peace that are flown the abandoned and desolate Jewish churchyard of Muravica may have been one of those bizarre spots that would certainly have stirred the imagination of an Edgar Allan Poe or of a Villiers de l'Isle Adam. No longer, however, is it merely an abandoned cemetery, full of weird shades and ghostly forms. It is more, much more. It is a symbol.

This cemetery represents the persecuted Jewish people of Russia. At the edge of the little village, on the bank of the peaceful Ikwa, on an abandoned hillside covered with an impenetrable thicket, they, the branded and persecuted ones,

are sleeping their last, eternal sleep; the last, and perhaps the first, quiet sleep they had ever found in the limitless empire of the White Czar.

The grotesque monuments—slender, circular red and white headstones—form a phantastic union with the thick foliage, and on quiet nights stand out like spirits, faintly reflecting the pale bluish light of the moon.

It was an abandoned cemetery, a damned spot. No true believer, no real Russian, dared to set foot upon the accursed soil of the Jewish churchyard. Then came the war, and the quiet churchyard became a battlefield. The still air

was shattered by the roar of cannon, while shells tore great holes among the heaps of yellow bones. Now the cemetery is criss-crossed with trenches. The monuments and headstones are now on the firing line.

The cemetery arose. It understood the meaning of this battle and took its place in the ranks of the warriors. The churchyard of the oppressed extended a fraternal hand to the living fighters for freedom and took them under its protection. The dead gave up their monuments to be transformed into shields against shrapnel and bullets. They sacrificed their names graven on the stones in order to guard the emancipators against the enemy's fire. They allowed their last resting places to serve as emplacements for mine throwers and machine guns which mowed down the enemy by the hundreds.

Now living men have established themselves amid the tombs, and a thin column of smoke curls up from among the remaining headstones—the smoke from the little stoves that warm the shelters of the Honveds, (the Hungarian Landwehr.)

But the dead did still more—their yellow bones stiffen the yielding sand of the graves. Often the foot strikes against a round object. It is a skull—an old, yellow skull, which rolls away with a grin.

The cemetery is fighting. It guards, defends, and attacks. On a dark November night as the enemy's shouts of

"Urri! Urri!" resounded before the barbed wire entanglements the quiet graveyard turned itself into a hell that spewed liquid fire. Exploding mines flew from the transformed graves, hidden machine guns spat death and destruction, shells burst in the thick underbrush among the stones, so that the dry branches cracked and groaned, rifle bullets whizzed against the Hebrew letters and ricocheted with loud whines, while the pale light of the hand searchlights covered the scene with an oppressive, ghostly reflection, and, high above the cemetery, shrapnel was bursting and hurling its deadly leaden spawn into the ranks of the enemy. The graveyard repulsed five attacks and remained the victor.

Since that time it has become silent and still again. It keeps quiet and waits. It is but seldom that a stray bullet whizzes into its thicket. The snow has covered everything with its white mantle. A deep stillness reigns in the cemetery, but it is not the stillness of death. Rather is it the conscious silence of resolute attention and of iron resistance. At night, when the glittering eye of the searchlight wanders over the churchyard, the few headstones that are left stand out in the shining rays like a resolute band of petrified soldiers, boldly defying every power in the world.

Yes, they are symbolic, those slender stones, with their round heads, whose shadows seem so fearfully like those of living men.

A Disillusioned Socialist

The following letter, written by a German soldier, was found upon him when he was made prisoner Oct. 30, 1915, at the time of the German counterattack at Tahure. The translation was sent to The London Times by its Paris correspondent:

DURING the next few days terrible things are going to happen, and who knows whether I shall get out safe and sound? We have already realized that it won't be as simple as it was in Russia. . * * *

I am not dying for ideas that people in slippered ease call the "love for their country." I, too, am going to be a victim of the terrible madness that has seized all peoples. I have often dreamed of a new kingdom where all peoples would be united in brotherly affection, where differences of race and nationality would cease to exist. There would be one kingdom like that for which the Social Democrats were preparing the way in times of peace, but which, alas! the war has shown to be valueless. I hoped to

become a party leader, the head of a great newspaper which would help to guide the various peoples to an ideal state. * * * But now this terrible war has broken out, fostered by a few men who are sending their subjects, or, rather, their slaves, to the fields of battle to have them massacred like animals.

This war has degenerated terribly: hand grenades, mines, and, what is worse than all, asphyxiating shells, with chlorine and other gases—these are now the principal weapons in hand-to-hand combats. I should like to go to the men they have made our enemies and say: "Brothers, let us fight together.

The enemy is behind us." Since I have been in uniform I feel no hatred for those in front of me, but my hatred is increasing for those who have the power.

We Germans want to be at the head of the peoples. Are we a day further forward than we were 1,000 years ago? The most deadly arms, even the terrible chlorine attacks, were started by us. Possibly I shall not come back from the attacks of the next few days, but for those who do return it should be a sacred object to take vengeance on the few who have on their consciences the lives of hundreds of thousands of men.

My Baptism of Fire.

The following description of a raid by a German warship upon a Russian base in the Abo Archipelago, off the Baltic coast of Finland, is taken from a letter in which a seventeen-year-old engine tender tells of his "baptism of fire." It was printed in a recent issue of the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*.

SOME days before we and a small cruiser had received instructions to be in readiness to raid Uto, a base for Russian cruisers and torpedo boats in the Abo Archipelago. Which of us was finally to do the job had been kept secret by the Admiral until the morning of our arrival in the mouth of the Gulf of Finland. Consequently officers and men were at a high tension as we sighted the rocky coast in the gray of the morning. Who will be assigned the task—we or the little cruiser?

Soon, to our general surprise, up goes the signal for the latter. The little cruiser crowds on all steam and heads for the island, whose lighthouse is clearly outlined against the horizon. Then hostile destroyers are seen and the cruiser proceeds to give them chase.

Suddenly a signal is run up on our flagship, saying, "His Majesty's ship X. is to bombard Uto." Now our enthusiasm knows no bounds. Every man of us is aware that we are facing a worthy, warlike task, and that we are to go into action under the very eyes of our Admiral and of the crews of the other ships of the fleet. Our decks are cleared and we rush for the island at full speed. We run through a nest of mines, and then

we lay our course through the rocky, dangerous passage for the lighthouse.

In the meantime the little cruiser has driven the torpedo boats to the coast. At the same moment a Russian armored cruiser of the Bajan class is sighted behind the island. We can see her four stacks projecting above the cliffs. "An enemy armored cruiser in sight," is shouted through every speaking tube. Now there is no doubt that we shall come to grips with a floating fighting force, and that is our highest aim. For only then will the crew have a chance to show what it has learned during the long period of training.

At 7,000 yards' distance we turn in our course and at the same moment the first broadsides from our heavy and intermediate batteries are hurled at the armored cruiser and the torpedo boats. Unfortunately they do not even return our fire. The torpedo boats disappear behind the island and the cruiser increases her speed through the rocky channel until she is from eight to ten miles away. Only her smokestacks and masts remain visible for a little while, as her hull is hidden behind the projecting cliffs.

Suddenly, however, we are greeted by

a heavy fire from hitherto concealed land batteries. By the flash of their guns we recognize no fewer than three batteries, with what seems to be a masked battery of howitzers back of them. We must admit that the Russians shoot pretty well, as soon a number of well-placed shots begin to hail around our ship and to throw up the water in our immediate neighborhood, while a peculiar humming fills the air, only to be drowned out every now and then by the thunder of our own guns.

Our speed is increased and our course is changed, and all the while our cannon are not idle. Attack is always the best method of defense, and one after the other our heavy 28-centimeter shells find their way into the enemy batteries with deadly accuracy, and one by one their guns are put out of action in the midst of terrific explosions. The Russians defend themselves bravely, but their fire dies down slowly, and in a few minutes we know that the batteries have been silenced.

Our ship has been hit by only a single shell. It crashed against our forward stack, scattering explosives all about, but without doing any great damage or wounding anybody. For the ship

the blow signifies merely an honorable scar from the flame of battle.

But as our gunners are turning their attention to the armored cruiser, which we would like to get in contact with, another enemy is sighted. A hostile submarine has crept up near us. We dodge its first torpedo by means of a quick turn. Then two of our torpedo boats, which have been at our side during the fight, make a dash for the dangerous opponent. But as the flagship has noticed another submarine, which evidently plans to attack us on our way out of the channel, we are signaled that it is time to leave these dangerous waters.

Our task is done. The armored cruiser is not to be reached and the batteries have been silenced, and so, keeping the enemy under fire to the last, his Majesty's ship X. steams in a zigzag course out of the difficult channel, and finally rejoins the rest of the fleet. A signal is hoisted to show us and our Captain how our energetic bombardment is appreciated.

All is gay as we enter our home port at last. The searchlights play upon the shore, the band plays "Proud Waves the Flag," the crew sings with it, and the full moon smiles in the sky.

A Night In Artois

By Hermann Katsch

[From the North German Gazette.]

IT was already twilight as I came down from the heights of Vimy through the deep connecting trench, and after a short visit in the regimental underground shelter where we chatted about the fighting and the poor prospects of the hostile offensive, it was entirely dark.

How am I to get to N., whence a railroad leads to our temporary quarters? There is no help to be had from the near-by engineers' camp, as all the wagons are at the front line with material for the building of trenches and shelters.

A little wagon comes rolling along in

the dark and is halted. It has just brought two officers to that vicinity. In accordance with the hospitality and amiability which is taken as a matter of course in life at the front, we at once receive permission to travel to N. in the little vehicle.

In N. we hear that it will be three hours before the train leaves. Here everybody knows what this means, at home they probably don't. The little station is barely lighted at all. There are no conveniences, not even a warm room. Therefore all one can do is to sit down in some dark corner. But there is a damp, piercing cold, and our shoes

and leggings are covered with wet, sticky mud, which certainly doesn't warm us. Since morning we have eaten hardly anything. So it is rather uncomfortable, but—the fellows in the trenches are still worse off. They are uncomfortable all the time, and besides they have to be ready to fight at any minute. Consequently, we don't complain, but reconcile ourselves to the inevitable. Then the station agent suddenly declares that if we cross over to B. M. we may arrive much sooner at D., our goal. It is only a half hour's walk. In order to lose no time, we start at once, as distance is estimated under ordinary conditions and when the road is full of slippery mud and slime it often seems a third longer.

On every hand we see nothing but soldiers. The inhabitants are not allowed to leave their villages and the sight of a civilian on the road, especially in the evening, is something unheard of. We are looked at with suspicion by everybody, pocket lanterns are flashed on us and at every step we are asked to show our passes. So it is advisable to attach yourself to some group or individual going the same way, after you have proved your identity.

Therefore, after a few minutes, I was marching along with a tall young chap who was bound for B. M. He had been wounded, was no longer fit for service in the field and was now working with the supply corps. He didn't exactly know why he was on this trip. He had been informed from his battalion that he must go at once to Hamburg, as he was called by a private telegram. "I married when the war broke out," he said. "I know my wife has been sick. But my old mother has been sick too. Where shall I go first when I reach home?" He dropped his head on his breast and walked in silence for a while. Finally he made his decision. He would first go to his wife's parents and learn there what sorrow awaited him. He had a serious, sad journey before him.

In B. M. there were some men waiting for the train a very tall young man in civilian dress, a slim Prussian

artillery officer, and a very young Lieutenant of Engineers. Each one entered a different compartment. After twenty minutes came the cry of "Everybody out!" We were in L., and would have to wait there in a station still smaller than the one at N. The distinguished civilian, the artilleryman, and the engineer began to walk up and down, with slow, patient strides. Their frequent meetings brought mutual introductions and a brief conversation.

The gentleman in civilian dress was after the body of his brother, who had fallen a short time ago. The artilleryman was accompanying the body of his brother, and he pointed to a closed freight car, which had a large cross painted on it. The engineer was on his way home to attend the funeral of his mother. Last Spring two of his older brothers had fallen. The grief gnawing at the mother's heart had been more than she could bear. Her last joy was the news that her youngest, who was a volunteer, had been made an officer.

The horizon was wrapped in darkness and fog, but here and there faint lights could be seen, weak reflections of the fireballs and rockets being set up at the front, and now nearer, now further away, the roar of the artillery continued without interruption. And the men walked up and down, back and forth, in silent meditation, filled with serious thoughts which probably were all about the same.

At last the train arrived, drawn by a little freight engine. The car carrying the dead officer was coupled on, and we all entered the train. Sometimes it is a good thing when your thoughts are kept occupied by recent impressions. For a seemingly endless journey in the poorly built Belgian coaches, which are not equipped for heating, is much worse than a march over muddy roads.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning when we arrived in the dead city. Every light had been extinguished long before. Not a step nor a voice was to be heard. Only the distant roll of the artillery. The three men with their serious thoughts continued their journey toward home via Valenciennes.

The Siege of France

By Bernhard Kellerman

[Translated for Current History from the Berlin Tageblatt]

AND the siege continues! On this front, hundreds of miles long, our brave fellows lie in the trenches—by night, by day, and at this very moment as I write these words. Away up yonder in Flanders the water reaches to their knees. The pumps are kept steadily at work, but that does not help much. In spite of cement, beams, props, and wickerwork, trenches cave in here and there every day; and the toilsome task of piling up the sandbags must be begun again and again. When the men leave the trenches they have to wade through the water for half a mile or more. In the Champagne district they are white with lime and chalk; in the Argonne and the Vosges they are covered with mud to their very ears. Here, too, the pumps are hard at work to keep the water down.

It snows; the wind roars; the rain falls in torrents. Then a change, and we are frozen by the cold. When the men leave the trenches for a spell of rest away from the firing line they have to support themselves on sticks and crutches, for the water and the frost have played havoc with their weary limbs. No army of earlier times could have brought to its task such a store of energy. Even Napoleon himself would hardly have ventured to make such claims on his veterans. The stubborn will of our warriors has doubled, quintupled itself. The very blood is ankle-deep—the blood of the enemy, and often also, alas! of their own comrades as well—and their brows are worthy of the laurel.

In mud and water, between rows of rain-sodden and bullet-ridden sandbags, stands the soldier on guard—on guard in the narrow labyrinth of trenches, behind walls of sandbags, behind the shreds and tatters of walls that have been shelled over and over again, behind tangled tree stumps, arranged criss-cross fashion.

On guard from the Belgian coast, where the cruel Winter sea hurls its waves against the bleak shore, all the way down to the Swiss border, where the mountains stretch up to the Alps. As I write, a hundred thousand men on this line are employed on guard duty alone. There they stand, five or ten paces from one another, their rifles at their shoulders, and keep watch. Behind row and row of sandbags the machine guns lie in wait day and night. The gunners lie or squat in the damp soil, awaiting the signal to rush to their posts and throw their lives to the hazard, as they have been doing for the last seventeen months. The water drips from their caps. They are silent; their eyes turn toward the Fatherland. There they lie in their little dugout of loam or chalk, their boots and overcoats thick with mud; and they try to sleep and to think of nothing. The guard calls, and they start to their feet. They drink their portion of soup, while the water trickles in between the sandbags and the downpour of rain soaks them to the very skin.

Here lie two or three crooked spikes, there a coil of wire choked with mud; two or three bundles of clothes are scattered about, half sunken in the earth; a dead body or two, which have lain just outside the trenches for weeks and cannot be buried—and over yonder, perhaps 30, 50, or 100 yards away, the enemy. That is all they see; that is their world. Between the wire entanglements, stretching over a distance of hundreds of miles, between the two opposing lines of trenches, lies thick the girdle of dead. Nothing, either by day or by night, springs from this lifeless strip of land, still as the grave. Platoons, companies, battalions, and whole regiments have sunk into this girdle of dead—hundreds of thousands of strong men, summoned once upon a time to live and to carry forward the work of humanity.

Death and his cursed lieutenants (who avoid this lifeless zone!) have reaped a good harvest this year.

The rats swarm out of the shattered villages; the ravens cry greedily. War is merciless. And nobody who is not actually there has any right to express horror. For, by heaven! it is not much to ask that these who rest in security shall know the whole truth about conditions at the front. A dead man is dead; and there are many things in this war worse than being dead.

And Death, Death is everywhere. As long as there is a front at all, from the sea to the mountains, Death will be everywhere. The long bullets hiss through the air; hand mines and hand grenades find their mark. Projectiles come crashing down from the trench mortars. A portion of the trench shivers for an instant; then is hurled high in the air. Death stretches forth his hand and clutches officers and men—he is

ubiquitous. He is to be found in the ruined villages, where the weary soldier is seeking his rest; in the woods, behind the shelters where the field guns are concealed; up in the sky, under the ground—everywhere.

Last year, in the Winter of 1914, as men in Flanders still tell one another, a huge aeroplane suddenly appeared to spring from nowhere and flew proudly against the sky. It showed no signal, but no one fired. Then it seemed to the on-lookers, awestricken, that a great white flag was gradually unfurled from beneath its wings. It betokened a truce—peace!

No sign of the aeroplane was seen this year, and the siege goes on. The soldier stands at his post, fearless, faithful, noble, and he will remain there, fearless, faithful, and noble, so long as the needs of his Fatherland demand it—until he falls.

Never, either by day or night, should we forget our heroes in the field.

A Paradox of War

[By a British Officer]

The following reflections on the effects of war upon character are from a letter written to his wife by a British officer at the western front:

GENERALLY we all feel in much the same way—the British soldiers at the front. I was telling a Chaplain yesterday of a raid that had been made on the German trenches, and had added: “I suppose about sixty Germans were killed.” “Is that all?” he said, with a real sorrow and disappointment in his voice. If I could have said six hundred he, a Christian priest, would have felt more content. Yet he was a gentle-hearted man.

Talking with him before, he had been exchanging with me observations going to show the great growth of tenderness, of chivalry, of dutiful generosity among the soldiers. We both could cite instance after instance, some of which brought a quaver to the voice and a dimness to the eyes. Put down side

by side these two facts: (1) That in the main the British soldier at the front is a better man for his present experience, better in his thought of his family, to his mates, to the civil population around him, to the animals who serve him, to his German prisoners, and that he is also, clearly, a “softer” man; (2) that he is sternly (cruelly, if you like) set upon destroying Germans, and talks of Hun-killing as the most desirable thing in life.

There appears between the two a chasm of paradox. And I suppose it would be very hard by any process of logic to bridge the chasm. Go behind logic, however, and search in the deeper motives of instinct, and the position is plain enough. A deep, passionate instinct teaches the man in the fighting line that all that makes for the betterment of human life, chivalry, generosity, candor, fair dealing, is threatened with extinction, and he finds himself

unconsciously striving to cherish and foster the gentler side of life at the same time as he sets himself with savage sternness to exterminate the forces which are working for its destruction.

For the German as a prisoner there is a kind welcome. "Tommy" will give him his own rations and tobacco and lend him his coat. For the German as a combatant in the cause of anti-civilization there is a stern hatred which would make it the most welcome of Christmas treats if we were allowed on the 25th to bombard every place which was supposed to shelter a German and to raid every German trench.

There is no "tenderness for Germany" at the front, though there is, to the most careless observation, an increase of human tenderness, and the more it increases the more savage becomes the mood of resolution to finish, once for all, with the enemies of the humane side of life. Imagine a physician facing an outbreak of plague among a population of his friends and his attitude toward the bacillus of the plague. That represents our feeling toward armed Germany. You need not fear for a "disgraceful peace" coming from fatigue on the part of the fighting men. It is the resolution of the talking men you will need to look to.

A Village of Fear

By John N. Raphael

STRANGELY enough, I knew the little town—a village almost—and I had spent an hour there not very long before the war. It used to be one of those staid and quiet little places in the north of France which visitors would call a village, to the townspeople's annoyance. It might have been a little English town, so prim it was. Mrs. Gaskell would have loved it. The little railway station had, of course, as all such railway stations have, its own little garden, bordered on the platform side with neat white stones. * * *

There is no stationmaster now, and Monsieur le Capitaine no longer waits for the afternoon train. There is no afternoon train—there are no trains at all. The station is there, the little garden is there, the houses outside are there, but they are empty and silent.

On either side of the little slope running down to the High Street, the bourgeois-built houses remind one of an angry old lady whom a passing omnibus has made into a figure of fun on a muddy day. They are spattered with mud. They are pock-marked with shrapnel. Here and there shutters have been shattered *into little holes and splintered bits, where the whole shutter has not been torn*

away. But the houses stand. The walls look tired, but they are whole, though mud and misery have been splashed on them wholesale. They have been caught by the fringe of the storm of hot metal; some antediluvian beast out of a Doré picture or a Conan Doyle story had been nibbling at the slates. Now and again, the top of one of these houses had been forced out into the street, or a great piece has been munched off a corner by a shell.

In the middle of the road is a black marble clock. The glass is broken, but it is otherwise undamaged, and the gilt hands mark twenty minutes past three. At the bottom of the slope is the High Street. It is a street of silence, without any of the poetic glamour which long years of silence lend to such a street. There is no grass on the pavements. There is no moss between the stones. There is mud. There is a hole or two—and there is not a sound.

You know the silence which precedes a storm? This is the silence of the aftermath, and it is ghastly and impressive, more impressive, perhaps, because of the bright Spring sunshine in which it is bathed. Some of the shop fronts have been shaved away by shell, and lie in heaps of dust. The wares are

behind the window frames—there are no windows. There is a roast chicken which a shower of plaster has apparently saved from complete dissolution, and by it, a large dish of horrible, dusty spinach, with a hard-boiled egg on it. Half the shop sign, "Rotisserie," has disappeared. The three letters, "Rot—," which remain tell the story.

The doors of the houses are open, but

nothing lives and nothing stirs, and there is no sound but the click of our own boots on the stones. It is a silence which makes one afraid, and we gulp down the fear to get rid of that lump in the throat which is caused by an infinite pity. We could only make little noises with our lips and teeth, at one another, to express what we were feeling. Neither of us could have spoken.

From an Artilleryman's Notebook

L'Illustration (Paris) has brought together magnificent examples of "the raw material of history," one of which follows:

FOUR A. M.—We install telephone lines between the central post of Massiges and the first line trenches.

6 A. M.—Intensive bombardment of enemy positions; all the calibres join in; it is an uninterrupted drum roll.

The German artillery replies. Naturally they are particularly generous to Massiges; nevertheless a little of their solicitude is extended to the Promontory and to the rear connecting trenches * * * Oh! This time we have the honor of breathing their asphyxiating gases * * * first a dash of ether, of garlic, then a slight stinging in the eyes. One of us gives terrifying tales of the effects of these gases. We all put on our masks, the gas penetrates, nevertheless; tears come to our eyes, and we feel oppressed. Decidedly, you are better with your face uncovered; let us take off the masks. We all mop our eyes as hard as we can. The Boche jest is poignant; everybody weeps at it! * * *

Finally the gases go away, leaving us violent headaches.

So the real attack is for this morning. In two hours all those who are here, porpoises, (marines,) couriers, telephonists, artillery signalers, will rush to the attack of the Ring and, as we are to pierce it, will go on further. * * *

9:15 A. M.—The commander of the first advance climbs the parapet leisurely, steadily. He rests his weapon on his arm and turns back. All his men,

his two companies, are there. * * * "Forward!" A few yards apart, the porpoises rush forward; he has to hold them back.

"Gently, gently!" says the officer.

The second advance gets out; it follows the first, which has already reached the foot of the Ring.

It is superb, it is unforgettable, danger is forgotten; the silhouettes down there are all ready in the "Kreuter" trench. A contest of cold steel. A conflict begins there which hardly lasts two minutes, and the silhouettes go forward, forward, and disappear in the connecting trench.

A period of pause. With a glance the commander examines all his men.

9:45 A. M.—It is the turn of the fourth wave, our turn, to follow. We have all been out of the trenches this long time; we are eager to go forward.

A fine drizzle is falling. What a misfortune! It will keep our aeroplanes in.

A machine gun masked in the Ring ravine bothers us, it fires on our flank, pours bullets into a battery which has just reached the bridge over the brook. Horses of the gun teams fall, it becomes necessary to unhitch the traces, to drag the poor brutes out of the way. Other horses are wounded and soon all is confusion; horses, men, guns, caissons * * * all tangled together * * * there is no question now of bringing this battery into action.

The horses of the artillery scouting party, eight or ten, are very peacefully cropping grass in the meadow beside us. Already some of them have fallen; the

others look at them. Now there are only five left, then three, then two, then one. The bullets fly * * * the poor brute is struck; * * * it tries to lift its head to see with its great, gentle eyes, whence came the blow which struck it; pitifully it lifts its crest, but the head falls back again * * * convulsive movements, a veil gathers over the eyes, and the fine horse dies!

At last! Here we are on the road to the Ring. We arrive there at quick march. We draw a long breath, the breastwork protects us for the moment from that cursed machine gun.

10:30 A. M.—Here are the first German trenches, the big connecting guts. Everything is turned upside down, it is a vision of chaos. Boards, ends of wood, stick up out of the earth, and the soil is strewn with fragments of bombs, bullets, barbed wire. The Kreuter trench has disappeared; nothing is left of it now but a kind of great rut, and German arms, legs, and bodies, torn by our shrapnel, are half buried in it.

At one place on the slope of a ravine we have to bend down and crawl over corpses, for an enemy machine gun tirelessly sweeps what remains of the parapet. Here and there you catch hold of an arm or a leg to help you over a difficult place.

The first prisoners come down the slope, wan, pitiable. They admit that they have not eaten for three days, our cannon having made the transport of supplies impossible. One of our naval guns has destroyed the Challerange railroad station and cut through the road to Autry. Two shelled railroad trains lie across the tracks and form an inextricable barrier.

A German noncommissioned officer of the Thirtieth Infantry Reserve Regiment declares that our gun fire was frightful, that it was shameful, that we shouldn't do things like that, and so on, * * * and when we laughed he flew into a temper.

The porpoise in charge of a dozen prisoners leaves them half way down the hill; he points out Massiges and the Promontory to them and goes back into the fight. The Boches ask nothing better; formed in rank by their noncom-

missioned officer, who has taken command of them on his own initiative, they take the direction of our former lines, walking rapidly, feeling no desire at all to escape their fate as prisoners of war.

Noon.—We are in the German trenches, an excellent shelter, but full of dead bodies. Our sweepers have passed that way; a squad throws grenades into the saps and hurries on a little further. Another, a little distance behind the first, examines the trenches to make sure that no living Boches are hiding in the crevices.

In these corners a sickening smell of blood strikes your nostrils.

The waves of the assault are in the connecting trenches; pressing close together our men are waiting in the fine drizzle that soaks their clothes.

1 P. M.—The lines are a good deal mixed; bullets are whistling from every direction; they come from the Medius, they come from 191. To get a little shelter we dig in and every one works armed with shovels and picks. We attack the bodies, which have to be taken off the ground and thrown over the breastwork. The German losses caused by our gun fire must have been terrible. Detached heads, arms, legs, are lying here and there. With our shovels we push them out of the way.

The German artillery is still firing feebly; 77s, 105s, burst in the hollows of their former earthworks. Telephone wires, cut in many places, cannot be mended.

Messages are carried to Massiges. It is an exciting race. The machine gun in the ravine sprays the plain where many of us are passing and we walk on without knowing whether the next moment we may not be chosen as a target for the Boche machine guns.

In the hollows of the earthworks and in the ravine from the Brook as far as Massiges, no one killed; by a lucky chance we have only had wounded there.

As he return we lay a telephone wire, but the three hundred yards are still there, hard to pass. We must not let them see that we are laying wires, for the Boches don't like that. Hiding the reel behind our backs or under our

cloaks we unroll the wire as we go, and get past, looking very innocent.

The machine gun crew, busy elsewhere, leaves us alone.

2 P. M.—We have not had anything to eat yet; in the evening, perhaps, if we have time. On the top of the crest we still push forward, but the Germans are building barricades and we work with hand grenades.

"Pass the grenades forward," comes the message, and the bags which contain them come forward to the firing line.

"Pass the cartridges forward"; "Pass the grenades," such is the cry ceaselessly repeated. Beside us the porpoises cut the steel wires which hold the shells in place.

It is still raining; you sink in this harrowed and water-soaked earth.

4 P. M.—All goes well. We are making headway in the approach trenches. At times it is a race. A message to the artillery to lengthen its fire by 200 yards * * * ten minutes after by 400 yards * * * the division asks for explanations; are not these two messages parts of one message? No, no! It is really 200 plus 400, that is, 600.

After the advance a brief pause; German reinforcements.

The struggle with the grenades continues; our men are in their shirtsleeves, for in spite of the rain they have got hot.

Ahead of us no more rifle fire; only on the flanks. Whoever takes the trouble to aim is killed before he has time to fire.

In a munitions depot near Sap IB we find 3,000 German "bedbugs"—that is the name our porpoises give to these grenades. We shall not fail to return them to their former owners.

A Boche creeping out from one knows not where, wild eyed, suddenly appears between the two French lines. He gesticulates, no longer knows what he is doing, and hurls grenades in every direction, at his comrades, at us. A shot from the German trench quiets him.

5 P. M.—The General sends a message: "The right and left are getting well ahead. Stand firm." The Colonel answers: "I am making every effort to maintain my position and even to push forward, but I am partly surrounded and wedged in, in the guts and trenches. You may be certain that I shall hold on to the end, but I need grenades."

It is true that we use them up, but one by one the guts are swept clear and under the rain of explosions the Germans fall, the defenders are killed, the trench is ours. We do not halt, but press forward.

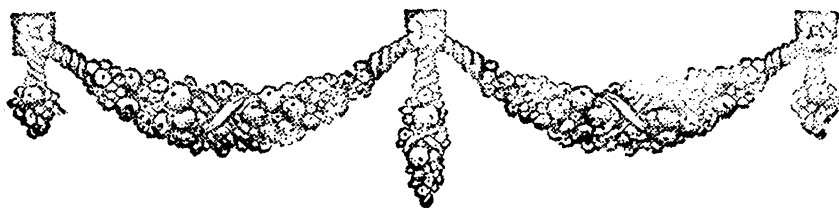
7 P. M.—The night falls, the combat slackens. We come down again to Massiges, fearing no counterattack on the part of the Boches. The day is good. We have taken eight successive lines of trenches. As a measure of precaution we organize them defensively in any case.

9 P. M.—We are at Massiges, with empty bellies. We eat with good appetites * * * then we go to sleep, for we are ready to sleep standing up.

11 P. M.—Another alarm! We get the signal that the Germans are busy, too busy for our taste, in their trenches on A 47 and A 48.

The information is telephoned to the artillery. The 75s fire, and from up there they signal at last that there is less noise.

The soldiers stretch themselves on the earth and sleep the sleep of the just * * *



Europe's Economic Predominance in Danger

By Professor Willy Wygodzinski of Bonn

The following article by a noted Professor of Philosophy and writer on economics in the University of Bonn, warning the belligerents of the probable effects of the continuance of the war upon their position in the world markets, originally appeared in the Cologne Gazette on Dec. 24, 1915:

DR. HELFFERICH, the Imperial Treasurer, in his report to the Reichstag on Dec. 14 estimated the daily cost of the war at from \$80,000,000 to \$82,500,000, or a yearly total of from \$30,000,000,000 to \$32,500,000,000. These figures seem fantastic, but they are nothing more than the concrete expression of a grim reality. And in these figures only the immediate expenses of the war are included, i. e., what the belligerent States are laying out for warlike purposes. They do not cover the expenses of individuals, the destruction of goods, or the falling off in production.

It is easily comprehensible, therefore, that in these circumstances the leading financial organ of Great Britain, *The Economist*, raises the question if it is not possible to conclude an honorable peace before Europe goes into general bankruptcy. Indeed, the question of how the economic future of Europe has been and will continue to be affected by the war deserves the most careful attention.

Europe, or to speak more exactly, Northwestern Europe, has been up to the present the spiritual and economic centre of the world. Its advanced position has been due to no small extent to the restless economic urge of Germany, which, often enough against their will, dragged the older countries with it. Two things have threatened this European hegemony during the last few decades; the slow upward march of the United States of America and the force with which Japan, leaving the Middle Ages behind, thrust itself into the ranks of the great powers. So far, the other Asiatic or African countries have not been able to reach a

similar height. The development of Canada and Australia has been limited partly by natural and partly by cultural reasons. The nations of Central and South America, the climatic conditions of which place them in the position of being essentially producers of raw materials, are by no means able to compete with the industrial countries.

If it is true that England now has 4,000,000 men under arms, this alone signifies a great sacrifice. According to the census of 1911 there were only 14,250,000 males engaged in industry in all Great Britain. If we count those who have fallen, or been hopelessly maimed, as well as the others whose services are required by the war, we find that fully a third of the male industrial population has been withdrawn from its former activities. The soldiers, however, naturally represent the pick of the workers in the prime of life, so in reality the loss in labor power is still greater. Consequently, instead of England being able to increase her production, as she had hoped to do, she has been obliged greatly to reduce it. The results are well known; the island kingdom's exports are steadily falling, while her imports are increasing, and at constantly rising prices.

The same is true in a still greater degree in the case of France and Russia, as these countries were the first to send their young men to the battlefields. Naturally, the Central Powers have also been hard hit by the war, but, as we shall show, they are in a much more favorable economic position than their opponents. Of course their sacrifice in blood has been extraordinarily large and can by no means be replaced, but England's inten-

tion to ruin them economically has luckily come to nought, although they have not been able to import some things that formerly seemed indispensable, as only small quantities have escaped the brutal policy of oppression of England, the sea pirate. They have been in the same situation regarding exports. In connection with the latter point, the significance of the fostering of the home market was well brought out. While England, with her disproportionately developed industry, depended upon selling from three-quarters to four-fifths of her entire production abroad, the case with Germany was just the reverse. Consequently, it was much easier for her to find a place for her former export goods in the domestic market. The war itself, with its never-ceasing demand for all sorts of articles, from shells to pocket lanterns, quickly assumed, thanks to the adaptability of our industry, the rôle of "substitute" purchaser.

Now, after having recognized the incomparably better situation of the Central Powers, let us try to take a good look at the general economic results of the war for the European powers concerned. Japan need not be counted as a belligerent, as her active part in the war may be regarded as ended. It would be unspeakably foolish from her standpoint if she did not complacently watch the European nations tear each other to pieces as long as possible. Let us estimate the number of men engaged in the war at 25,000,000 at least. All of them have been withdrawn from productive labor. Counting the average yearly production (not wages) of each of the 15,000,000 West Europeans at \$250, and that of the 10,000,000 East Europeans at \$125, we have a falling off in production of \$5,000,000,000 a year. This is exactly the amount of the annual income of the rich French Nation, as estimated some years ago by Leroy-Beaulieu. In reality it is likely that the number of men withdrawn from industrial life is much larger, and the loss in production as well, since a great many factories are lying partly or entirely idle because of the absence of their managers or of other important officials.

Then we must add the immense de-

struction of goods, the consumption of material by the war itself, and the tying up of important shipping lines, to mention just a few instances. And then the list of losses is by no means ended. A very large number of the men in the field will either never return or will come back so crippled as to be hardly counted as members of productive industry. In many cases, even though no member of the family is killed or crippled, the disorganization of industry, the loss of customers, &c., will make former producers temporary or permanent passive elements in economic life. Finally, it must be remembered that the costs of the war, even though they be partly shifted to the shoulders of later generations, must be paid at some time, and with a high rate of interest at that. In case the expenses of the victor should be paid by the vanquished, which is by no means certain, the position of the former group of States would be bettered, but not the general situation of Europe.

Now, what is the position of Europe's rivals? The advantages derived out of the present situation by both America and Japan are universally known. "Neutral" America is enriching itself no less than the enemy land of the Mikado. It is characteristic of the situation that Japan, the poor nation, is now in a position to avail itself of the difference in exchange and buy back its securities in the stock markets of Paris and Berlin. But the developments of the future are more important than those of the moment. That Germany will no longer have a part in the world market, as her opponents hope, is naturally not to be thought of. She will remain indispensable as a purchaser and, above all, as a producer of high quality goods. We might even say that Germany could not have a better advertisement than this war, which has given her the opportunity to demonstrate her ability upon every field. Europe in general, however, has been set back to an incalculable degree by the war in the economic race with her non-European competitors, who have not been injured by it. President Wilson told a meeting of business men in Columbus early in December that it seemed

as if the United States must form a reserve of financial and economic strength for the entire world after the war.

This is, of course, when we consider America's weakness in capital, one of those favorite exaggerations of the land of unlimited boasting. Nevertheless, it is certain that North America's advantage in the great export market of South America has grown enormously, and that it is also likely to maintain the position of purveyor to the Entente countries that it has obtained during the war. To be sure, Wilson, through his cowardly policy—the Japanese are still in the Mexican bay where they landed more than a year ago to float a "stranded" ship—has abandoned the East Asiatic market for a long time.

Right here lies what is probably the greatest danger for the economic position of Europe and for the white race in general. The incomprehensible shortsightedness of the Anglo-American policy in the Far East, inspired partly by hate and partly by blind business greed, has led to an immeasurable strengthening of Japan, and she seems likely to emerge as the real economic victor of the war. The Japanese textile industry is particularly active in availing itself of the favorable opportunity to get into the world's trade. We hear that the Red Cross in Moscow has received bids from Japanese woolen mills that were 40 per cent. under the Russian prices, and that the woolen manufacturers of Manchester are worrying over samples of Japanese goods which have stood the test of comparison with their own products, and have been offered at very low prices. If this is happening in England itself, we may well

imagine how things look in the markets of the Far East, and particularly those of India, which the Japanese have for a long time openly regarded as in their sphere of influence. While the export of textile machinery from England to all other countries has fallen off, to Japan it has increased. If Japan succeeds in industrially organizing the human hordes of Eastern Asia, and she seems in a fair way to do so, the fate of the European-American working class, that cannot adapt itself to the living conditions of the coolies, is sealed, and that of the capitalists also. The war and the blind, suicidal policy of England and America are all hastening the advent of that period.

Let us summarize. The economic future of Europe is in great danger. The loss of men and material, if long continued, must entail the loss of Europe's economic hegemony. Germany has the least to fear, as her exploitation of the advantages of the "closed market" during the war, the new export possibilities opened to her in the Near East, and the great productive ability of her industry, which has been heightened during the war and promoted by German science, will continue to make her superior to the nations that are now trying to annihilate her because of this very superiority. England, with her relatively excessive foreign trade and her particularly exposed position in India, has the most to fear. Every further day of the war signifies a new and irretrievable loss, without any visible compensation for the aggressors. This sin against European culture and against the development of humanity does not rest upon our head.





JOHN E. REDMOND

Irish Nationalist Leader in the British Parliament

(Photo from Ernest H. Mills.)

however," he said to himself, "my rhinoceros-like rushes and my huge apparatus of murder should in the impossible case hurl themselves against a too magnificent resistance, then, perhaps, I should dare, relying on the poltroonery of the neutrals; I should dare, perhaps, to affront all the laws of civilization and to employ other means. In any case, let us prepare."

The great rush, in fact, did fail, and timidity at the beginning, fearful, in spite of all, of the whole world's disgust, he tried asphyxiation, after having justified himself, of course, by his habitual lies, accusing France of having made the beginning. As he cynically hoped, there was, unfortunately, no general revolt of the human conscience. No more than over the earlier crimes—organized looting, destruction of cathedrals, violations, massacres of children and of women—did the neutrals intervene. It veritably seems as if the destructive, fierce, and deathlike glance of his Gorgon, or Medusa, head had frozen them where they stood, and at the hour at which I write the last one Gorgonized by this monstrous glance is the poor King of Greece, inconsistent and maladroit, who is trembling on the verge of the precipice of the gravest crimes. That there may be neutrals from terror one can understand; but that nations with high qualities should remain Germanophile, by what tricks have they been blinded, by what slanders or by what bribes?

Our dear soldiers with burned lungs, gasping on their little rustic beds, are very grateful when, following the doctor, you come close to them, and they raise their gentle eyes to you when you take them by the hand. Here is one swollen like a balloon, unrecognizable, doubtless, for those who had only seen him before this frightful swelling began, and, if you touch even as lightly as possible his poor, distended cheeks, you feel under your fingers the vibration of the gases which have filtered in between skin and flesh.

"Good; he is better since this morning," says the doctor, and he continues in a low voice, for the nurse: "I begin to think, Madame, we shall save this one *also*; but you must not leave him for a

moment." Oh, needless advice, for she has not the slightest intention of leaving him, this white-clad nurse, under whose eyes there are already dark shadows, caused by eight-and-forty hours of truceless watching. Not one of them will be left, no; to be certain of that one has only to look at all these young doctors, all these orderlies, a little worn out, it is true, but so attentive and courageous that they do not lose sight of one of them.

And, thank God, they will save almost all of them! (Of 600 asphyxiated that night more than 500 are out of danger.) As soon as they can be moved they will be taken away from this hell of the battle front, where the Kaiser's shrapnels fall so willingly, even on the dying; they will be laid more comfortably in quiet hospitals where they will still suffer much, indeed, for a week, a fortnight, a month, but which they will presently leave, more cautious, more prudent, and eager to return to the fight.

It may be said that the trick of asphyxiation has failed like that of the great, savage rushes; it has not brought the result which the Gorgon's head expected. And yet with what skillful calculations it has been tried on each occasion, always at the most favorable moments! We know that the Germans, masters of spying and ceaselessly informed of everything, never fail to choose for their attacks of whatever kind the days of relieving guard, the hours when newcomers, facing them, are still in the disorder of their arrival.

So the evening when this last crime was committed six hundred of our men had just taken their advance positions after a long and tiring march; all at once, in the midst of a salvo of shrapnel which aroused them from their first sleep, they made out here and there little sounds of whistling, as if from treacherous steam sirens, and the death gas was pouring around them, spreading its thick, gloomy, gray clouds. At the same time, in the midst of this fog, their lights waned to dim, small points. Bewildered, then, already suffocating, they thought, too late, of the masks which had been given them and which, besides, they did not greatly believe in; they put them on

too awkwardly, some of them even, by an irresistible instinct of self-preservation, when they felt the burning of their lungs, yielded to the desire to run, and these were the most terribly injured because of the excess of chlorine inhaled in the deep breaths of running.

But the next time they will not be caught, neither these men, nor any of our soldiers; with masks hermetically sealed they will stand immovable around heaps of fagots prepared beforehand, the sudden flames of which neutralize the poisons in the air, and there will be no result beyond an hour of discomfort, painful to pass through but almost always without fatal consequences.

It is true that in the accursed caverns which are their laboratories the intellectuals of Germany, convinced now that the neutrals will accept everything, are working hard to find new and worse poisons for us; but until they have found them the Gorgon's head will have lost this trick as, beyond contest, it has lost so many others. We, alas! have not been able to find means to repay them with sufficient cruelty; to defend ourselves we have, therefore, only the protective mask, which is being improved, it is

true, day by day; and, after all, in the eyes of the neutrals—if they still have eyes to see—it is, perhaps, nobler to employ no other means.

At the same time, how different would our position be if we did asphyxiate them, these plunderers and assassins who have attacked and invaded us, and who, despairing of piercing our lines, try to suffocate us in our own homes, in our dear land of France, as one might suffocate rabbits in their burrows or rats in their holes. The tongues of men have not forecast these transcendent ignominies, which would rend the hearts of the basest cannibals; therefore, we have no words to name them. Our poor, asphyxiated soldiers, gasping on their narrow cots, how willingly I would have shown them to all, to their fathers, to their sons, to their brothers, to raise to paroxysm their holy indignation and thirst for vengeance; yes, I would show them everywhere, and let their death rattle be heard, even to the impassive neutrals, to convince of their folly or their crime so many obstinate pacifists, to spread broadcast the alarm against the great barbarism which has broken forth over Europe!

Germania

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Surgeon her, world! Let myriad scalpels bright
Flash in her sores with all thy bitter might,
So that their aching cease.
Cut clean the cursed canker that doth foul
Her spirit; tent and cleanse her sorry soul,
And give her bosom peace.

We do not smite a nation, but a pest;
Humanity makes reasonable quest
To free a noble slave.
Full deep she groans and faints, and fainting feels
Archaic torture of a tyrant's heels
Grinding her to her grave.

Possessed of devils now, mad with her woes,
She wounds the world and turns her friends to foes;
But cast her devils down
And broken, humbled, contrite, healed and sane
Oh, may she shine her glorious self again—
Pearl in Europa's crown.

And they accurs'd, who bred this in her heart,
Shall from the councils of mankind depart,
While over sea and shore,
The silver trumpets of the sunrise cry
That earth pursue her solemn destiny
By blood and iron no more.

War and Civilization

By Maxim Gorky

The noted Russian author wrote this pithy little article for a Stockholm paper. It was copied by a Russian journal, from which the present translation was made.

THE effect of the war on the progress of civilization among the nations of the world will be strongly felt for generations to come. The development of civilization will be much less rapid after the war than heretofore.

The world is becoming more and more permeated with ill-will, hatred, and passion. The noble emotions give way to the bestial. The infernal forces are awakened and the inhuman has proudly raised its head. I believe, however, in the common sense of the nations of Western Europe. I feel that that sense will yet conquer the world, and that the European civilization will become the civilization of all humanity.

The European nations must therefore see to it that the work of civilization is carried on by them in a friendlier and more co-operative spirit. The "must" is based on a very plain point of view: The Anglo-Saxons, Teutons and Latins, all together, constitute but a part of the world's population. And yet they are the ones that are and have been creating the spiritual treasures of all humanity. The right to the spiritual domination of the world belongs to Western Europe, as she is entitled to that right by virtue of her spiritual wealth, of her many generations of labor on the fields of science and art; she has won that right through her intellectual services to humanity.

This mad, bloody war affords the largest part of the world the opportunity of doubting the moral values of Western European progress, of denouncing her authority in matters spiritual, and of opposing her doctrines and principles. In a measure these doubts are justified. The slaughter in which the foremost European nations are now engaged will enhance barbarism on earth and will doubtless be the cause of many obstacles in the path of civilization's progress in *Africa* and *Asia*.

As soon as the European nations end their present criminal activities, a safe and solid ground for common work in behalf of the world will be found by them. The great minds of the neutral countries could even now begin the work of reorganizing European civilization, they could start a campaign against a return to barbarism. Several years ago Wilhelm Ostwald suggested a union of the great minds of the world. He pointed out the necessity for such a "world-brain," representing all nations. Such a "world-brain" would bring into the political, social, and nationalistic chaos the healthy human thought. Ostwald has proved the possibility of creating such a scientific institution in international politics, an institution composed of the master minds of the age, of scholars and men of affairs. Such a union must become the nervous system of humanity, the brain of the world.

I believe that right now is the time for such a union. We must attempt to embody this idea even if it were only because it would raise us above the every-day struggle for life, ennoble and refine us. Does it sound Utopian? Not so very long ago the people thought wireless telegraphy, flying machines, and many other facts of today Utopian. The properties of radium remind us of the "philosopher's stone," the dream of the alchemists. Are not all these the attainments of science?

These miracles of science are the products of the human mind, the results of the iron will of man. Why could not the same mind, the same will, work miracles on the field of social and nationalistic relations?

Would it be considered miraculous if all of us were to grasp fully the simple fact that through bloodshed, murder, and destruction our conditions of life will not improve?

It is high time for our mind and will to create the possibilities for a healthier, freer, and more rapid development of civilization. Only through the power of mind and will could man transform the earth into a place worthy of his aspirations and ideals. Only a rational will could create rational conditions of life. And now, when the war has caused us all so much suffering, let our common interests in the destinies of European civilization create a mutual spiritual bond, a union based on our devotion to civilization.

The Debt

By E. V. LUCAS

[Reprinted by permission from *The Sphere*.]

No more old England will they see—
Those men who've died for you and me.

So lone and cold they lie; but we,
We still have life; we still may greet
Our pleasant friends in home and street;
We still have life, are able still
To climb the turf of Bignor Hill,
To see the placid sheep go by,
To hear the sheep-dog's eager cry,
To feel the sun, to taste the rain,
To smell the Autumn scents again
Beneath the brown and gold and red
Which old October's brush has spread,
To hear the robin in the lane,
To look upon the English sky.

On every heart, lest we forget—
Secure at home—engrave this debt!

Too delicate is flesh to be
The shield that nations interpose
'Twixt red Ambition and his foes—
The bastion of Liberty.
So beautiful their bodies were,
Built with so exquisite a care:
So young and fit and lithe and fair.
The very flower of us were they,
The very flower, but yesterday!
Yet now so pitiful they lie,
Where love of country bade them hie
To fight this fierce Caprice—and die.
All mangled now, where shells have burst
And lead and steel have done their worst;
The tender tissues ploughed away,
The year's slow processes effaced:
The Mother of us all—disgraced.



The Spirit of the Soldier

By Paul Bourget

Paul Bourget has just published a preface, full of the beauty and mysticism which mark his later work, to the posthumous story by Ernest Psichari, "The Journey of the Centurion." This preface contains an analysis of the spirit of the soldier, as France understands that spirit today, so admirable, so inspiring, that it is well worth translating. Bourget writes:

THIS is a very beautiful book, and one which will double, among people of letters, the grief which was caused them fifteen months ago by the premature death of its author, Lieutenant Ernest Psichari, who fell heroically in Belgium at the time of the retreat from Charleroi. His first story, "The Call to Arms," had produced, it will be remembered, a very lively impression. Two reasons contributed to this. Ernest Psichari was the grandson of Ernest Renan, and the contrast of his thought with the thought of his great ancestor could not fail to astonish. But above all, it was the revelation of a talent already of the higher order, and of a singular freshness, in which the gift of keen expression, the sustained natural magic of the visionary artist, was associated with an incomparable subtlety of psychological analysis.

"The Call to Arms" related to us the simple story of an officer, Nangès, curing a young soldier of the worst anarchist and pacifist delusions by the simple suggestion of his personality. Few events, a uniform—I had almost said an earth to earth—narrative, and the portrait was complete, in such high relief that Nangès remains for me, even now, as living as if I had known him in the flesh. In that story, among other pages, there was a conversation between comrades in garrison on the soldier's profession, equal in tone, and superior in scope, to the celebrated passage by Vigny in the second chapter of "Servitude and Greatness," which begins: "The army is a nation within a na-

tion. * * * " Vigny adds: "It is a vice of the times."

For Nangès, on the contrary, the avowed spokesman of the writer, the most precious work of the soldier is to constitute, within the nation, a type apart. He and he alone represents a principle of obedience, of sacrifice, and of danger, as necessary to the general tone of society as the secretions of one or another gland could be to the general energy of the organism.

This study of the true character of the soldier formed the theme of "The Call to Arms." It is also that of this posthumous story to which its author gave this enigmatical title: "The Journey of the Centurion." The title is explained by two verses of St. Matthew: " * * * the Centurion answered and said: 'Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof; but speak the word only and my servant shall be healed. For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me; and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it.'" You are at once informed that this new essay in military psychology is also an essay in religious psychology. The author claims the right to associate the Gospel and the sword in virtue of a text which proves that there can be, that there must be, a Christian doctrine of war. Christ, who said to the rich man, "Leave thy riches," does not say to the Centurion, "Leave thy service." In listening to his words of discipline without reproof, he makes them his own. Nay, he admires him who pronounces them: "And when Jesus heard it, He marveled." * * * He adds: "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

It is, then, the soldier who believes that Ernest Psichari is going to depict for us. He does not plan merely to paint a picture of manners, although this picture is there, and its lines are of a realism which does not shrink before

brutality. Being himself a soldier, the author loves the humble details of service, but he loves even more the spiritual meaning, or better, he does not separate them, and it is this special quality which we must understand if we would enter fully into the spirit of this narrative.

Already in "The Call to Arms" there was talk of the "mysticism" of the military profession. This expression is not peculiar to Psichari. In his latest contributions to the "Cahiers de la Quinzaine," Peguy employed it constantly, and "The Call to Arms" is dedicated to Peguy. This formula reveals a mental state which seems to have been that of a whole chosen class of the youth of France before 1914 and the terrible war. Actual experience can only accentuate it. * * *

When Psichari makes Nangès say that the army has its morale and its mysticism he intends to affirm that our activity, to be complete, must have a hidden sense and imply a faith. In every human action he distinguishes two elements—a positive application exterior to the man and a secret meaning which is interior to him. The soldier makes war. This is the exterior application. He develops in himself secretly, he brings to the highest tension certain virtues. He nourishes, he enriches his soul through his profession. This is the interior work. The life of the soul thus becomes the deep and ultimate reason of the effort, even the most technical. The act of faith is there in that affirmation that the spiritual world is not only a reality but that it is the reality par excellence. Outside himself the best adapted energy of the most intelligent man does not differ from the work of the spider spinning his web * * * this mechanization of being, a Peguy, a Psichari recognize quite as much in the curiosity of the man of science, in the calculations of the politician, in the libertinism of the voluptuary, as in the slavery of the bureaucrat or of the toiler. It is against it that they appeal to the higher, spiritual powers which

are at once the highest and the deepest of our being.

Open "The Journey of the Centurion" and note in what light the author introduces to you his hero, Maxence, an officer of sharpshooters, who is leading a column of Meharists in Mauritania: " * * * his father—the Colonel who was a man of letters, a Voltairian and worse—had been deceived. Maxence had a soul. He was born to believe, and to love, and to hope. He had a soul, made in the image of God, able to discern truth from falsehood, good from evil * * * Yet this upright man followed a devious way, a doubtful path, and nothing warned him of it except this rapid beating of his heart, this restlessness. * * * " You lay down the book, and, if you are one of those who were twenty years old thirty years ago, you remember how your generation thought and felt. It oscillated between extreme intellectualism and the pursuit of success. One was scientific, Monist, then Nihilist, or simply brutally ambitious like Rastignac and Julien Sorel.

What a distance covered in a quarter of a century, and of what returns the thought of a race remains capable! How these renewals of sap disconcert the best supported inductions, the most completely justified prophecies! Let us be very careful about relegating to the powers of the past the ideas and feelings by which our fathers lived. Is their force exhausted? We can never tell.

It is one of these unexpected returns that "The Journey of the Centurion" relates to us, the bubbling up anew in an intellect and a feeling, of a spring which had seemed dried up. "The Call to Arms" had declared to us the military vocation, and in what psychological mold, if one may so express it, this human type of so distinct a cast, that is the soldier, takes its shape. "The Journey of the Centurion" declares to us the awakening of the believer in this soldier, and how the religion of duty leads this devotee of discipline to all disciplines.

The Moslem World and Germany

By Friedrich Delitzsch

In an address at Eberfeld, at the founding of the German-Turkish Society, Dr. Delitzsch, the author of "The Moslem World," quoted from long article subsequently printed in the Deutsche Revue. In the following condensation of that article the learned doctor offers a rather surprising defense of the social peculiarities of Islam.

WE are today realizing the truth of the Turkish saying, "A nail can save a hoof, a hoof a horse, a horse a man, a man a country." The Turkey with which we are now joined in the closest bond of fraternity is no longer the old Turkey. The many Turko-Germanic societies now organizing have for their aim the knitting of interests in both lands for mutual benefit. This Turkey is no longer the "sick man" going to his destruction with England and Russia ready to assist at the burial, but a nation caught, as it were, on the brink of the abyss; a rejuvenated Turkey. A flaming patriotism has helped it to be born again. Many noble, willing, enthusiastic Young Turks are working for the redemption, and above them all stands Enver Pasha, the savior of his country, the chosen one who will know how to carry to completion the program of reform.

But before we concern ourselves with a study of the risen Turkey, its problems and its ambitions, it becomes a matter of utmost consequence to inquire into the fundamental factor which, tomorrow as yesterday, is part and parcel of the Turkish people, namely the Turkish State religion, Islam. As Germans, we have always found it essential to know something about those who, even where individuals are concerned, are to be members of our circle of acquaintance. This is quite the proper thing. The moral and religious attitude of our friends concerns us. In the case of the Islamic people, whose religion enters every avenue of activity both in private and public, the Koran stands so pre-eminently the model for their whole being that we should commit a great wrong in not familiarizing ourselves with its main teachings.

It is a great pity that there should be

so many irresponsible utterances to the effect that Islam neglects to care for the "inner man." This we find set forth especially in many English books. I have no means for knowing what exactly takes place in the mind of the Mussulman at his five-times-a-day prayer ceremony. But I do know how impressive it is when the Arab, in the burning heat of the desert, makes ready to offer his prayer. And nothing can exceed in impressiveness the attitude of the Mohammedans on ship-board when in long rows they turn their faces toward Mecca while doing reverence to Allah with the going down of the sun.

A pure heart is the mainspring of Mohammedan religious feeling, and the inner being of the most repulsive dervish means to me much more than all outward appearance of the wealthiest men in all the world.

It is self-evident that we as Christians have no reason whatsoever to look askance at our Turko-German fellowship. We have but to take example from our Emperor who, as far back as 1898, when visiting the tomb of Saladin at Damascus, stated that the Sultan and all those who followed him would find in the Kaiser a true friend for all time. A united and solidified Osmanic Empire should from now on constitute a strong bulwark against Asiatic elements that in the future might prove disturbers of peace. When the world war ends this will be brought out in clear relief.

There is another Turkish proverb to the effect that "There is a way that leads from heart to heart." Whoever has dwelt on Turkish soil knows how to value the Turk as a man and to credit his qualities. In direct contrast to some other Eastern or Near-Eastern people, the genuine Turk is of noble character, with a mentality that is above reproach.

The patriarchal simplicity of the home environment is one of the worthy heritages of the Turkish people. Truthfulness, respect for the aged, charity and sympathy for the poor and unfortunate, are their characteristics. And that hospitality which is exemplified by all Orientals is especially pronounced in the dealings of the Turks with those who are their guests.

What unites the Germans with Turkey and the Islamic peoples in particular is some sort of romantic corollary based on youthful idealism. Since the days of the Crusade the thinkers and the poets among our people have turned with almost passionate longing toward those Oriental thinkers and poets who sung of roses and nightingales; whose fairy tales, proverbs, ethical symbolism wrought that string of precious jewels which contains among its priceless treasures the sayings of Omar the Tent-maker. It is the boast of German scholars and investigators that we have been instrumental in saving to the world these pearls of literature. Can it be possible that the brutal desire for conquest and commercial greed would dispose of all this wealth in prose and poetry?

Just as it is certain that Germany never has thought and never will think of wresting a single foot of soil from Turkey, just so certain is the fact that it is to Germany's interest that Islam shall come victorious from the present struggle. For should it ever have come to pass that the European and Asiatic possessions of Turkey were to be divided by England, Russia, and France, nothing would prevent Germany from being reduced to the place of a secondary power. We know how England has strained every nerve to gain the Bagdad railway and thus strike us at the heart where this precious jewel nestles close.

It has become our duty for more reasons than one to protect and aid Turkey in every possible way. This we must do by way of commercial and scientific leading. We must help in developing the soil, to extract the treasures from the ground, to build railways, to give physical and spiritual assistance to all Osmanic subjects, and to improve the status of woman. To outline and build from

the ground up will be our chief aim. At present we can barely indicate the direction in which we would proceed, for we are still removed from the desired goal. The brutal Faust of the "Greater Britain" still holds the world in bondage. This Faust stood exemplified not so long ago in giant posters on every corner in the City of London. On these posters the entire world was painted in red, with just a tiny spot to indicate Germany. This contemptuous thing was flung in the face of every German who stopped to view the picture.

We have spoken about the position of woman and the greater freedom to come. But even here the record is far different from what we have been led to believe by those bent on misrepresentation. The fact is that widespread polygamy does not in reality prevail. Nor is the life behind the harem walls in any way such a prisonlike existence as it has been painted. We recall what happened some years ago when Pierre Loti wrote his novel, "Les Desenchantées," based on the Turkish woman question. It was then that the Turkish Minister at The Hague requested publicly that Loti should point out to him twenty, yes, ten, polygamists in the whole of Turkey. In this respect we must not consider the harem of the Sultan, or of some of the Pashas, or the Sheiks of the deserts. Even the higher-class Arab who could easily afford the luxury of a number of households today consider it unseemly to take a second wife in addition to the one who has borne him children. For both economic and purely domestic reasons the average Mussulman is content with one wife. There is a Turkish saying that reads: "A home with four wives is like a small boat in a storm."

Within the harem the Mohammedan woman reigns supreme. She decrees absolutely what shall govern the arrangement of the household. The education of the children is in her hands. The veil is to her the symbol of virtue and of outward protection, just as in her home environment she sees herself honored as the pearl of great price. And with the intuitive gift of all women the world over she knows how to retain the respect and love of her lord and master.

Sweden's Greatest Danger

By Ellen Key

Blaming the Swedish "Activists" for playing into the hands of Germany, the noted Scandinavian champion of women's freedom has stated in the Forum, Stockholm, what she believes her country needs most during the war.

EXACTLY as the real friends of Germany in Sweden are being called "Teuton haters" by Swedish publications in the service of German imperialism, so all German men and women opposed to Prussian domination are being called enemies of their country because their burning patriotism tells them what attitude to take. The situation is just now in Germany what it was in Sweden in 1905. Rudolf Goldscheid's manifesto, "Germany's Greatest Danger," applies no less to us than to Germany. Published at the instance of the Neues Vaterland Society, this manifesto, with its warning against Prussianism and annexation, is at last available to Swedish readers in our language.

According to Goldscheid, even Sweden is among Germany's enemies. For only the most pro-German of all Swedes could by any possibility sanction Belgium's annexation.

My judgment rests on my abhorrence of chauvinism and militarism wherever I meet them, and for this reason I agree with those Germans who criticise Germany's wrong methods, with those English who objected to the Boer warfare, and with the French people who took exception to the Dreyfus persecutions. And, just as I detested everything wrong in other lands, so I stood fast against any action toward Norway in 1905. But if I am against wrongdoing, this does not prevent me from loving all the good contained in other countries or from feeling grateful for all they have done for my mental and spiritual development.

I do not believe there is a person in Sweden who knows modern Germany more thoroughly than I. My first visit took place in 1873, and since then I have made many journeys there and remained

for a considerable length of time. I have visited many parts of the country and can testify to the difference between democratic Germany and a Prussianized Germany. That the sentiment was becoming more and more warlike I knew from personal observation. We see the results of the teachings of Treitschke—how his disciples have poisoned German thought. Belgium, France, the Lusitania, the plans of annexation—here we have the evidence of this teaching.

It is my opinion that a Germany that follows the Prussian ideal, that any power which unscrupulously proceeds against small nations and aims at annexation, is as great a danger to Sweden and the whole of Scandinavia as is Russia. This is the great mistake in the foreign politics of Sweden—that so much should have been made of the Russian danger. I have said on various occasions that in my eyes Potsdam is a greater peril to the Germanic ideal than is either Moscow or London. I have never doubted that Germany would be victorious. My concern is whether a victorious Germany will draw upon its noblest aspirations, whether it will let humanitarianism prevail, whether it will accept Goethe's dictum as to what is most sacred for mankind.

My ideal Germany is one that accepts the best that Prussia has to offer—courage, self-discipline, organization, working power—employing all these qualities in the dispensing of justice, not in the cause of armaments. Such a Germany meant to me a barrier against the barbarism that threatened the West. Finland, Poland, Ukraina—these were to benefit from the intellectual force inherent in Germany.

The greatest danger to Sweden is not Russia, but a Germany in alliance with Russia. But it is exactly this that the "activistic" politics of Sweden may bring about. I have no patience with those who assert that we should have no cause to complain if Russia should try to com-

pensate itself on Swedish soil, since we are not fighting side by side with Germany. In other words, if we wish to avoid being despoiled we should throw ourselves into the maelstrom of this war, say the champions of activism.

The attitude of Holland and Switzerland is the only safe attitude. Their view is the only proper one, in that it gives the small country opportunity to retain its balance until the hour when East and West alike shall have reached the point of exhaustion. Such an attitude is genuinely Swedish in so far as being Swedish means to be proud, liberty-loving, knightly, no one's master and no one's servant. We should build further on the noble foundation we laid in 1905,

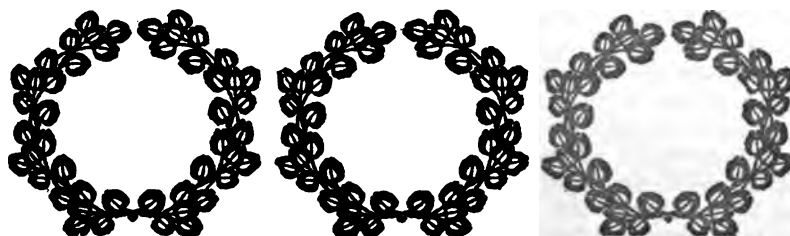
when we showed the world how a people can become humble in its own estimation and lead in the way of peace.

It is high time for us to make up our minds whether we will be friends with that Germany whose high-minded men and women battle in the hope that a new Fatherland shall spring from this world war or with a Germany that as victor will become a reactionary, isolated from the rest of the world. Such a Germany will finally ally itself with Russia. Sweden must bide its time and hold its patience until all Germanic interests coincide. This will mean neither to fight for the German ideal that strives after world domination nor to fight against the better Germany.

The Fate of Alsace-Lorraine

The December Bulletin of the Alliance Française called attention indignantly to a four-column article in the Frankfort Gazette entitled "Alsace-Lorraine," the principal ideas of which may be summed up as follows:

The definite incorporation of Alsace-Lorraine with Prussia is in the interest of the two provinces, much more so than a division of the "Reichsland" between the Grand Duchy of Baden, Bavaria, and Prussia. From the political and sentimental point of view, it does not seem doubtful that the population would prefer to enter Bavaria or Baden, for religious reasons, and because it hopes undoubtedly, under the protection of Bavarian particularism, to continue to cultivate a sort of secret protestation against all Germanization. For this very reason it is necessary that Alsace-Lorraine should become purely and simply Prussian, even if Bavaria should be discontented with the arrangement; the time for dynastic sensibilities is passed, like those which played a rôle for Bismarck (with regard to Bavaria)—the aggrandizement of Prussia can not and must not frighten the other federated States.



New Code for Submarine Warfare

On or about Jan. 18 Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, submitted to the belligerent powers the following proposition for international agreement concerning submarine warfare:

IT is a matter of the deepest interest to my Government to bring to an end if possible the dangers of life which attend the use of submarines as at present employed in destroying enemy commerce on the high seas, since on any merchant vessel of belligerent nationality there may be citizens of the United States who have taken passage, or members of the crew in the exercise of their recognized rights as neutrals. I assume your Government is equally solicitous to protect its nationals from the exceptional hazards which are presented by their passage on merchant vessels through these portions of the high seas in which undersea craft of their enemy are operating.

While I am fully alive to the appalling loss of life among noncombatants, regardless of age or sex, which has resulted from the present method of destroying merchant vessels without removing the persons on board to places of safety, and while I view that practice as contrary to those humane principles which should control belligerents in the conduct of their naval operations, I do not feel that a belligerent should be deprived of the proper use of submarines in the invasion of commerce, since those instruments of war have proved their effectiveness in this practical branch of warfare on the high seas.

In order to bring submarine warfare within the general rules of international law and the principles of humanity without destroying their efficiency in their destruction of commerce, I believe that a formula may be found which, though it may require slight modification of the precedent generally followed by nations prior to the employment of the submarines, will appeal to the sense of justice and fairness of all the belligerents in the present war.

Your Government will understand that in seeking the formula or rule of this nature I approach it of necessity from the point of view of a neutral, but I believe that it will be equally efficacious in preserving the lives of noncombatants on merchant vessels of belligerent nationalities.

My comments on this subject are predicated on the following propositions:

1. A noncombatant has a right to traverse the high seas in a merchant vessel entitled to fly a belligerent flag, to rely upon the observance of the rules of international law and principles of humanity, and if the vessel is approached by a naval vessel of another belligerent the merchant vessel of enemy nationality should not be attacked without being ordered to stop.

2. An enemy merchant vessel when ordered to do so by a belligerent submarine should immediately stop.

3. Such vessel should not be attacked after being ordered to stop unless it attempts to flee or to resist. In case it ceases to flee or resist, the attack should be discontinued.

In the event that it is impossible to place a prize crew on board of an enemy merchant vessel, or to convoy it into port, the vessel may be sunk, provided the crew and passengers have been removed to a place of safety.

In complying with the foregoing principles, which, in my opinion, embody the principal rule, the strict observance of which will insure the life of a noncombatant on a merchant vessel which is intercepted by a submarine, I am not unmindful of the obstacles which would be made by undersea craft as commerce destroyers.

Prior to the year 1915 belligerent operations against enemy commerce on the high seas had been conducted with cruisers carrying heavy armaments. In these conditions international law appeared to permit a merchant vessel to carry armament for defensive purposes without lessening its character as

a private merchant vessel. This right seems to have been predicated on the superior defensive strength of ships of war, and the limitation of armament to have been dependent on the fact that it could not be used effectively in offense against enemy naval vessels, while it could defend the merchantmen against the generally inferior armament of piratical ships and privateers.

The use of the submarine, however, has changed these relations. Comparison of the defensive strength of a cruiser and a submarine shows that the latter, relying for protection on its power to submerge, is almost defenseless in point of construction. Even a merchant ship carrying a small-calibre gun would be able to use it effectively for offense against the submarine.

Moreover, pirates and sea rovers have been swept from the main trade channels of the sea and privateering has been abolished. Consequently the placing of guns on merchantmen at the present date of submarine warfare can be explained only on the ground of a purpose to render merchantmen superior in force to submarines and to prevent warning and visit and search by them. Any armament, therefore, on a merchant vessel would seem to have the character of an offensive armament.

If a submarine is required to stop and search a merchant vessel on the high seas, and in case it is found that she is of an enemy character and that conditions necessitate her destruction and removal to a place of safety of persons on board, it would not seem just nor reasonable that the submarine should be compelled, while complying with these

requirements, to expose itself to almost certain destruction by the guns on board the merchant vessel.

It would therefore appear to be a reasonable and reciprocally just arrangement if it could be agreed by the opposing belligerents that submarines should be caused to adhere strictly to the rules of international law in the matter of stopping and searching merchant vessels, determining their belligerent nationality, and removing the crews and passengers to places of safety before sinking the vessels as prizes of war, and that merchant vessels of belligerent nationality should be prohibited from carrying any armament whatsoever.

In proposing this formula as a basis of conditional declarations by the belligerent Governments, I do so in all the full conviction that each Government will consider primarily the humane purposes of saving the lives of innocent people rather than the insistence upon doubtful legal rights, which may be denied on account of new conditions.

I would be pleased to be informed whether your Government would be willing to make such a declaration conditioned upon their enemies making a similar declaration.

I should add that my Government is impressed with the reasonableness of the argument that a merchant vessel carrying armament of any sort, in view of the character of the submarine warfare and the defensive weakness of underseas craft, should be held to be an auxiliary cruiser and so treated by a neutral as well as by a belligerent Government, and is seriously considering instructing its officials accordingly.

Teutons to Sink Armed Liners

A NEW complication was added to the problem of armed liners on Feb. 10, when the Governments of Germany and Austria-Hungary notified the United States through their respective Ambassadors at Washington that they were about to issue a declaration that armed belligerent merchant vessels would be sunk with-

out warning by warships and submarines of the Teutonic powers. The decree is to go into effect on and after March 1.

At the same time it became known in inner circles that the Entente Allies had informally indicated that they could not accept the American proposals for the

disarmament of merchant vessels. The attitude of the British Government was believed to be substantially that of the naval correspondent of The London Times, who wrote:

We take our stand firmly on the necessity of taking ships before a prize court. If the Germans cannot do this, they have no real complaint, for the established principles of international law are perfectly clear, although the enemy has chosen deliberately to disregard them.

Merchant ships have been armed from time immemorial, and their right to resist capture was never disputed until the Germans began to make their numerous efforts to undermine our power at sea. It is inconceivable that the British Government should make any concession in this direction.

The American note connects the arming of merchantmen with the weakness of submarines, contending that the introduction of submarine warfare has altered the relative status of an armed merchantman, rendering submarines liable to successful attack by them. The allied Governments cannot be expected to suffer and the Germans to profit by this. Let the belligerents abide by the requirements of international law which prescribe one method only, that of detention, visit, and search.

In view of this attitude of the Entente Allies the notice of the Teutonic powers' intention to sink armed liners without warning caused disquiet in American Administration circles, and fears were expressed that the German plans might retard the Lusitania settlement.

Berlin to China and the Congo

By ARTHUR DIX

Herr Arthur Dix, the Pan-German publicist, writes from Constantinople to his friend Count Reventlow's paper:

After Turkey has succeeded in pushing back her two enemies, the Central Powers will find themselves at a new junction of the roads whence the world picture can be influenced in an unexpected manner. Over the Suez Canal the road leads up the Nile toward the Congo region, in the very heart of Africa. What power Central Europe would acquire if it could, in case of need, proceed on the road to Central Africa without having to pass by the British cannon! On the other side the road leads from Mesopotamia through Persia to Afghanistan. Should connection be established here, too, outside the Russian and British zones of influence, Russia, as well as England, would be permanently threatened at the flank, and in certain circumstances Central Europe would be able to influence events even in China and the Near East without having to pass by British naval stations or Japanese warships. * * * The great anxiety of the Island Empire, therefore, was caused by the fear that roads may open to the powers of Central Europe to the Empires of Central Africa and Central Asia. If these powers can reach, on the one hand, the Congo and the Central African coastal territories, and, on the other, Afghanistan and Turkestan, without touching British zones of influence, then it is all over with the British world empire!



[A TEUTONIC INTERPRETATION]

Military Survey of the War

From January 15th to February 15th, 1916

By Kurt Wittgenstein

First Lieutenant in the Austrian Army

I.—WESTERN FRONT

MINING operations and subsequent hand-to-hand fighting with grenades and bayonet still form the characteristic features of military activity on the western front. The taking of a salient in the lines of the enemy or the capture of a hill emerging from the endless plains of Artois and Flanders are successes of relative importance in that slowest though most sanguinary kind of warfare. The achievement of the Germans, who, in the last week of January, succeeded in "correcting" their lines on two points, namely, in the Somme district and near Vimy, north of Arras, with comparatively small losses, at the same time capturing Frise (a village on the Somme) and more than 1,600 men, including many officers, may therefore in itself be fairly considered an event of first order from a tactical point of view. Those local victories, however, still increase in importance by the fact that they were gained at a time when the Kaiser's troops were kept busy on other fronts, particularly the Russian, where they repulsed the most desperate attacks. German troops thus very manifestly refuted the many so-called statisticians in the ranks of her enemies, especially among the French, who insist in asserting time and again that Germany has shot her last bolt and is weakening in numbers, quality and morale of her soldiers. They are holding their newly conquered positions firmly, in the face of the fiercest counter-attacks.

In the Champagne, battles of minor importance have been fought between Massiges and Sainte Marie-à-Py, in the very region which has seen heaviest

fighting in the French offensive last September. At the first place the French recently were successful, inasmuch as they occupied about 200 yards of the enemy's advanced positions. The Germans, it appears, had considerably weakened that particular section of their lines in order to push the above-mentioned offensive in the Artois, at a point of strategically far greater importance. The Vimy heights, where the Germans now seem to be firmly established, virtually dominate, in fact, the vast plain stretching from Vimy in a northeasterly direction as far as the Belgian frontier beyond Lille; that range of hills would therefore be of intrinsic value to the French, in view of their much advertised new Spring offensive.

On the other hand, the aim of the French in their recent drive, as well as in former attacks south of the Aisne, has been to cut off the German forces in the Champagne from those in the Argonne Forest, by destroying the Bazancourt-Challerange-Apremont railroad. Apart from the fact that they never reached their goal, the destruction of that particular line would scarcely be worth the expenditure in men and ammunition, as the Germans, with the technical means at their disposition and owing to the broken country, would be able almost immediately to rebuild the road or build even an entirely new line a little further north and running parallel to the present one.

Latest reports tell of a successful German attack in the section between Sainte Marie-à-Py and Tahure, with the capture of about a mile of French positions and several hundreds of prisoners. At the

time of going into print, German troops are on the offensive practically along the entire western front.

II.—AUSTRO-ITALIAN FRONT

The Italians were still recovering from the consequences of their fourth unsuccessful attempt to capture the bridgehead of Goritza—which attempt alone, according to Vienna reports, cost them about 70,000 of their best soldiers—when, all of a sudden and simultaneously with the successful offensive of their brothers-in-arms on the western front, the Austrian defenders of Goritza launched a vigorous attack against the invader near Oslavia, northwest of the first-mentioned place. The Italians, taken by surprise, lost 1,200 men, including 45 officers, in the ensuing battle.

Since then their activity has slackened conspicuously, only the long-range bombardment of Goritza continuing unabatedly. Unofficial reports indicate that a shifting of troops on a huge scale is taking place throughout Italy. Premier Salandra's speech in Turin, in the beginning of February, in the course of which he prepared his countrymen for a general retreat of King Emmanuel's troops from their present positions "in order to strike anew," is significant of the state of mind of the Government in Rome, as well as of the Italian General Staff. Some of the Austrian military experts already are inclined to believe that Italy has at last recognized the fact that she is knocking her head against a wall in her mad efforts to recover what she claims to be her legitimate possessions under Habsburg rule. Others, however, oppose such optimism, asserting that, inasmuch as the Italian Chamber of Deputies is reconvened for March 1, a "Fifth Battle of the Isonzo" may be expected toward the end of February.

III.—BALKAN FRONTS

Montenegro's capitulation forms the chief event of the period in review. Its importance, though not obvious to the outsider, can, nevertheless, not be denied. From a purely military point of view, the surrender of about 30,000 half-starved and poorly equipped mountaineers, indeed, matters little. On the

other hand, however, the same number of well cared for Austrian troops, hardened by the fighting in the wildernesses of the "Black Mountains," now free for action in the inhospitable regions of adjoining Albania, are a considerable asset for the Teutonic Alliance.

The chief value of Montenegro's downfall to the cause of the Central Powers, though, lies in the fact that it dealt a heavy blow to the prestige of the Allies, especially Russia and Italy, in the eyes of those few still neutral nations whose entrance into the big conflict on either side may be expected at any time. Montenegro was Russia's protégé, one of the outposts of Pan Slavism in the south. But when her fatal hour struck, Russia failed to help Montenegro, for the good reason that she was unable to help. Neither did Italy, capable though she was to bring aid to the hard beset and starving people of the Mountain Kingdom. But Italian men-of-war are known to have shunned the east coast of the Adriatic ever since the first Austrian submarine made her appearance in those waters.

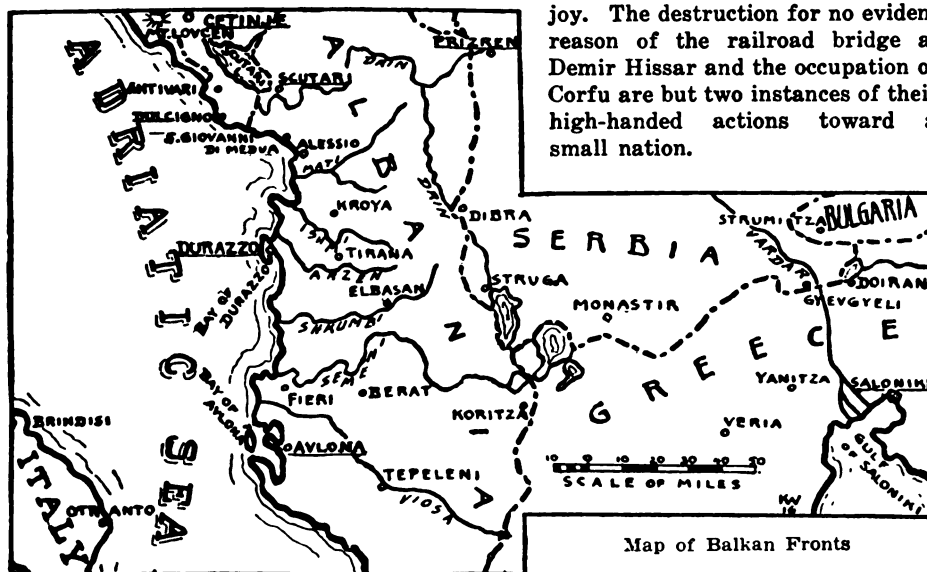
As the writer pointed out in the last number of this periodical, Italy, as a matter of course, has no interest whatsoever in preserving her future enemies, in view of her high-flying aspirations on the Balkans. To be quite fair, it must be stated that some 500 Italians were stationed on Mount Lovcen, but they did not hesitate to retire as soon as the first enemy appeared, and the Montenegrins quickly followed their example.

Having subdued Montenegro, the Austrians, in forced marches over the knee-deep "roads" of those countries, proceeded into Albania, in order to join hands with the Bulgarians advancing from the direction of Monastir toward Durazzo and Avlona, and clean Albania from the conglomeration of Italian troops, Serbian and Montenegrin fugitives and Essad Pasha's Albanian mercenaries, forming the army of General Ameglio, "the conqueror of Libya." At the time of going into print the vanguard of the Austrians marching along the route Dulcigno-San Giovanni di Medua-Kroya has reached Tirani, twenty

miles east of Durazzo. Here the first clash occurred with small Italian forces which were repulsed. Bulgarian troops are reported near Elbasan and around

the Hellenic kingdom which might compel the latter to join Germany's foes.

Meanwhile, the allied troops are venting their nervousness on the Government whose forced hospitality they enjoy. The destruction for no evident reason of the railroad bridge at Demir Hissar and the occupation of Corfu are but two instances of their high-handed actions toward a small nation.



Map of Balkan Fronts

Fieri, fifteen miles north of Avlona, the latter forces apparently having advanced through Berat. A third Bulgarian body having been reported, already some weeks ago, on the way from Koritza toward Avlona, General Ameglio's troops, in positions between the two main Albanian seaports, apparently are in imminent danger of being surrounded.

The situation in Greece has not become any clearer than it was a month ago. The Entente troops in Macedonia apparently are still waiting for the Bulgarians and Turks, intrenched along the Serbian and Bulgarian border, to take the offensive. The writer, though, ventures to assert with some positiveness that the Central Powers, at least for the present, have no intention of attacking the 200,000 well fortified troops around Saloniki. In the first place the neighborhood of those forces, although perhaps annoying, is by no means alarming to the Teutons, vastly superior in numbers. In the second place Berlin cannot very well be expected to play London's game and, by invading Greece with the force of arms, provoke a serious conflict with

IV.—RUSSIAN FRONT

The new Russian offensive on the Bessarabian frontier and along the Strypa, which began around the new year, continued unabated till up to the fourth week of January, when it came to an abrupt stop. The Czar's General Staff apparently recognized that they could not afford to keep on hurling their soldiers "fifteen deep and up to six times in succession" (according to official reports) against the fortified Austrian positions, without the gain of an inch. An obviously influenced dispatch to The London Daily Mail from Petrograd, Jan. 22, declared that "The recent Russian offensive in Bessarabia and Galicia was carried out in accordance with a plan prepared by the Entente allies' war council to relieve the pressure on the Entente forces while they were fortifying Saloniki and during the evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula." Thus Petrograd very clearly explained to the world the sudden stop in the much heralded "big offensive"; Russia had done her duty; Gallipoli had been evacuated, Saloniki fortified. And Russia sacrificed more

than 70,000 soldiers for such unselfish purposes. * * *

After a lull of a week, however, the Czar's troops started another violent drive, this time against Uscieczko, a naturally strongly fortified bridgehead position on the Dniester, fifty miles northwest of Czernowitz. Again weeks passed, during which time not much worth while was heard from the eastern front. Then, all of a sudden, on Feb. 11, an official report from Petrograd announced the capture of Uscieczko.

It is most striking that German as well as Austrian bulletins not even as much as mention the place where a battle of some importance is said to have been fought. In the absence of confirming reports from the other side of the battle line, the writer therefore refrains from commenting on the alleged Russian success.

Actions of minor importance have been fought in the Lutzk-Rowno-Dubno triangle and near Drysviaty Lake, south of Dvinsk, nowhere resulting in a change of the battle line.

V.—MESOPOTAMIA

The fate of General Townshend and his 30,000 English troops, trapped at Kut-el-Amara since the beginning of December, is causing grave and well justified concern among their countrymen. Obviously influenced newspaper dispatches from London, asserting that General Townshend is "holding Kut-el-Amara as a strategically important position," are manifestly contradicted by General Aylmer's desperate though successful efforts to reach that Arabian town with his small relief force. Whether the floods of the Tigris or of the Turkish forces (according to statements from London or Constantinople) are checking General Aylmer, the fact stands out that for more than a month he has been unable to move from Sheik Saad, twenty-five miles east of Kut-el-Amara. If the Russians near Erzerum ever seriously contemplated (as reports from Petrograd would make believe) to come to the aid of the British in Mesopotamia, their help will, in all likeliness, come too late—the fatal two words forming the epilogue to most of the allied enterprises in this war.

A New Syrian Railway

According to a statement in one of the latest issues of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, engineering detachments of the Fourth Turkish Army, at present stationed in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, under the command of Djemal Pasha, have been carrying out some important railway developments which have clearly been designed for strategic purposes. Before the war, it may be recollected, a railway ran from Damascus to Afule across the River Jordan, and thence to Haifa, on the Levant coast, a few miles above Jaffa. About two years ago it was proposed by the Turkish Government to run a line from Afule to Jerusalem, via Nablus, but this project was opposed by the French Government, as such a line would have competed with French railway concessions in the same area. When the Turks entered the war, however, they realized the advantages of having Damascus and Haifa linked with Jerusalem and Jaffa by the French line running between the two latter towns. In consequence work was immediately begun on the connecting line from Afule to Jerusalem, and this line has now been completed as far to the south as Bir-es-Sabah, (Beersheba,) about thirty miles from the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, and forty miles southwest of Jerusalem. In other words, the terminus of this new line is a little more than 100 miles distant from the northern end of the Gulf of Akaba.

[AN AMERICAN INTERPRETATION]

Events On All the Battle Fronts

From Jan. 15 to Feb. 15, 1916

By J. B. W. Gardiner

Formerly Lieutenant Eleventh United States Cavalry

THE past month's operations have shown much heavy fighting, particularly in the west, where the Germans have launched a terrific attack against practically all the important points in the French line. The net results, however, have not been impressive. The only field where the results obtained have any significant possibilities is in Eastern Turkey and in Persia, where the English and Russians are battling. The situation of Persia in the war is peculiar, inasmuch as she is really not at war at all. Although not really a part of the month's operations, the attitude of Persia toward the war is not without interest, particularly as it has received so little attention from the general press.

When Turkey joined the Teutons considerable pressure was applied to Persia, which is Mohammedan, by Turkey, also Mohammedan, to induce her to do likewise. There was in Persia also a very strong pro-German party which controlled the military, urging the same step. At first it seemed that Persia would declare for the Central Powers, but finally the Shah's Ministers decided on the strictest neutrality. The Russians, however, became uneasy over the activities of the pro-German party, and, moving south along the Caspian Sea, took Hamadan and Kum. During the past month the successes have been followed up, and the Russians appear to be trying to effect a junction with the British at Kut-el-Amara. Early in the month Kermanshah fell, and later Duletabad. There seems to be nothing in the way of continued Russian successes.

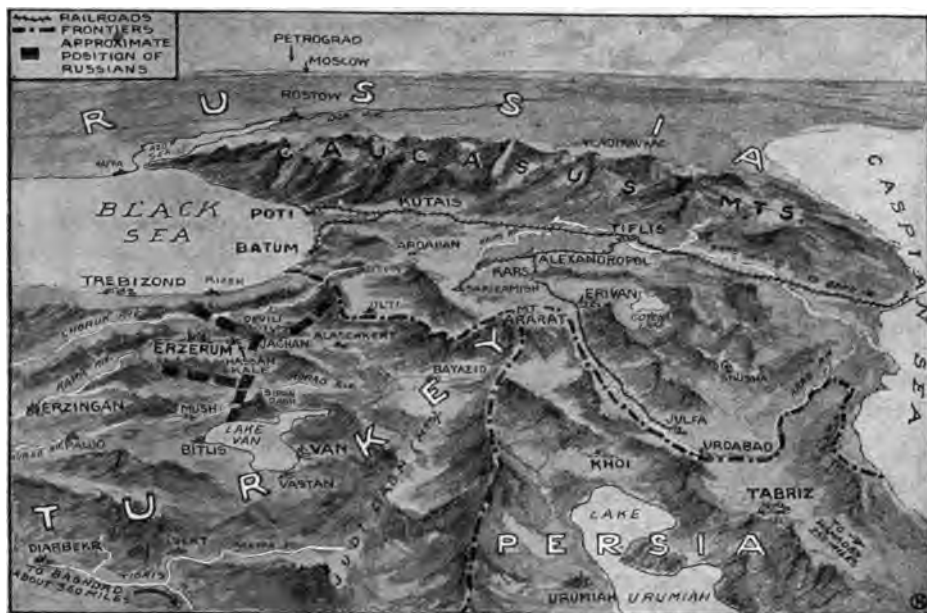
The Russian campaign in the Caucasus against the eastern Turk is a far more pretentious operation, of much greater

proportions, and involving a much greater force of men. The Russians have not as yet succeeded in debouching from the mountains, where all the fighting has taken place. They have advanced to the strongly guarded fortress of Erzerum and are bombarding the city.

It is well that the Russians are inured to a rigorous climate, as the battles of the last few weeks have been fought under conditions about as bad as could be imagined. Deep snow, intense cold, sometimes as low as twenty-five degrees below zero, blinding storms as the troops have struggled through almost trackless passes, have presented to the Russians one of the hardest military problems of the war; one that is taxing their abilities to the utmost.

Luckily for them there is in command a man thoroughly experienced and seasoned in warfare in such conditions, the man who just about a year ago began the offensive in the Carpathians that just failed to throw open to the Russian advance the fertile plains of Hungary—the Grand Duke Nicholas. Deprived of his command of the main Russian army in the west, and assigned to the army in the Caucasus, he immediately set to work organizing, recruiting, and preparing for his new campaign. When all was in readiness he struck, and in a comparatively short time has moved forward over the mountains for over 100 miles. As stated, he is now before Erzerum, which is reported to contain a hundred thousand Turks—principally soldiers, well equipped in guns, well supplied with ammunition, but with a small supply of food.

Were Erzerum alone the problem to be considered it might be called the Przemyśl of Eastern Turkey. But with its two sister fortresses, Bayazid and Diarbekr,



Scene of Russian Drive in the Caucasus.

it is more nearly similar to the Volhynian triangle. The capture or reduction of one of these fortresses is not enough. With only one in their possession the Russians are open to an attack from armies operating from the other two, each in a position to strike at the flank and each having a heavy fortified base on which to fall back in case of defeat. Erzerum, however, is the most strongly fortified of the three, and it would not be surprising to see it in Russian hands by the time the anniversary of the fall of Przemyśl is at hand.

It is entirely possible, it may be noted, to mask Erzerum, drive between it and Bayazid, and move on south to the valley of the Euphrates. This, too, is what the Grand Duke will probably do if the resistance of Erzerum promises to hold him up for any length of time. The hardest part of the mountain journey from the standpoint of terrain has already been passed, and although about seventy-five miles of territory has yet to be traversed before the Euphrates is reached, if the same rate of progress is maintained early Spring should find Russia in the valley with an open road to the Tigris and the Bagdad Railway.

As in the case of the Russians in Persia, the object seems to be to join hands with the British expedition in Mesopotamia. If this occurs the day of Turkish defeat has dawned. Once the Allies' flag flies over Bagdad the entire Arabic world would rise, the partition of Turkey would begin, and Syria, which has longed for autonomy, would raise the standard of independence. British prestige in the East, which has been rudely shaken by the Gallipoli fiasco and the destruction of Serbia, would be restored, and all danger of the attack on Suez be definitely removed.

This latter campaign, indeed, I have never expected to see materialize. Extravagant reports have reached this country as to the great preparations that are being made for it. But not the slightest indication has been given that the entire talk of such a campaign is other than the work of clever press agents of the Teutons designed principally for home and Balkan consumption, to spread disaffection with English rule and to scare England into diverting a large force to the Suez field to ward off the threatened attack.

To return to the Mesopotamian field, it

is strange that no word has reached us of the British force at Kut-el-Amara nor of the relief force that was sent up the Tigris to break through the Turkish investment. Fighting has been reported at the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates, 150 miles from Kut-el-Amara, but there are no forces at that point other than small bodies watching the British lines of communications. Of the main bodies there is no report. This can only mean that while the relief force has not been defeated nor turned back, it has certainly not broken through the Turkish cordon about Kut. The Turks greatly outnumber the British. They probably lack equipment, however, particularly in bridging material, which restricts their operations to one bank of the Tigris.

The question arises as to what disposition has been made of the 200,000 Turks released from service in Gallipoli by the British withdrawal. They certainly have not made their presence felt in the far eastern theatre, either against the British or against the Russians. It is probable, therefore, that they are being held in the Balkans either for a future operation against Saloniki or for use against the Russians.

On the front in European Russia there has been periodic activity, but not of any great moment. The entire line from Dvinsk to Rumania has been intermittently affected, with results almost entirely negative. It does appear that the Germans will have to give up their attempts to take Dvinsk. They have been at it for months—since last September in fact, and are just as far away now as then. Enormous sacrifices of men have been made to take this town and so control the Dvina River and outflank the Riga defenses, but no impression has been made. On the contrary, they have been thrown back slightly in several localities from the positions they held at the beginning of Winter.

In the south, along the Dniester, the Pruth and the Stripa, the Russians have resumed their offensive of a month ago. It had not progressed far enough to form any conclusion in regard to it before this review had to go to press.

On the western front the month has

witnessed the beginning of a German offensive on a scale not seen since the attack last Spring against the British lines in Belgium. It began by an unimportant action in an unimportant theatre by which the Germans captured the town of Frise, together with a small French outpost that was in a bend of the River Somme. This, however, was simply a diversion, as some days later a violent attack was launched in the Artois. So far, no result has been obtained in any way commensurate with the losses sustained, and the event is important, not because of any advantage gained, but rather in the conclusions to which it leads.

First, it may be noted that in the combined Anglo-French operation of last September a double salient was created in the German line, the French line between the salients being, roughly speaking, a semicircle. The apex of the northern salient is just east of the Arras-Lille road, near Loos, and of the southern salient just east of the same road, near the cluster of houses known as Petit Vimy, the road thus being a chord of the arc of the French line. On this chord is the City of Lens, important because of being the coal centre of France. The French offense halted because of exhaustion of shell supply, but it ceased, leaving that sector of the German line in a perilous situation.

Here, it would seem, was the time for the Germans to have counterattacked, but the blow did not fall. The only explanation of the delay is the failing of German numbers. This is emphasized by the fact that two weeks before the new German offense started—just long enough to reinforce the western line at the expense of forces in other quarters—quiet settled down on all the other fronts. Germany cannot apparently now fight on more than one front at a time.

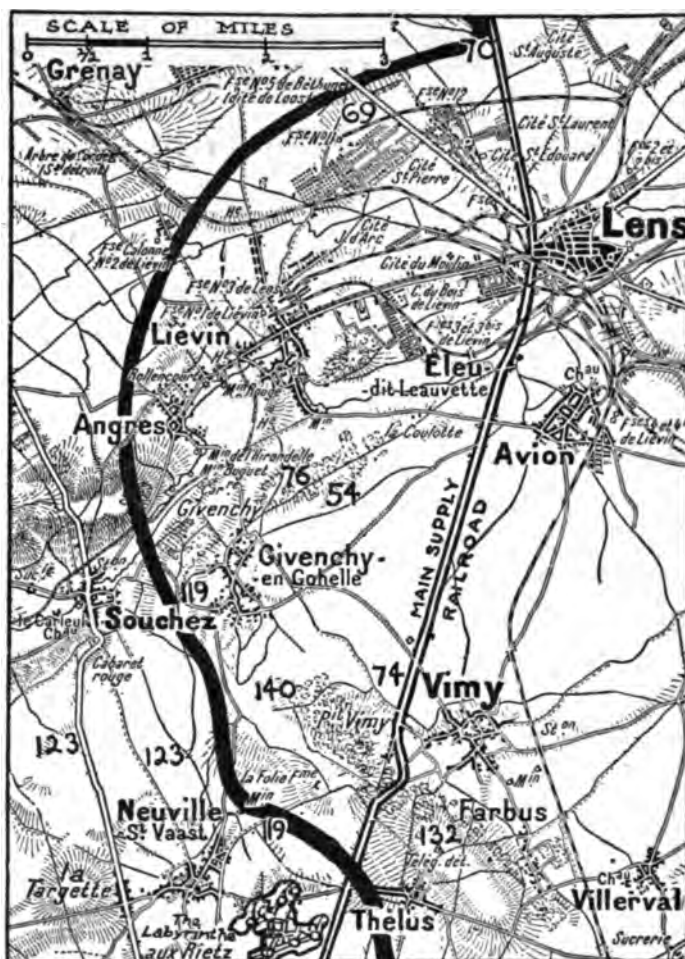
Another conclusion that may be logically drawn is that the French gain of last September was far greater in potentialities, and therefore far more important, than the German reports of the engagement would admit. Just where this importance lay a brief study of the topography of the scene of the

German attack will show. The German effort has centred on a front not more than two miles in length, extending from Givenchy to the region of Neuville St. Vaast. The German lines here run along the top of a wooded ridge, which extends almost without a break from Givenchy to Farbas, a village just about a mile south of Vimy. Not quite half way between these points is Petit Vimy, which is directly on the main railroad from Arras to Lille. In back of the German line the ground descends and opens out into the great plain of Northern France, which extends to the Belgian frontier, broken only by a range of hills extending due eastward from Lens.

With the Germans holding the last hill line between the French positions and the plain, the total French gain necessary to obtain complete control of the segment formed by the Arras-Lille road and the arc of the present French line does not exceed a mile, and that on only a two-mile front. This distance would put them on the hill crests and throw the Germans into the open plain beyond. The offensive which the French began last September is sure to be resumed, and it is almost inevitable that the blow will fall in the Artois, since a really successful drive through here would cut the communications of Lille, and thereby force a withdrawal of the Germans

from all of Northern France and Western Belgium. This the Germans know.

The French are too near the German life-line—the Challerange-Bazancourt road—for German comfort.



Battle Front in Artois

Another such gain as the French made in September and Germany must re-establish her new line, not two but ten miles in rear of the old. Strange as it may seem, therefore, in the case of an army with both flanks so guarded that they cannot be turned, Germany is fighting defensively in both Artois and Champagne for her lines of communication, and upon the measure of her success now will depend the measure of the French success two months hence.

Magazinists of the World on the War

Condensed From Leading Reviews

The excerpts that follow represent some of the most interesting articles in the current periodicals of England, France, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Germany, and Denmark. All are by leading authors and publicists in their respective countries.

Italy and the Triple Entente

By E. J. Dillon

Dr. Dillon, the learned foreign correspondent of The London Telegraph, contributed despondent articles to both the January and February issues of The Fortnightly Review on the diplomatic and military errors of the British Government, and in the January number of The Contemporary Review he had a long article on Italy, of which these paragraphs are typical:

ITALY'S attitude toward Germany, people complain, is singular and indefinable, and one seeks in vain for arguments by which it can be defended. For Germany was the prime mover of the present war, and it was against her specific savagery that the people of Italy rose up and put an end to neutrality. To attack Austria, therefore, while keeping peace with Germany, is to fire at the tiger's shadow while leaving the beast at large. And even from the narrowest Italian point of view the position taken up by King Victor's Government can hardly be made intelligible. For behind Austria, who is Italy's secular foe, stands Germany, without whose help she could do nothing. That Germany, had she willed it, could have moved the Hapsburg Monarchy to give way to Baron Sonnino, who would then have been willing to renew the Triplice, is generally believed. That since then she has informally intimated her intention of accomplishing this under favorable circumstances after the war is rumored and credited on grounds which I have not had occasion to examine. But that a convention between the two countries was concluded a few days before the war, and for the express purpose

of favorably differentiating each other from all their respective enemies, actual and potential, is a historical and a significant fact.

On the eve of the rupture Germany and Italy agreed that each one would respect the property of the other, even if they should go to war. "Frightfulness" was to be eliminated because of the pecuniary losses it would inflict on the Teutons. And since Italy entered the field against Austria she has continued to allow her law courts to be employed for the purpose of enforcing the payment of Italians' debts to Germans, and has permitted Italians to cover with their names the German mercury mines in which the Kaiser and his Foreign Secretary are principal shareholders. Brisk financial relations are carried on between the two countries openly, via Switzerland, and the German Government, it is affirmed, still subsidizes regularly its trusty Italian agents, journalistic and other, through a paymaster in one of the principal cities.

In spite of the financial aid promptly rendered by Britain, the pinch of poverty in the peninsula is become painful and chronic. The whole economic life of the nation is upset to an extent, and with results more disquieting than outsiders have any notion of. And the tenderness and the generosity of the Entente toward Greece, to the neglect or detriment of Italy, produced a soreness that sought and found vent in certain unwelcome aspects of Italy's attitude.

But in spite of the grounds, real

enough at present, for viewing Italy's relations toward the Entente as casual and unsatisfactory, I see good reason for hoping that circumstance which is stronger than ministerial prudence will shortly give a favorable turn to things, and draw the four great powers into more harmonious accord and closer combination. The important declarations read out by Baron Sonnino in the

Chamber on Dec. 1, announcing that Italy had at last signed the London Convention foregoing her right to conclude a separate peace, has contributed to clear the air. The spirited articles of the *Idea Nazionale* calling on the Government to make common cause with the Allies and declare war against Germany have also contributed to reassure the public mind.

Will the War Decentralize the Church of Rome?

By R. de Nolva

In the course of an extended article in La Revue, Paris, M. de Nolva says:

THE different national episcopacies having in a way become belligerent, hostilities could not fail to begin between them when the abominable methods of war employed by the Germans in Belgium became known. Since the beginning of the conflict the Holy See has not wished to judge the moral worth of the acts committed, nor the relations of the nations attacked or attacking. One of the strongest illusions of the masses has thus been destroyed.

We were too much accustomed to consider the moral element above all else in religion; and spontaneously, when the German crimes were denounced, the victim peoples, believers and unbelievers, turned to the successor of Peter to hear the tormentor condemned in the name of evangelical morality. But Benedict XV. has remained dumb, or, rather, which is perhaps worse, has given it to be understood that the Holy See is not a tribunal at the disposal of the nations of the earth. The Holy See is only the preserver of the dogma and the political organ of the Church. It is to these principles that the Pope has made his acts conform, without taking account of the fright, discontent, and grief of a large part of the Catholic world.

We are too near these things to discern all their consequences, but the moral influence of the Papacy seems to have been ruined at one blow. No one who professes Catholicism is right in consider-

ing human facts from an exclusively political, that is temporal, standpoint, or in affirming explicitly that the Pope cannot judge freely in the name of outraged morality and religion for fear of reprisals of a material nature. The doctrine of Pius X., simple and clear, brutal and without ambiguity, was not perplexed, at least in regard to France, about the political consequences of separation. That of Benedict XV. refuses to defend the moral patrimony of humanity against the powers of the earth. On which side is the true doctrine? It is permissible to conjecture that the enfeeblement of the moral authority, hierarchical and political, of the Holy See will have to lead after the war to a decentralization of the powers in the bosom of the Roman Church.

It would be an error to predict one or more schisms, and above all a Gallic schism; but it appears probable that the national churches of France and Belgium will enjoy greater autonomy, and that the international missions, as has already happened in Germany, will be nationalized. Rome will remain the head, the central organ of general direction, but the different countries will be no longer simple members moved by the will of Rome alone. They will possess independent centres of action. The French Episcopacy will be able to emerge from the effacement to which its excessive resipiscence had relegated it. It will keep the moral rôle, so noble and beautiful, which it now exercises, and in the future no doubt there will be heard said, not only *Roma locutus est*, (Rome has

spoken,) but sometimes also Gallia locutus est, (France has spoken.)

The divergencies of nationality within the orders can only become accentuated, for it appears very difficult, if not impos-

sible, to turn back. It is not probable that any Pope in the future will be able again to pour into the single mold of the perfect Christian, stamped by him, the dissociating forces of national sentiment.

Germanizing the Trentino

By A. Manzi

The Rivista d'Italia gives a very interesting story of the attempts of the Austrian Government to "Germanize" the Italian population of Southern Tyrol and the Trentino in the years before the war:

THE activity of the Pangermanist Society, initiated by Germany immediately after the victorious war of 1870-71 in the Latin countries extending from the Brenner Pass to the linguistic border, was intensified between Bolzano and Salomo after the Italian peasants had redeemed that region devastated by the inundations of the Adige and had transformed it into a garden, and, after 1880, was extended to the famous pretended oases of Germanism at Mocheni and Luserna.

Italians watched in astonishment this improvised invasion which revived in their land a nationality that had long since died out, and asked each other what it signified. They soon had their answer in the attempt of the Schulverein to Germanize the Italian school at San Sebastiano di Folgaria. They perceived then that the societies which pretended to defend the ancient German populations really represented an offensive against Italian nationality.

Dr. Augusto Sartorelli was the first to utter a cry of alarm in the *Raccoltore* of Rovereto. It was not a declaration of war against the Pangermanists, but rather a warm and vibrant summons to the Italians to imitate the nationalists of Monaco and Berlin, and to turn their attention in the direction of our fellow-nationalists, scattered through German territories, not taken care of—

not to say despised—by the Austrian authorities, and forgotten by their brothers. It was "a cry of anxiety at the sad spectacle offered by the threatened national life of thousands and thousands of our fellow-nationalists in neighboring Tyrol, and a cry of alarm to raise the question of how far we should be able to revive and maintain in vigorous life the love and the use of our mother tongue. * * *

The cry of Dr. Sartorelli found a vibrant echo throughout the whole of the Trentino. The newspapers brought to the light of day the work hitherto carried on in the shadow by the Austrian Schulverein, supported by the German society, and it became known that not only had Italian schools been destroyed in the pretended "islands of German race," but that schools in which German was the language of instruction had been instituted at Mezzolombardo, S. Michele alla Chiusa, at Arco, at Avio, and in twenty or thirty other places in the Trentino valleys.

Sartorelli based his protest on the nineteenth article of the fundamental statute of the State, which reads thus:

"All nations of the State have equal rights, and each separate nation has the inviolable right to preserve and to cultivate its own nationality and its own tongue."

Signor Manzi goes on to trace in great detail the growing aggressiveness of the Teutonic element throughout a series of years, which so effectively prepared the way for the great Italian effort to recover the "lost provinces" for Italy and the tongue of Dante.

England and High Freights

By Luigi Luzzatti

Former Cabinet Minister of Italy

[Translated and condensed from an article in the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan]

IN advancing loans to her allies, to the poor not less than to the rich who, like France and Italy, were not there to ask favors but to stipulate fair commercial transactions, England has acted well, and deserves all praise. It should be added that, together with America, France, and other States, she deserves sincere encomium for the aid she has rendered Belgians, Serbs, Armenians, Jews, and all the victims of Teuton militarism which is responsible for this immense conflict.

But the respect in which Britain's economic task has proved less successful is that which concerns her maritime transports, her traffic of coal, and other products essential to the life and safety of her allies. And the nations now happily united must insist on this question if a prompt and satisfactory solution of basic problems is to be reached. It is not a matter for surprise that the price of coal has risen, partly owing to strikes which for several weeks cut off the supply of this indispensable product, and also because the British fleet which keeps watch on the seas is continually armed. The industries of war, like those of peace, devour coal. This coal, which is no longer sold by Germany to the allied nations, is doled out to neutrals; and allies and neutrals alike can have recourse to England and the United States alone, for Germany has seized as booty of war the iron, coal, and copper mines of Belgium, France, Russia, and Serbia. The same is true of many qualities of iron and steel, down to the least needs of our agriculture and the culture of our vines, their fertilization and preservation from disease.

The German mercantile navy having disappeared from the seas, the English, which represents about half the world's mercantile marine, is, of course, compelled now, before satisfying private demands, to satisfy the demands of States.

This accounts for the nature and the manner in the rise of freights from the United States and England, which were rendered still more exorbitant by the congestion of our principal ports. The high rates for grains and coals are, in fact, run up still higher by demurrage fees claimed by the ships which carry them, and which are compelled to wait their turn for unloading.

The idea put forward in the Senate by a man who has enhanced the fame of Italy from pole to pole (the reader need not be told that I refer to Marconi) is full of vital nourishment. To come to an understanding with the English Nation and Government, or, more correctly, to come to an understanding between the allied States under the high auspices of the English Nation and Government, in order that commercial freights should be reduced, not indeed to the old modest rates, but from the present extreme limit of rapacity, is a wise and fruitful suggestion, the carrying out of which should not be postponed at this moment of unprecedented and terrible conflict.

An International Commission of Experts—a kind of General Staff of the Mercantile Marine—could and should take this problem in hand with a view, I repeat, not of returning to the old low rates, but of putting an end to famine prices. And the mercantile marines of neutral States, as, for instance, that of the United States, would also have to moderate their charges—impelled to do so perhaps by their own producers, to whom high freight rates represent an obstacle to export trade—and would end by adhering to the International Committee, which would be open not only to allies but to all ardent friends, if such exist, and even to lukewarm ones!

It is evident that such an economic maritime institution would become a great centre of attraction, would put an

end to many ills, and would compel States which have congested ports to take radical measures, which might in the first place consist in extraordinary efforts to clear the goods, and then in a division of labor in respect both to maritime centres and to the different kinds of merchandise. The English must feel an ever-increasing responsibility,

proportionate to their maritime hegemony. We no longer live in days when small efforts can be demanded of the State which is mistress of the seas; supreme capacity and supreme, miraculous energy are demanded of her as the justification of such glory and such power, and as a safeguard against burning envies before and after the return of peace.

English Greeting to Denmark

By Edmund Gosse

In Dagens Nyheder, Copenhagen, the English author publishes a greeting to the Danes, whose language he speaks like a native:

IT is now over forty years since I first learned to know Danish hospitality.

Only eight years had passed since the war that left Denmark misused and bleeding, but from which it was to rise with undaunted courage, and as hopeful for the future as a sunrise in Summer. * * *

Following its martyrdom, Denmark might be likened to a flower that had been struck to the ground by a storm, but which unfolded its petals once more with the coming of sunshine. I am glad to be able to tell my Danish friends—and English men and women consider all Danes their friends—how encouraging it is to me to recall to myself how Denmark carried itself forty years ago. It furnishes us the hope that out of this dreadful situation which is ruining half the world—that from this Europe going to destruction—true civilization will know how to find a way to overcome brutality's domination.

In the domain of intelligence the so-called lesser nations frequently possess many advantages over the big powers. When a country is as immense as ours, when it consists of so many, so large and divergent territories, it is difficult to perfect a system that shall work equally well everywhere. English economists and statesmen occupied with studying what is wrong in our Governmental machinery

have often looked to Denmark with envious eyes. With an aptitude that bewilders, the Danes have discovered ways and means whereby to enlighten the populace. Our own general intellectual development is not to be compared with that of the Danes. But of course such practical co-operation between agriculture and financial affairs as the small countries have at their command would be impossible in the case of a large and wealthy nation.

At the same time, where it is necessary to meet a powerful and unscrupulous enemy on his own ground, it is essential to concentrate every resource. Here in England we have all too long been satisfied with letting well enough alone without fear for our own safety. We have been too confident as regards the future. Surrounded by powerful and greedy nations, the smaller countries have been compelled to stand on their guard. We have much to learn here from our Danish friends whom circumstances have driven to the necessity of utilizing every means for their safeguarding.

Surely, we shall never do anything that will cause you trouble or injury. We feel for you in your difficult position. We applaud your attitude in this hour. At this critical period, the most critical in the history of Europe, we shall continue to battle in a war that was forced upon us, and which we entered with the greatest reluctance. But the call of honor made it necessary. We are glad to be able to say to you that Eng-

land's millions throughout the world are united in the purpose to make every sacrifice so as to bring the war to a happy

conclusion. And we call you to witness that we fight with honorable weapons in the name of British liberty.

Hungarian Ideals and Italy's "Crime."

By Count Julius Andrassy

Hungarian Deputy and Former Minister

This is part of an article in the *Revue de Hongrie* from the pen of a distinguished exponent of Hungarian Liberalism in reply to Signor Luigi Luzzatti, formerly Prime Minister of Italy, who in *La Tribuna*, Rome, has accused Hungary of having deserted the cult of liberty and of oppressing today the Croats, the Italians of Fiume, and the Rumanians in Transylvania.

ON what does he base this accusation? I greatly doubt if it is on personal observation. If he had had proofs at hand he would not have failed to quote at least some of them. It is probable that he has only borrowed from the writings of the *Scotus Viators* and other agitators of the same kidney who have done so much to provoke the general conflagration of which we are all the victims. If he had furnished proofs in support of his opinions I should strive for my part to refute them. To these vague accusations let it suffice to reply that the facts themselves have given the lie to the stories which have been spread about Magyar despotism.

It was known that several great powers were mobilizing against us, and it seemed that the hour for the emancipation of the oppressed nationalities had struck. On all sides disinterested protectors presented themselves. And yet there were the oppressed peoples, instead of turning against their oppressors, resolutely throwing in their lot with us and fighting at our side with the same obstinacy as ourselves; for example, the Croats, who have distinguished themselves by their valor on the battlefield.

I do not deny that the nationalities have sometimes uttered complaints against acts of violence by the Government. I recognize also that in certain cases these complaints appear well founded. But it is pure calumny to pretend that we wished to Magyarize them, and that the Hungarian is intoler-

ant and oppresses the other races. What Government has never made mistakes? Is the Italian Government itself free from all reproach? The poverty in southern Italy and the populations that have been kept backward in those regions ought to remind Italian statesmen that it is easier to criticise than to create, and that, if administration is far from being perfect, it is not always the ill-will of a Government that is the cause. We have yet much to do before the rule of right will everywhere take the place of arbitrariness and party interest and before political conditions approach ideal perfection.

The course of the present war, however, proves that there is no systematic oppression among us. It is true that our ideal is not to be a kind of Switzerland of the Orient, such as Signor Luzzatti would create, for that would be contrary to all our historic traditions. We only want to maintain a unified national State, but a State in which right and justice, and not arbitrariness, will rule, a State all of whose institutions are imbued with a spirit of liberalism, self-government, and toleration. It is this ideal which was the aim of our ancestors and particularly of the great generation (that of Kossuth) to which Signor Luzzatti refers. It is this ideal which we are aiming and shall always aim at. We have already gained something in that the other Austro-Hungarian stocks with settled opinions do not seek to improve their condition by struggles

against the Magyars, but unite with us in a common labor.

To my question, How does it happen that Signor Luzzatti has for many years pursued a line of policy based on the Triple Alliance, if he saw in Germany a peril as great as he says? The ex-Prime Minister of Italy replies that he has adhered to the Triplice because he regarded it as a guarantee of peace. * * * Signor Luzzatti's reply contains the explicit admission that he did not see the German peril until war broke out, which will certainly make the reader think that Germany's aggressiveness cannot be as manifest as Signor Luzzatti pretends. * * *

With the best will in the world it is impossible to admit that Italy has abandoned her allies and thrown herself into the fray for nothing but the love of peace. Speaking generally, Italian policy had for its principal objective, not the maintenance of peace, but the conquest of new territories. Some years ago Italy went to war against Turkey, the friend of her allies; she brought up again the Balkan question and made Europe run the risk of a universal war for nothing else but to enrich herself with a new province. How can we admit that it is only for love of peace that Italy has intervened in the present war, when no one threatened her security and when we desired to maintain the alliance with

her, although she had not come to our help during the war and although we were disposed from love of peace to cede territory to her? * * * It is not because we have disturbed the peace that Italy has gone over to the enemy, but because she has not found her share of the spoil sufficient. * * *

Lord Courtney not long since in a courageous speech said that it was necessary to re-establish good understanding between the peoples after the war if we did not wish civilization to perish. I am of the same opinion. We, too, shall have to seek a *modus vivendi* with Italy. But harmony will not be possible unless the Italian Nation itself condemns the policy of the present Government and unless it recognizes that by its aggression it has offended against political morality; and that, after the concessions we were disposed to make, the declaration of war was a crime without its like in the annals of universal history.

* * * The people did not wish, could not wish for this felony. The ambition and false calculations of some individuals can alone explain such an infamy. The great majority of a civilized nation can let itself be blinded by facts presented in a false light, it can let itself be carried away by passion, but in cold blood and sufficiently informed it could not approve of a policy as criminal as that.

General von Hindenburg's Campaign

By V. G.

Speculation is rife as to the identity of the anonymous writer who in the *Deutsche Revue* gives an account of Field Marshal von Hindenburg's campaigns. The fact that the narrative displays extraordinary tactical knowledge leads to the supposition that a high military authority is concealed behind the initials "V. G." The substance of the article is reproduced herewith.

IT is a rather curious circumstance that to a General not in active service—a General of infantry, Paul von Beneckendorff und Hindenburg, commanding General of the Fourth Army Corps—has come the opportunity to play a rôle in the present world war which lifts him to the plane of hero in the eyes

of the German people; the national hero, a second Blücher.

Not even when the war started did von Hindenburg take a part. Three weeks had passed before he was called to assume the chief command in the east. He entered upon his task under conditions fraught with difficulty and discouragement.

ment. In the middle of August, 1914, the Russians had begun their big offensive against East Prussia. Composed of five army corps—the First, Sixth, Eighth, Fifteenth, and Twenty-third—and three divisions of cavalry, the Russian Narew army crossed the Mława in the direction of Niedenburg-Allenstein. The Niemen army, made up of the Second, Third, Fourth, and Twenty-second Corps, moved toward Stallupönen-Gumbinnen-Insterburg.

The goal of the Narew and Niemen armies was Königsberg. Each army was about 230,000 strong. The German forces in East Prussia at the time consisted of the First, Seventeenth, and Twentieth Army Corps—whose headquarters in normal times was at Königsberg, Dantzig, and Allenstein—together with reserve, Landwehr, and Landsturm troops; all together some 225,000 men. The Russian offensive required that many German troops had to be told off to protect Tilsit and Memel, and otherwise secure the territory, so that in reality no more than 90,000 men were available for active field operations. Reserve and Landwehr corps included, the strength of this force was about 135,000.

But at the head of this eighth army stood General von Hindenburg. That confronting his 90,000 troops were both of the Russian armies did not in the least discourage him. His entire concern was so to employ his forces, so to utilize his skill of leadership, as to obliterate the difference in numbers, and with that purpose in mind he decided to direct his attention first to the Narew army. He did so on the supposition that, even if he should be victorious against the Niemen army, the other Russian army would attack him from the rear and compel retreat under the most difficult conditions. As early as Aug. 20, in the engagement at Gumbinnen, the Prussian First Army Corps gained a victory against the Niemen army, capturing 8,000 men and 8 cannon. After assuming the chief command on the 22d, von Hindenburg decided to use his eighth army against the Narew army of the Russians.

[Here follows a detailed account of the

military operations that resulted in the victory of Tannenberg.]

The crisis was reached on Aug. 30. Prisoners taken numbered 100,000. Between 60,000 and 70,000 men were killed, while some 70,000 made their escape. Almost the entire artillery equipment, as well as ammunition and provision trains, fell into the hands of the Germans, who sustained a loss of 15,000 men out of a total of 135,000.

After finishing with the Narew army, "our Hindenburg" turned his attention to Rennenkampf's Niemen army. Here, also, was present the Grand Duke Nicholas. It remains a mystery to this day why the Niemen army, distant no more than eighty kilometers, did nothing but guard its left wing against the eighth German army. In the days immediately following the 20th, when the First Prussian Corps moved against his front, Rennenkampf withdrew his forces toward the southwest, his troops plundering and destroying on their way to Königsberg, following which Tilsit was occupied.

The Niemen army did not operate, like the Narew army, on a small front and greater depth, but occupied a frontage of more than 100 kilometers. When the fate of the neighboring army reached Rennenkampf the latter must have told himself that the Germans now would turn against him.

Through reinforcements von Hindenburg's forces had been increased to 175,000, as against from 235,000 to 250,000 Russians. The German commander in chief determined to attack the left wing of the enemy. The German centre was held back, while the left wing was charged with encircling the right wing of the Russian force.

The attack on Rennenkampf's army came off as planned. Following successful preliminary skirmishes on the 8th, the day following witnessed the defeat of the Russian left wing to the east of the Loetzer Lake from Gross-Gablick to Allenburg, compelling further retreat to Goldap, Gumbinnen and Insterburg. Cavalry divisions had already cut off retreat in the eastern direction. The first army corps crushed in the Russian left wing, and with the assistance of the

cavalry, struck out toward the north. What remained of the Russian left wing now found itself in a split semicircle between the Nordenburg-Insterburg highway and the Rominter heaths. It was here the Russians were defeated on the 11th of the month, although the centre and the right wing were able to withdraw during the night between the 9th and the 10th by sacrificing the left wing. Escape was effected through retreat by way of Insterburg-Stallupoenen to Russian territory. This was the only thing that saved the Niemen army from sharing the fate of the Narew army. The booty of the victors consisted of 30,000 men taken prisoners and 150 pieces of artillery. The Russian losses in dead and mortally wounded amounted to 30,000.

Within less than three weeks the military skill of Hindenburg had brought about the removal of the Niemen and Narew armies from East Prussia. The first was completely destroyed, the other suffered a loss of 60,000 men. Still worse for Russia was the loss of 650 cannon, much harder to replace than human beings.

"With all of Germany I am proud of this achievement of the army under your leadership," telegraphed the imperial chief commander to his victorious General in the field.

[The author goes on to describe General von Hindenburg's successful campaign in Galicia and closes with the story of the great Winter campaign in Masuria. He concludes:]

The German Emperor witnessed the closing battle. The result was 110,000 prisoners, 300 cannon, 200 machine guns, together with an uncountable mass of other war materials. The battered remains of the Tenth Russian Army fled from Lyck into the Augustowo forest.

"This was Hindenburg's work, and God was with him," concludes Hans Niemann's book, "The Winter Battle in Masuria," "For the third time our Hindenburg destroyed a Russian army."

It is because Field Marshal von Hindenburg not only knows the rules of the game, but has the genius to carry through his plans that he succeeded in bringing together his widely separated forces so successfully on the battlefield and achieved such brilliant results.

Russian View of the Cause of the War

By L. Slonimsky

This article by Slonimsky, an eminent Russian publicist, appeared in the *Vestnik Yevropy*, (European Courier,) one of the oldest monthlies in Russia.

IN the first months of the war it seemed that its cause was evident to all: Official Germany, supported by her tremendously developed military machine, decided to conquer Europe and win the dominating position among the nations of the world. German militarism, tuned up to its highest degree, burst out in the present terrible catastrophe. Hence the necessity of destroying that militarism as an eternal source of menace to the peace of the world.

Such a solution of the problem would not satisfy those who seek "deeper meanings" in all phenomena. If the war was directly caused by Germany's

military class, it is asked, how is the fervidly patriotic attitude of the entire German people toward it to be explained? The war from its very beginning has been national for Germany. The whole nation is supporting its Government in its schemes of expansion in the direction of the Orient. This unanimity indicates that it would be wrong to hold Wilhelm and his coterie responsible for the war.

It is being argued that the war was not the product of the ambitions of any Government heads, but of the whole course of the economic development of Europe, and of the character of prevailing international politics; that an

armed conflict between Teuton and Slav was unavoidable; that through her gigantic industrial and commercial growth Germany had left France and Great Britain behind her, and was, therefore, in need of colonial expansion, which is somehow identified with the "inevitableness of a great war"; that at the base of the struggle are factors of enormous economic force which cannot be removed from the course of the world's development, and which were bound to come to a bloody issue.

Some go still further and fall into a hopeless fatalism. They say that the present struggle of nations has been caused by some "law of nature," and is the logical and inevitable evolution of that law; that it is the result of some fatal predestination, the fulfillment of a necessary function in the life of the universe. The aggressive policy of German militarism is thus justified. If a bloody issue was inevitable and unavoidable, then there is no sense in accusing for it the real originators of the war. On the contrary, we should be compelled to acknowledge that the direct builders of the conflagration, Wilhelm & Co., are but carrying out a higher will, and that Germany herself is the tool and victim of a great historical process, governed by laws over which she had no control. Then the question of her Government's responsibility for the present war disappears. Nobody is guilty, at least on Germany's side.

But is it possible to acquiesce in a view which justifies wholesale butcheries by some historical or economical "laws," entirely independent of the human will?

A scrutiny of the above arguments reveals their lack of sound logic. Indeed, German commerce had reached colossal proportions, penetrating everywhere, successfully competing with Great Britain and France even in their own countries. Germany, for instance, supplied France with a considerable part of the so-called "articles de Paris," which gained their reputation as French products. The yearly exports of Germany into the other European countries amounted to 7,800,000,000 marks, and into the other parts of the world to about

2,500,000,000; a good part of the latter went to the colonial possessions of Great Britain and France. Germany was steadily gaining at their expense in the markets of the world.

But these commercial successes of Germany could have had but one effect—to awaken in France and Great Britain a desire to defend their national interests from the commercial aggressiveness of Germany. Therefore, if war was to come as a result of economic competition, it should have come from the countries that suffered from that competition, from England and France, and not from triumphant Germany. But France and Great Britain did not think of war, and did not prepare for it. Instead, they were devoting their attention to peace, only following Germany in military preparations. The formation of the Triple Entente followed as counterbalance to the already existing Triple Alliance.

During the last two decades France and England gave considerable support to all movements advocating permanent peace and eventual disarmament. They were among the first to support the Russian Hague idea. Their literatures also reflect their peace sentiments. Paul Lacombe, in his book "*La Guerre et L'Homme*," forcefully indicted the advocates and defenders of war. Norman Angell's "*The Great Illusion*" was an eloquent and powerful protest against the militant sophisms of Germany's publicists. All these latest doctrines of the "mercilessness of military necessity" come from Germany's patriotic writers and military experts. And the establishment of permanent peace in humanity remained the ambition of those countries that have suffered badly from the successful aggressions of German commerce. Germany, which had every reason to be satisfied with her achievements and prospects, steadily armed herself and looked for war.

It is said that Germany's aggressive militarism is the result of her need of "colonial expansion." But why shed so much blood for winning new colonies, when they have excellently managed their affairs in all foreign colonies without

any troubles or sacrifices? They did more business with foreign colonies than with their own. Then, if it is a matter of "colonial expansion," why start a war against Russia, which in itself was but a colony of Germany, presenting a vast market for her products and a cheap source of limitless raw material? It is also well to remember that with the chief colonial empire—Great Britain—Germany did not expect to fight now. The theory of "colonial expansion" evidently does not explain the war of aggression waged by Germany.

The suggestions at the existing economical and political cross-currents among the nations of the world are not sufficient for concluding that the war was inevitable. Nationalistic and international antagonisms, though they might seem irreconcilable at one time, do not and must not necessarily culminate in a bloody struggle. Thirty years ago it was thought that a war between Great Britain and Russia was unavoidable. Also then many tried to prove that according to the fundamental laws of nature a great catastrophe was bound to come. (In an article in the *Vestnik Yevropy* for August, 1885, I also argued against the fatalistic interpretation of war. And my predictions came true. The seeming insoluble disagreements were little by little smoothed out, and now Russia and Great Britain are allies.)

The vast importance of the present war is by no means diminished when we trace its immediate cause to the vulgar military-political ambitions which have seized a part of the German public, under the influence of the theories brought forth and spread by the militarism dominating the country. The inspirers of this militarism possess the power of deciding the question of war and peace, and they are guided not by the real interests of commerce and industry and not by any other factors, but by the traditional plans of conquest capable of tempting and enticing all classes of people everywhere. The German Government did not ask the people or the captains of commerce if it should go to war. The huge increases in armaments were being accomplished

openly, and could have no other aim but war. And when the military preparations, theoretically guaranteeing victory over the prospective enemies, were complete, there remained nothing but to put them to the practical test.

The selection of the opportune moment was entirely in the hands of the General Staff, and when war was declared the people could do nothing but welcome it in the hope of conquest and financial remuneration. Had the representatives of the people been asked before the war they would in all probability have declared themselves against war, as its first effects are the paralyzation of commerce and industry. But even one of the greatest figures in German commerce, a favorite of the Kaiser, the Director of the Hamburg-American Line, Ballin, had evidently not been advised of the intended move, for had he been informed he would have taken good care not to have at that time such a large portion of his fleet in American waters.

It is impossible not to take into account the fact that only in Germany the doctrine of the "inevitableness of war" is being preached as the only lawful and possible way of solving international disputes. This Prussian view finds no support in other countries. It is folly to suppose that the "laws of nature" are known to the Teutonic mind, remaining inaccessible to the minds of such civilized nations as France and Great Britain. Finally, if the war was inevitable and unavoidable, there is no reason for the German Government to disavow any responsibility for it and throw it on her "treacherous" opponents.

In the past it was an axiom that with the progress of commerce and closer international relations war will disappear. Herbert Spencer and Auguste Comte thought so. In the '40s of the last century, Frederick List, author of "The National System of Political Economy," expressed a similar view. He had not foreseen the strange combination of German industrialism and Prussian militarism of today. To the German thinkers of the past such a combination seemed impossible and abnormal. In substance, it is even now but a passing

and ephemeral phenomenon, depending upon the degree of the democratic development of the country. The existing

military-political order in Germany, in any case, affords no ground for generalizations and fatalistic interpretations.

Why Canada Is At War

By a Canadian

The leading article in The Quarterly Review for January tells why Canada is sending men and money to help defeat Great Britain's enemies. The anonymous Canadian author says, in part:

FINANCIALLY, Canada has nothing to gain and everything to lose by her participation in the war. Had she refused to send a man, her commercial products would have been sought as readily by the Allies as they are to-day. In fact, Canadians feel some annoyance that large war orders, which could be executed as well in Canada, are being placed in the United States. On the other hand, in addition to a large deficit in revenue which she meets by a special war tax, the military burden voluntarily assumed by Canada will add to her national debt more than \$120,000,000 a year as long as the war lasts, (more than \$15 a head per annum.) The probability is that it will reach \$150,000,000 a year or more. This may seem a small amount, but in a young country with a small population and the development of its railways, canals, harbors, industries, &c., just beginning, it is a serious matter. The capital required for the development of our Canadian West, for example, will not be forthcoming for years.

Canadians fully realize all this, but they are shouldering the burden without a complaint. They have been sobered by the horrors of the war and by the sacrifice of such large numbers of men. Canada has already lost more men than England lost in the Crimean war, and the end is not yet in sight. Yet after a year to think about the matter, with losses in money and men out of all pro-

portion to what she had anticipated, there are no regrets that the step was taken.

Great Britain has handed over to us full control of our own internal affairs, even the disposition of our military forces—a thing Germany certainly would not have done. She has allowed us to develop our own institutions according to our natural inclinations, without forcing upon us the English stamp. To the German charges that Britain is avaricious and guided by sordid mercenary motives, all we Canadians can answer is that we know nothing about it. Our country has vast stores of great undeveloped natural resources awaiting captains of industry to turn them into money, yet our rich farms, mines, forests, and fisheries have never been exploited by the English. Our preferential tariffs have been made by ourselves without English solicitation. During all these years, while we have gone our own way politically and commercially, the British Navy protected our commerce to the ends of the earth, and for that protection we paid not one dollar.

Canadians are going to the front, and they will continue to go, not because Great Britain says they must, nor because they have any special hatred for the Germans, nor because the adventures of war have carried them off their feet. They go because it is the only honorable course to take in view of their present happy position in the empire. But above all, they go because their filial love is so strong that they would regard it as a monstrous neglect of duty to stand aside and complacently look on while the mother country fights for her life.

Important War Books in Press

This department is devoted to illuminating glimpses of important forthcoming books relating to the great European war or to world affairs directly affected by the war. Most of the volumes here treated are still in press, but will appear this month. The object is to give the reader advance information similar to that which may be had later by turning over the pages in a bookstall.

Roosevelt in Warlike Mood

FEAR GOD AND TAKE YOUR OWN PART.
By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: George
H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

IN his latest volume Colonel Roosevelt has brought together his most belligerent magazine articles and speeches on preparedness and kindred subjects. He attacks the Wilson Administration for its Mexican policy, and for what he regards as its dishonorable supineness in dealing with the Lusitania affair, and other violations of American rights. Failure to protest against the invasion of Belgium, he says, made it contemptible for us to protest against subsequent and smaller misdeeds; and failure to act (not merely speak or write notes) when our women and children were murdered made protests against interference with American business profits both offensive and ludicrous.

Here are some typical paragraphs from his "Conclusion":

Fear God and take your own part! This is another way of saying that a nation must have power and will for self-sacrifice and also power and will for self-protection. The nation must be willing to stand for a lofty ideal and yet it must also be able to insist that its own rights be heeded by others.

The Belgians have walked through the valley of the shadow rather than prove false to their ideals. We, rich, prosperous, at ease, and potentially powerful, have not lifted a finger to right their wrongs, lest our own safety and comfort might be jeopardized. This national selfishness, manifested under the lead of President Wilson and Secretary Bryan, was doubly offensive because it was loudly trumpeted as virtue.

* * *

With colossal effrontery Germany, the first and infinitely the greatest offender against humanity

and the rights of neutrals, has clamored that we should take steps to "secure neutral rights on the seas," "to establish the freedom of the seas," "to secure the neutralization of the ocean." The pro-Germans on this side of the water have repeated these words with parrot-like fidelity of phrase.

On the matter of preparedness Colonel Roosevelt says that if a free Government cannot organize and maintain armies and navies which can and will fight as well as those of an autocracy or a despotism, it will not survive. He calls for a first-class navy and a first-class professional army, with universal and obligatory military training for all our young men.

Nine-tenths of wisdom is being wise in time. Never in the country's history has there been a more stupendous instance of folly than this crowning folly of waiting eighteen months after the elemental crash of nations took place before even making a start in an effort—and an utterly inefficient and insufficient effort—for some kind of preparation to ward off disaster in the future. * * * No man can support Mr. Wilson without at the same time supporting a policy of criminal inefficiency as regards the United States Navy, of short-sighted inadequacy as regards the army, of abandonment of the duty owed by the United States to weak and well-behaved nations, and of failure to insist on our just rights when we are ourselves maltreated by powerful and unscrupulous nations.

The author says that more lives of American citizens were destroyed in peaceful ships at sea during the last year than we lost at sea in the entire war of 1812, more than Farragut's fleet lost in all its victories, more than Nel-

son's fleet suffered in his three great victories. He continues:

If any individual finds satisfaction in saying that nevertheless this was "peace" and not "war," it is hardly worth while arguing with him; for he dwells in a land of sham and make-believe. Of course incidentally we have earned contempt and derision by our conduct in connection with the hundreds of Americans thus killed in time of peace without action on our part. The

United States Senator, or Governor of a State, or other public representative who takes the position that our citizens should not, in accordance with their lawful rights, travel on such ships, and that we need not take action about their deaths, occupies a position precisely and exactly as base and as cowardly (and I use those words with scientific precision) as if his wife's face were slapped on the public streets and the only action he took was to tell her to stay in the house.

Story of an Eyewitness

ROADSIDE GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT WAR. By Arthur Sweetser. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

ARTHUR SWEETSER is one of the American newspaper correspondents who forced their way into the war zone of Northern France at the time of the German invasion, and who saw sights that cannot be forgotten. In his forthcoming book Mr. Sweetser has told the story of his experiences in rapid narrative and in a succession of memorable word pictures. While attempting to reach Lille on a bicycle he fell into the wake of von Kluck's army—bound for Paris—and after leaving the village of Cateau he topped a hill and—"Smash! outlined sharp against the sky were two angry field pieces sullenly, defiantly facing out across the valley toward Germany." The author continues:

Ugly scars—was it possible they were trenches—zigzagged here and there through the rich harvests. Empty cartridge shells in little piles, half-eaten meat and hard-tack, now and then a letter, cards, or a book, occasionally a khaki hat or coat, told their simple tale of the little human units caught in the vortex of war.

Strangely, it was English, all English. It was the battlefield of the Cateau-Cambrai line, the strategic point where General French rallied his remnants for one last staying effort while the French were concentrated about Paris; the graveyard whither the Tommies I had seen a few nights before from the other

side had been rushing to bolster up their nearly annihilated comrades fleeing precipitately but valiantly from Belgium. I learned the story later from a curly-headed youngster of twenty who had been one of the few to escape. Twelve hundred strong the regiment had left England. For thirty-six hours without cessation it had fought at Mons. For six days and six nights it had alternately retreated and held till the final graveyard was reached at the peaceful spot where I now stood. For only eight hours the carnage had lasted, but at the retreat only 300 men were able to leave.

Sick at heart I ascended the hill further, to find a terrified French peasant hastily emptying his pockets of fragments of shells. He seemed in perfect terror lest he be shot for taking away a souvenir.

"Ah, Monsieur, it is terrible, this war. For two days I have buried dead men, two whole days, and then I thought they would let me go. But no; I must now bury dead horses. It is terrible, this war, terrible."

Mr. Sweetser had lively experiences as a prisoner, first of the Germans, then of the French, then of the Germans again, and narrowly escaped being shot as a spy. He tells the story with a thrill. His final chapters are on Belgium and the hopeless heroism of the people. The author's unusual power of flashing war scenes before the eye makes his book extraordinarily vivid and interesting.

German Psychology in Belgium

THE GERMANS IN BELGIUM. By L. H. Grondys. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 50 cents.

DR. GRONDYS, who was formerly Professor of Physics in the Technical Institute of Dordrecht, went over into Belgium from Holland soon after the war began in order to see at first hand just how it was being conducted, and to satisfy himself as to the truth or falsity of the stories of outrageous conduct on the part of the invading army. He visited Brussels, Louvain, Aerschot, met and followed the invading army, was in Louvain during its days and nights of horror, and finally tramped out on foot with the refugees from that city who sought sanctuary in his own country.

He describes many atrocious deeds that he either witnessed or had knowledge of immediately after they were committed. But he views all the phenomena of the invasion in a judicial spirit, endeavoring to understand and explain them in terms of ordinary human nature. He found, for instance, that the German soldiers were themselves in a state of fear and nervousness caused by their dread of an uprising against them of Belgian civilians, and that this nervous terror kept them most of the time on the verge of a panic. He was at Aerschot when the Burgomaster and many

of the citizens were shot, and he thinks that the riot which brought about that tragedy was caused by this mental state among the German soldiers, which led, as it often did, to the firing of guns, nobody knew why. During the sacking and burning of Louvain Dr. Grondys lived with the family of Professor Sharpé of the University, taking an intimate part in their life and constantly using his status as a neutral to mitigate the severity of the Germans.

At Brussels, where he spent some time after the occupation of the city, he pays particular attention to the inability of the Germans, which he had already noted in other places, to understand why their policy of "frightfulness" had not inspired the people with abject terror:

The Germans existed in a state of complete miscomprehension. All the officers to whom I spoke expressed their astonishment at the attitude of the population. They attributed it to a want of respect with which the Belgians were afflicted, and to their ignorance of recent events. They would not believe that their redoubtable strength and their victories could never win outraged hearts, and that all these poor people, abandoned to their enemies, could still cherish hope for the future.

"Self-Government in Russia"

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN RUSSIA. By Paul Vinogradoff. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1. (To be issued about March 15.)

PROFESSOR PAUL VINOGRADOFF, formerly of Moscow University, and now of Oxford, has summarized the recent progress of his native country toward free institutions in a brief volume under the title, "Self-Government in Russia." Disregarding the official sequence of events, he goes straight to the living personality of the nation and examines the facts relating to the growth and education of this personality.

A chapter is devoted to the gradual steps in the organization of local and national self-government in Russia, and another deals with popular education and the unfortunate clash between the Church and secular schools. The final chapter, "Self-Government and the War," gives an interesting account of how the farmers' congresses, held in the first years of the present century, assumed a decisive political turn in consequence of the events of the Russo-Japanese war.

Hospital and evacuation work had to be undertaken on a vast scale, society lent its help in the usual

patriotic manner, and among other organizations a powerful All-Russian Zemstvo Union sprang up and did excellent work. When the deficiencies of Governmental leadership in the war became more and more apparent, a great wave of indignation spread through the country and the self-governing units became the centres of a movement toward political regeneration.

In the present war this work has made wonderful progress at the hands of two bodies—the All-Russian Zemstvo Union, with Prince G. Lvoff as President, and the All-Russian Town Union, headed by M. Chelnokoff, Mayor of Moscow—both officially recognized and furnished with funds by the Imperial Government. Up to March a year ago the Zemstvo Union had received \$20,000,000 in subsidies for its work among the wounded and for the army commissariat, and the amounts since then have been much greater. The services of the Town Union are on a scale almost equally large. The author says:

The retreat in Galicia and Poland called forth a heightened consciousness of the national danger and a great manifestation of patriotic resolve. Toward the end of May, at a congress of representatives of trade and industry, the discussion of technical questions was interrupted by an impassioned speech delivered by one of the leading Moscow millionaires, V. Riabushinsky, just back from the front and full of impressions of the life and death struggle against the invaders. "The whole of Russia forms the rear of the army," he cried. "We cannot busy ourselves with our every-day affairs at the present moment; every workshop, every factory must be used to break the enemy's force."

The result was a popular movement which the Government could not refuse to recognize. The crisis, as the author says, opened even the eyes of the blind. The Government at last perceived that it "was powerless without the backing of the country, and that with the support of the country it was invincible."

Studies of Warring Nations

THE IMPERIAL IMPULSE: BACKGROUND STUDIES OF BELGIUM, ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, AND RUSSIA. By Samuel P. Orth. 250 pages. New York: The Century Company. \$1.20. (To be published March 17.)

THE character of Samuel P. Orth's volume on "The Imperial Impulse" is indicated by the sub-title: "Background Studies of Belgium, England, France, Germany, and Russia." The author thus explains his purpose:

In the procession of grim and fascinating events, we are apt to forget the political, economic, and ethnic backgrounds of the cultures now at each others' throats. Thus we neglect the significance of the drama in our interest in the action. But back of all this world commotion are the prejudices, national habits, retrogressions and advancements, that whole category of traits and accomplishments which we indefinitely call culture. These papers attempt to recall these traits and some of their antecedents.

Beginning with Germany, he outlines

briefly the story of the gradual cohesion of the German States until they were solidified into the empire, tracing the important developments of national life, picturing the sudden transformation of the old into the new industrial and imperial Germany, and describing the mechanism of Governmental activities that penetrates the nation's life. Modern Germany he finds animated by dual powers, the aristocratic and the plutocratic, and outside of these is a third force, the Social Democracy, whose "four and a half million voters are first of all democrats, and many of them are not Socialists at all." He concludes:

So the student of affairs sees today the final test of a vast human mechanism that has reduced 60,000,000 persons to 60,000,000 obedient "parts," resting upon the tripod of bureaucracy, bayonet, and State benevolence. Is it possible to drill the human mind and body into mechanical docility and yet retain that nationalistic spirit which is the noblest phase of race development?
* * * Can you make a man a

machine, and yet by some autocratic miracle save his soul? This is the greatest issue of this war.

Out of the kaleidoscope of French history Mr. Orth evolves "the soul of the French," with "complete freedom of expression the life of its ideal" and its high regard for intelligence. The Government the French have devised he calls "one of the greatest anomalies of modern politics," England is an "imperial opportunist," knowing only one iron rule, "to make a go of it"; upon a skeleton of historical facts Mr. Orth constructs the huge figure of Russia, depicts the phases of its development and the anomalies of its social and national life, and the struggles of its animating spirits in recent years, with this conclusion:

So we behold in this vast country not merely a land of problems, but a nation in transition. In economic and political life and in cultural activities one sees everywhere the evidence of change. This makes Russia significant.

The first step in a great national transformation, such as apparently awaits Russia, is an awaking, the second is unity, the third is action. The awaking assuredly has come. Russia's most enlightened classes are aroused to the needs of their nation. Unity appears at hand.

In a final chapter the author studies the characters of the nations at war in their disposition toward the United States, our own relations with South America, and with the Far East, as influenced by the war, considers the new alignment of powers and the new world balance—"merely a soft synonym for world bullying"—which will result, and sets forth what he considers will be "our first duty" in the immediate future:

The new dispensation, therefore, will require of us an awakening of spiritual idealism, a rejuvenescence of a wholesome faith, as well as an alertness of mind that watches every current of thought. No vain optimism or vainglory will answer in this fateful hour.

The New Spirit In France

FRANCE AND THE WAR. By James Mark Baldwin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 50 cents.

IN a short prefatory note Professor Baldwin mentions that his "previous and more remote prejudgments were, in many respects, favorable to Germany" because of early educational associations—a fact which may be taken as making for impartiality in his present views. That he has lived the better part of each of the last six years in France adds to the authority of his conclusions.

His principal conclusion is that modern France "is not a military or martial country in either of the two distinct senses, moral and political, of the term 'militarism.'" He brings forward many arguments to prove that French sentiment, previous to the breaking out of the war, was anti-militaristic, and that the tendency of both idealistic aims and practical life was toward international tolerance and friendliness. He mentions that "There had even been a Germanophile movement—or at least a movement

of imitation—in science, education, and letters, similar to that from which the United States has recently been recovering." He does not believe that the war produced the sudden change in the apparent attitude of the French people toward life, but that it merely emphasized and crystallized a tendency already strong among them. Recent years, he declares, have seen the growth of a "new and fruitful idealism":

* * * The future student of national culture will find abundant evidence to show that the finest preparation for the war, the most convincing assurance of victory, lay not in military equipment and armaments, not in the law of three years, [military service,] not in the high financial credit of France, but in the moral purpose of the people, in their new view of life and duty. It lay in the national aspiration for a place in the brighter sun of world influence in literature, art and morals, which was gathering force and already seeking instruments of expression when the explosion of war startled it into self-consciousness.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS OF THE MONTH

BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE NEW YORK TIMES.

TAXATION IN ENGLAND

E. E. K.—It is true, as your question states, that taxation in England has been greatly increased since the war began. In announcing the new schedules for "the greatest war budget in the world's history," Sept. 21, 1915, Reginald McKenna, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said: "We have trebled our debt and doubled our taxes." The principal blow in the new taxation falls upon incomes, the existing income tax is increased 40 per cent., and the scope of the tax is widened so as to include even workmen at a \$14-a-week wage; the very rich are obliged to pay the Government one-third of their income. One-cent postage has been abolished and the 2-cent weight reduced. The telegraph rate has been advanced from 12 to 18 cents for twelve words, and there has been a similar telephone increase. Sugar is heavily taxed, but the assessment has been so arranged as to increase the price to the consumer by only a penny a pound. "To discourage imports and remedy the foreign exchange situation" a duty of 33 1-3 per cent. ad valorem has been placed on automobiles, bicycles, moving-picture films, watches, musical instruments, plate glass, and hats.

FRENCH MILITARY SERVICE

A. H.—Is military service compulsory in France?

YES, between the ages of 20 and 48; the only exemptions are for physical disability.

WAR RELIEF SHIPMENTS

SUBSCRIBER.—Can you tell me if one can send an individual shipment of hospital supplies—bandages, shirts, &c.—to a friend in France who is doing war relief work, without payment of transportation?

SHIPMENTS to war relief workers in France may be made without charge

for transportation if sent through one of the relief organizations. If you want your supplies to go to an individual worker, they may be sent through the War Relief Clearing House for France and her allies, and if the person to whom they are addressed is connected with a hospital, relief committee, or like organization, no charge will be made for transportation between the Clearing House Receiving Station and the destination in France. The package should be accompanied by an itemized list of its contents, carefully wrapped and tied for shipment and sent to the War Relief Clearing House Receiving Station, 133 Charlton Street; a duplicate list of the contents should also be mailed to the Clearing House office, 40 Wall Street. The sender must pay the cost of transportation as far as the receiving station. Shipments from a private individual in this country, sent without the mediation of any relief organization, to a private individual in France are not sent free.

DECLARATIONS OF WAR

F. MARTIN.—England declared war on Germany Aug. 4, 1914. Germany did not declare war on England.

THE BAGDAD RAILWAY

E. F.—The building of the Bagdad Railway was conceded to Germany by Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, in 1899, as the climax of a series of concessions granted to Germany as the friend of Turkey. In the Bagdad Railway Convention Mar. 5, 1903, the German Government attempted to secure the participation of both England and France; these efforts were successful in regard to France, but Great Britain was so incensed at the constitution of the Board of Directors, which established German "control in perpetuity," that participation was refused, although at one time the British

Government had favored it. The estimated entire length of the railway from Konia to Basra is 1,357 miles; 538 miles, from Konia to Samara, has already been completed. The first section, from Konia to Bulgurlu, 124 miles, was opened Oct. 25, 1904. By the terms of the concession the railway was to be built in sections of 125 miles, and the capital sum per section was fixed at 54,000,000 francs, (about \$10,800,000.)

ARMY AND NAVY MAINTENANCE

J. I. F.—The following figures of army and navy expenditures in Great Britain, Germany, France, and Russia, for the three years preceding the outbreak of war, are taken from the budget estimates, the year being that of the announcement. The figures dated 1914 are for the regular budget appropriation of that year, and do not include any extra expenses caused by the outbreak of war. The figures are as follows:

1912. Great Britain—Army, \$139,300,000; navy, \$220,427,000; Germany—Army, \$238,876,000; navy, \$111,254,000. France—Army, \$204,583,500; navy, \$92,000,000. Russia—Army, \$279,745,590; navy, \$90,716,948.

1913. Great Britain—Army, \$224,300,000; navy, \$224,140,000. Germany—Army, \$183,000,000; navy, \$111,300,000. France—Army, \$191,431,581; navy, \$119,571,400. Russia—Army, \$317,800,000; navy, \$122,500,000.

1914. Great Britain—Army, \$143,331,350; navy, \$256,150,026. Germany—Army, \$293,289,155; navy, \$113,918,367. France—Army, \$202,141,122; navy, \$96,255,733. Russia—Army, \$393,193,808; navy, 129,298,966.

PROPERTY IN FRANCE

A. D. P.—I was born in France, but have been a resident of this country for ten years, and am a naturalized American citizen. I own property in France, but I am told that the French Government is likely to confiscate it because I did not join the colors at the outbreak of the war. Will you please tell me if the French Government has a right to do that?

THERE is no treaty between the United States and France defining the status of former French citizens who have become naturalized American citizens; and

a Frenchman who has been naturalized abroad without the consent of his Government, and who at the time of his naturalization was still subject to military service in the active army or in the reserve of the active army, is held to be amenable to French military laws. It is impossible to supply a definite answer, regarding law and usage in France, to a specific individual case. When laws on nationality clash, the only thing to do is to appeal to the competent courts. The French Civil Tribunal of your domicile in France is the only authority competent to determine your nationality from the point of view of the law in France.

AMERICAN SHIPS SUNK

I. R.—The American ships sunk or disabled in the present war have been: The William P. Frye, sailing ship, sunk Jan. 28, 1915; the Evelyn, sunk by a mine in the North Sea, Feb. 21, one life lost; the Carib, sunk by a mine off the Norwegian coast, Feb. 23, three lives lost; the tank steamer Cushing, attacked, but not sunk, by a German aeroplane, April 28; the Gulflight, torpedoed, but not sunk, three lives lost, May 1; the Nebraskan, damaged off Fastnet, May 26; the Leelanaw, sunk July 26; the steamer Greenbrier, sunk by a mine in the North Sea early in April.

THE EMDEN

G. G. STEELE.—The German cruiser Emden was vanquished and wrecked by the Australian cruiser Sydney, Nov. 10, 1914. No other vessel took part in the fight.

AMERICANS GOING ABROAD

H. M. K.—Has the United States Government issued a warning to the people of the United States regarding traveling in Europe, and stated that the people were doing it at their own risk?

SHORTLY after the outbreak of the war a circular was issued in which American citizens were advised "to avoid visiting unnecessarily countries which are at war," and "particularly to avoid, if possible, passing through or from a belligerent country to a country which is at war therewith." Last October Secretary Lansing issued another "notice."

which contained the same warning, and read in its entirety as follows:

All American citizens who go abroad should carry American passports, and should inquire of diplomatic or Consular officers of the countries which they expect to visit concerning the necessity of having the passports viséd therefor.

American citizens are advised to avoid visiting unnecessarily countries which are at war, and particularly to avoid, if possible, passing through or from a belligerent country to a country which is at war therewith.

It is especially important that naturalized American citizens refrain from visiting their countries of origin and countries which are at war therewith.

It is believed that Governments of countries which are in a state of war do not welcome aliens who are traveling merely for curiosity or pleasure. Under the passport regulations prescribed by the President Jan. 12, 1915, passports issued by this Government contain statements of the names of countries which the holders expect to visit and the objects of their visits thereto. The department does not deem it appropriate or advisable to issue passports to persons who contemplate visiting belligerent countries merely for "pleasure," "recreation," "touring," "sightseeing," &c.

As belligerent countries are accused, for self-protection, to scrutinize carefully aliens who enter their territories, American citizens who find it necessary to visit such countries should, as a matter of precaution and in order to avoid detention, provide themselves with letters or other documents, in addition to their passports, showing definitely the objects of their visits. In particular it is advisable for persons who go to belligerent countries as representatives of commercial concerns to carry letters of identification or introduction from such concerns.

Naturalized American citizens who receive American passports are advised to carry their certificates of naturalization with them, as well as their passports.

American citizens sojourning in countries which are at war are warned to

refrain from any conduct or utterances which might be considered offensive or contrary to the principles of strict neutrality.

FINANCING THE WAR

E. E. K.—Is it not generally understood that the United Kingdom is furnishing money to Russia, France, Belgium, and others and taking their bonds therefor?

YES. Great Britain is bearing the brunt of the Allies' finances. She is the nation best able to assume the burden of financing the Allies' cause, whether by direct loan or by the usual way by the sale of securities, and naturally does so.

GERMAN RUBBER PLOT

A. F. MERGER.—Will you please tell me why, when we stay neutral, a shipment of rubber to Germany, such as is recorded in the papers of Dec. 21, is banned by our Government? Why is that said to be a "German plot"? We are sending shiploads of munitions to the Allies, and that is considered all right. Why is it a crime to send rubber when it is intended for Germany?

THE offense charged in the discovery of the effort to get rubber to Germany, as recorded in the papers of Dec. 21, is not the sending of material to Germany; it is the failure to manifest to the United States goods exported to foreign lands in the course of trade for profit. There is no law in this country against sending contraband of war by individuals or private firms to any country whatever; there is a law against making false manifests to the United States Government.

FRENCH DEVELOPMENT OF CONSCRIPTION

A. H.—Please tell me something about compulsory military service in France in the time of the Empire and now during the Republic.

THE modern principle of universal service originated in France, where it was first adopted in 1792. The law of that date did not work out satisfactorily in details, however, and was superseded in 1798 by the famous Jourdan law, on which all the modern Continental systems are based, and which remained practically unaltered until 1870. The weak-

ness of this law, however, was its privilege of exemption by a money payment. Since 1870 France, in common with all the other European nations except Great Britain, has adopted the system of absolutely compulsory service, with a short term, a reserve army, and only a few legal exceptions.

THE GREATEST NAVAL POWERS

A. GREENSTONE.—What are the first five naval powers, and which ones are ahead of our country?

THE rating is as follows: 1, Great Britain; 2, Germany; 3, the United States; 4, France; 5, Japan.

MERCHANT VESSELS IN WAR

CONSTANT READER.—Prize courts are instituted to deal with captures of enemy ships and their cargoes, and of neutral ships and their cargoes alleged to have infringed the laws of neutrality. By the Order of the Constitution of Prize Courts, issued in London, Aug. 5, 1914, courts are authorized to "adjudge and condemn" all such ships, vessels, and goods as shall belong to the enemy State, or the citizens or subjects thereof, or "to any other persons inhabiting within any of the countries, territories, or dominions of the said State." Boats solely intended for coast fishing or for petty local navigation are exempt from capture unless they take part in hostilities; vessels intrusted with religious, scientific, or philanthropic missions are also exempt. The Declaration of London states that a neutral vessel which is captured may not be destroyed by the captor.

AMERICANS IN FOREIGN ARMIES

N.—Will you kindly inform your readers whether an American citizen who enlists in a foreign army and takes the oath of allegiance to that country ceases to be an American? If so, what is required of him to become an American citizen again when he returns to the United States? The status of Americans who enlist in foreign armies is not, I think, generally understood, and is of great interest.

THE following statement is issued by the Department of State:

"The department has received a number of inquiries from people in the United States asking whether enlistment in a

foreign army by a citizen of the United States is evidence that he has expatriated himself and whether it is a breach of his duty as a citizen of the United States to enlist in a foreign army.

"The law relative to expatriation (Section 2, Act of March 2, 1907,) says:

"That any American citizen shall be deemed to have expatriated himself when he has been naturalized in any foreign State in conformity with its laws or when he has taken an oath of allegiance to any foreign State."

"Therefore, when service in a foreign army involves taking an oath of allegiance to a foreign State, an American citizen who enters such service must be deemed to have expatriated himself.

"Service in some foreign armies and in some branches of some foreign armies does not require an oath of allegiance to a foreign State. On the other hand, an oath of allegiance is required as a condition of service in other foreign armies. The department cannot give authentic information on the subject of the foreign requirements in this respect, because of their variation and because they are subject to changes.

"The department does not undertake to prescribe the duty of an individual with reference to his citizenship. It is of opinion, nevertheless, that the observance of neutrality in the conflict now engaging certain European powers requires American citizens to avoid participation in those conflicts."

An American who has lost his citizenship or expatriated himself must be re-naturalized if he wishes to become an American citizen again, meeting the same requirements and going through the same process as any other "alien."

KOENIGSBERG

J. M. 25.—Have the Russians ever occupied Königsberg, the German fortress in East Prussia? If not, could you tell me a town in East Prussia which the Russians occupied or a town near Königsberg during the Russian invasion, and how many miles is that town from Königsberg?

THE Russians did not occupy Königsberg. Königsberg was invested by the Russians Aug. 29, 1914. The Russians occupied Allenstein Aug. 29

there was at one time a report, which was quickly denied, that Königsberg had fallen. The Russian advance in East Prussia was admitted to be checked on Sept. 2. The nearest towns of any importance to Königsberg which were occupied by the Russians were Tilsit, about sixty-five miles to the northeast of Königsberg, and Allenstein, about seventy-five miles south.

THE KAISER'S LAWSUIT

M.—Some three years ago the Kaiser was sued in the German civil courts by a tenant who leased a farm from him, I think at Gumbinen. Will you kindly tell me about the suit and give me the decision of the court, which was, if I am not mistaken, in favor of the tenant?

THE quarrel in the German courts between the Kaiser and his tenant, Herr Sobert, dragged on for five years. There were three separate verdicts on the case, every one against the Kaiser. And at last the Emperor apologized, paid the tenant an indemnity of \$30,000, and presented him with the Prussian Order of the Crown, fourth class. Under date of May 8, 1912, a dispatch from Leipsic announced that the Kaiser, as landlord of the Cadinen estate near Dantsic, had lost his suit in the Supreme Court, after two appeals, against one of his tenants. The Emperor demanded that the tenant share in the cost of construction of a house suitable to the royal estate. A dispatch from Berlin April 1, 1913, stated that after five years of dispute the Kaiser had apologized for calling Herr Sobert "worthless and incompetent," given him a large indemnity for leaving, and decorated him. By the verdict of Feb. 28, 1913, in his third suit against the Kaiser, Herr Sobert became entitled to remain on the estate for five more years. The Crown Prince is said to have told his father that public feeling in West Prussia was so strong that the Emperor could not afford to ignore it, and that this was largely responsible for his apology.

AMERICAN LIVES LOST

I. R.—The American lives lost on merchant or passenger vessels of belligerent nations in the pursuance of "submarine warfare" have been as follows: Falaba;

March 28, 1915, one American lost; Lusitania, May 7, 142 Americans lost; Armenian, June 28, ten Americans, employed as mule tenders, lost; Iberian, July 31, three Americans lost; Arabic, Aug. 19, two Americans lost; Ancona, Nov. 10, eleven Americans lost; Persia, Dec. 30, two Americans lost; an American nurse was among the passengers lost in the torpedoing of the Brindisi Jan. 6.

BRITISH SUPERDREADNOUGHTS

A. E.—Please give me the names and tonnage of British superdreadnoughts completed since the war broke out.

THE following British "superdreadnoughts" were completed in 1915: Tiger, displacement, 28,000 tons; Ramilies, Resolution, Revenge, Royal Oak, and Royal Sovereign, each 25,750 tons; Barham, Malaya, Queen Elizabeth, Valiant, and Warspite, each 27,500 tons. The Iron Duke, Marlborough, Emperor of India, and Benbow, each 25,000 tons, were completed in 1914.

THE WAR ZONE

LEONARD R. MEMMOTT.—

Which came first, Germany's war zone decree or England's Order in Council blockading German ports?

THE war zone decree came first, being announced by Germany on Feb. 4, to go into effect Feb. 18. On March 1 Premier Asquith announced in the House of Commons the intention of England and France to cut Germany off from all trade with the rest of the world, and on March 15 the text of the Order in Council establishing the blockade was made public.

THE NAVY OF SWEDEN

H. A.—The navy of Sweden ranks eleventh among the navies of the world and first among the Scandinavian countries. Sweden has no modern battleships, cruiser battleships, armored cruisers, or first-class cruisers. The navy of Sweden consists of one second-class cruiser, five third-class cruisers, five gunboats, ten monitors, eight destroyers, fifty-three torpedo boats, and ten submarines. The naval personnel is 3,500.

WORLD EVENTS OF THE MONTH

A BIRDSEYE VIEW

OUTSTANDING war developments in the past month were the successful Russian offensive in the Caucasus, the serious plight of the British in Mesopotamia, a series of desperate German attacks on the western front, the German Admiralty order directing submarines to sink all armed merchant ships of the enemy without warning, and the discovery that two or more German sea raiders were destroying British shipping in the open Atlantic.

Apparently the most important results are likely to come from the Russian capture of Erzerum, with its eighteen Turkish forts and its garrison estimated in excess of 80,000. This campaign has given Grand Duke Nicholas an opportunity to retrieve his reputation, and he has pushed it amid the snowy steeps and bitter cold of the Caucasus Mountains with a determination that has thus far proved irresistible. With the German-built forts of Erzerum in his hands, and the German-led Turkish garrisons as prisoners, the way lies open before him to any part of Asiatic Turkey. It remains to be seen whether he means to go south to the rescue of the British expeditions at Kut-el-Amara, or westward toward the back door of Constantinople.

The heavy blows delivered by the Germans in France have cost them enormously in men—the fighting is said to have been the fiercest yet known on the western front—but thus far they have no material gains to show for the terrible price paid. If they fail to recapture the hills wrested from them last September, the permanent advantage will remain with the French when they begin their Spring offensive.

* * *

SECRETARY GARRISON'S RESIGNATION

THE outstanding political event in this country in the past month was the resignation of Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War, because he felt that President Wilson had receded from his

support of the proposed continental army to indorse the projected increase in the militia. There is lack of unanimity in the preparedness proposals at Washington, the Democrats being at present divided, but it is likely that some plan may be agreed upon substantially to increase the naval program and add perhaps 75,000 to the standing army. The continental army proposal is dead.

* * *

THE LUSITANIA AFFAIR

FOR the United States the most acute war issue of the month was the diplomatic controversy over the wording of Germany's note acknowledging liability for American lives lost in the Lusitania tragedy. At two different times a complete break of friendly relations seemed imminent. Early in the month the Washington dispatches carried grave headlines, the stock market winced, and Berlin papers accused us of trying to humiliate Germany, adding that a break of diplomatic relations would mean war. This phase of the affair, however, proved to be mainly a matter of words—the difference between "assumes liability" and "recognizes liability." A frank conference of Count von Bernstorff, Secretary Lansing, and President Wilson reduced the issue to a form which brought the desired concessions from the Berlin Foreign Office on Feb. 15, and it was announced that the controversy was about to be settled satisfactorily to both Governments. At that moment, however, the case was complicated by the German decree ordering submarines to sink armed liners without warning after March 1. The United States Government declined to confirm the tentative agreement regarding the Lusitania until it received satisfactory assurances as to the course to be pursued under this order. The new German policy seemed to involve a violation of pledges already given. At this writing the situation is apparently as grave as in the earlier crisis; the difference is that the issue now regards the future instead of the past.

THE BRITISH BLOCKADE

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S biting criticism of the British Government's "make-believe blockade," published Jan. 24, seems to have been one of the numerous utterances of this kind that spurred Sir Edward Grey to make a long and vigorous reply in the House of Commons on Jan. 26. Sir Edward riddled the "reckless figures and reckless statements" of the critics and defended the blockade so effectively that little has been heard since in England in the way of attack upon it.

Sir Edward Grey made it plain that the Government was between two fires and found the situation very uncomfortable. On the one hand, the neutral nations were resenting its interference with trade on the seas, and making their indignation felt in protesting notes. On the other hand, the British people and press were crying out that there was not enough interference with neutral trade—that supplies were reaching Germany and prolonging the war. In proof of the latter charge the papers were printing figures of the great increase of American exports to Scandinavia and other neutral lands, charging that all the surplus over the trade of peace times must be leaking into Germany.

Such a conclusion, Sir Edward declared, was fallacious and unjust. In times of peace these nations drew a large portion of their supplies from Black Sea ports and other regions of Europe and Asia now inaccessible to them. At present their supplies come almost exclusively from the United States. Deduct the figures of former imports of grain from Eastern Europe into Holland and the Scandinavian countries, said Sir Edward, and it will be seen that the latter countries have not imported at all in excess of their normal requirements, hence the thousands of bushels supposed to be going to Germany become a myth.

* * *

STATE CONTROL IN BRITAIN

IN spite of her mastery of the seas, Great Britain has had to follow the example of Germany in the conservation of resources. On Feb. 15 Mr. Asquith

announced in the House of Commons that the Government was taking stock of all the nation's financial and industrial reserves, as well as of men and munitions, in order to put forth its maximum strength in war. The same evening two Orders in Council were issued empowering the military and naval authorities to take possession of any factories, food, forage, stores, or articles of any description needed for war purposes. After March 1 no British vessel exceeding 500 tons can leave British waters without a special license. A royal proclamation has been issued prohibiting the import after March 1—except under Board of Trade license—of all materials for the manufacture of paper and cardboard, of all periodicals over sixteen pages in length otherwise than in single copies by post, of tobacco in all forms, and of various kinds of woods, stones, and slates. Sugar imports are restricted to 20 or 25 per cent. less than in 1915. Thus the whole of Great Britain's merchant marine passes under absolute State control. It only remains for the State to take the next step and fix freight charges. This in free, individualist England! Indeed, the alchemy of war produces strange results.

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THE APPAM EPISODE

NO exploit of the war has offered a more picturesque surprise than the capture of the British passenger steamer Appam by an unsuspected German sea raider, and bringing it across the Atlantic under a prize crew to find refuge in the neutral American port of Newport News, Va. Along with the surprise came a fresh consignment of knotty diplomatic problems for the United States Government.

The Appam was captured Jan. 15 near the Canary Islands by a disguised German raider, a steamer of the type used in the fruit trade, which on approaching its victims suddenly dropped a collapsible steel deck covering, revealing an effective battery of guns. The Germans said it was called the Mōwe, but from photographs caught by British prisoners from the Appam's portholes it has since been

identified as the Ponga. The vessel, with a small unarmed consort, is believed to have slipped out of Kiel through the British North Sea fleet into the open Atlantic. It had been cruising for days along the African coast—and there it still is at work, so far as known at this writing, (Feb. 17.) It was directly in the path of British traders from Africa and Australia, and six of these had been captured and sunk before the Appam came along. Then the Clan MacTavish, an Australian freighter, gave battle to the raider and was sunk within sight of the Appam's passengers, only four of the nineteen persons on board being saved.

The passengers and crews of the eight British vessels, 429 in all, were placed on the Appam in charge of Lieutenant Hans Berg and a prize crew of twenty-two men, to which were added twenty released German prisoners who were being carried to England on the Appam. To keep the passengers from overpowering the prize crew explosives were placed in vital parts of the vessel, and the commander intimated that he would sink all on board in case of trouble. Without a hitch he brought his human cargo and his prize to Hampton Roads—and handed the trouble over to the United States Government.

* * *

A PROBLEM OF LAW

IN dealing with the Appam case the State Department promptly ordered the release of all persons on board except the prize crews and those who had aided it. What to do with the vessel itself, however, was a more difficult problem. Prizes have been taken into neutral ports before, but usually under temporary stress of weather or need of supplies. No definite precedent existed for such a case as the Appam's.

Under Article 21 of The Hague Convention a prize brought into a neutral port "must leave as soon as the circumstances which justified its entry are at an end." It is apparent that the "circumstances" which caused the German raider to send the Appam to seek refuge here will not be at an end until the war is over. The British Government made it known unofficially that it

expected the United States to hand the prize over to its British owners or else act under The Hague Convention and drive the refugee out to sea, where British cruisers could get it. The German Government, on the other hand, invoked the treaty of 1828 between the United States and Prussia, by which a war prize can find refuge indefinitely in an American port.

So far as the case has been settled at this writing the State Department has acted on the lines of the Prussian treaty, regarding the Appam as a prize, not as a warship. Apparently it will be interned here until the end of the war, in charge of its German crew, leaving its final disposition to the negotiators of the peace treaty. Meanwhile, the original British crew has been ordered to remain in the United States pending a decision. Whichever way the case is decided there is likely to be one dissatisfied belligerent and a corresponding sheaf of protests.

* * *

LEGALIZING THE SUBMARINE

IN order to bring the deadly submarine within the pale of civilized law, Mr. Lansing, the Secretary of State, formulated a tentative code for this new phase of warfare, and submitted it to the Entente Governments on Jan. 18. The full text of his letter is given elsewhere in this issue of CURRENT HISTORY. It recognizes the fact that the submarine is too efficient an instrument of war to expect any belligerent to relinquish it. Briefly, it proposes a "gentlemen's agreement" to the effect that no merchant or passenger ships shall carry arms, and that, on the other hand, no submarine shall attack any commercial vessel without warning.

Thus far the Entente powers have shown no disposition to accept this *modus vivendi* with their enemies, and Mr. Lansing's effort seems likely to be unavailing. Meanwhile, the subject remains as full of grave possibilities for neutrals as for belligerents. If the United States allows its citizens to travel on armed Italian, French, and British liners it will be expected to protect them and resent their deaths with some action other than

writing notes. Events are certain to force us to a decision more definite than has yet been made. Evidently this is one of the subjects which President Wilson had in mind when he told his Western audiences that no man could tell what danger any hour might bring.

* * *

THE KAISER AND KING FERDINAND

TWO historic speeches were made at a banquet in Nish, in conquered Serbia, when the German Kaiser and King Ferdinand of Bulgaria glorified their deeds in the Balkans and said complimentary things about each other. The date was Jan. 18, the 215th anniversary of the coronation of Frederick I. In his peroration King Ferdinand dropped into the ancient Latin language to toast the Emperor:

Ave Imperator, Caesar et Rex. Victor et gloriosus es. Nissa antiqua omnes Orientis populi te salutant redemptorem, ferentem oppressis prosperitatem atque salutem. Long live Kaiser Wilhelm!

[The translation of the Latin is: "Hail Emperor, Caesar and King! Thou art victor and glorious. In ancient Nish all the peoples of the East salute thee, the redeemer, bringing to the oppressed prosperity and salvation."]

In the course of his reply Kaiser Wilhelm said:

We have had a hard fight, which will soon spread further. When Turkey was threatened by the same enemies she joined us, and in stubborn fighting secured her world position. Your Majesty's prudence recognized that the hour had come for Bulgaria, for you to bring forward your old and good claims, and smooth the way for your brave country to a glorious future. In true comradeship the glorious triumphal march of your Majesty's nation in arms began, which, under the guidance of its illustrious War Lord, has added one sublime leaf of glory to another in the history of Bulgaria. In order to give visible expression to my feelings for such deeds, and to the feelings of all Germany, I have begged your Majesty to accept the dignity of Prussian Field Marshal, and I am, with my army, happy that you, by accepting it, also in this sense have become one of us.

This occasion marks Germany's nearest approach, in this war, to duplicating the historic scene of 1871, in which the first German Kaiser was crowned at Versailles. It is a poor substitute for a second entry into Paris, which was expected to take place in three weeks from

the violation of the Belgian border, and which is further off than ever after nineteen months of unprecedented carnage; but it is a landmark in German history, nevertheless, and deserves to go into the permanent records of the war.

* * *

BRITAIN'S COLONIAL ALLIES

WILLIAM MORRIS HUGHES, the Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, has been one of the most important and interesting of recent travelers across the North American Continent. He is visiting London to consult with the British Government on inter-imperial relations as affected by the war, being accompanied by Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Prime Minister. The real bonds that unite the British Empire are those of common feeling and common purpose, but every four years it is usual to hold a conference of Prime Ministers in London. In the ordinary course an Imperial Conference, attended by representatives of all the British colonial nations, should have been held last year, but the war interfered with the plan. Nevertheless, it is not only Great Britain that is at war but the whole empire, and since the colonial nations are self-governing, the British Government has recognized the need of taking them into its confidence. Australia has proved a valuable colonial ally both on sea—for she has a navy of her own—and on land, notably in sending forces to Egypt and the Dardanelles. Mr. Hughes is Prime Minister by virtue of his being the leader of the Australian Labor Party, which at the present time controls the Government and is showing that it can very energetically play its part in naval and military administration.

* * *

A NEW PARLIAMENT

THE British Parliament resumed its session Feb. 16. King George's speech from the throne, and the addresses of Premier Asquith and Secretary for War Kitchener indicated Great Britain's implacable determination to continue the war until the Central Powers are beaten. The King in his address

said "the spirit of the Allies * * * remains steadfast in the resolve to secure reparation for the victims of unprovoked and unjustifiable outrage and effectual safeguards for all nations against the aggression of a power which mistakes force for right and expediency for honor." The Premier stated that the present British expeditionary force in France was ten times the original number. He declared that the nation's war expenditures were \$25,000,000 a day, and gave a forecast of a new vote of credit for \$2,500,000,000. He expressed supreme confidence in the ultimate triumph of the Allies.

Lord Kitchener declared that the Indian troops had been withdrawn from France and had been replaced by eight new divisions (320,000) of new British troops. He declared himself well satisfied that Egypt would be successfully defended against attack, and that the situation in Asia Minor was encouraging. In France the situation, he said, was practically unchanged, but "the morale of the French Army had been maintained at the same high level, and its fighting qualities have never been greater or more highly developed." He also confidently looks forward "to a victorious issue which should insure peace for many generations."

* * *

RUSSIA'S NEW WAR PREMIER

THE appointment of M. Sturmer, reactionary of reactionaries, as Premier of Russia, is regarded as a warning to the Allies of the danger of Russia's desertion from the Entente. M. Sturmer is as unknown to the Russian people as to the outside world. He owes his position to those subterranean forces in the Russian Court which are systematically exerting their influences in behalf of a peace with Germany. These forces scored their first victory with the "exiling" of Nikolai Nikolaivitch to the Caucasus. They have now scored another, and possibly more important, victory with the elevation to the first post in the empire of a person who, judging from his record, will be a puppet in their hands. To counterbalance these forces there is the influence of the French and English, and

the sincere sympathy of the Czar with the cause of the Allies. But how easily the sentiments of the Czar could be swayed has been demonstrated on numerous occasions; as to the influence of the French and English on the Court, they must either have been taken by surprise by this latest move or have proved incapable of fighting the underground methods of their opponents. In any case, if France and Great Britain are not fully awake to the possibilities of the present situation in Russia they may suddenly receive a crushing blow.

* * *

REFUGEES IN RUSSIA

RECENT dispatches from Russia put the number of war refugees in that country between 9 and 13 millions. They come from Courland, Poland, and Lithuania, and like a mighty current are flooding the central and eastern parts of Russia. This vast internal migration, the like of which, in point of enormity, history has never recorded, has a deep economic significance to the future of Russia.

The migrants are largely Jews, Poles, and Baltic Germans, the three most enterprising nationalities in Russia's very heterogeneous population. They come from the most civilized provinces of the country, from the regions adjoining Western Europe, and by virtue of long and constant contact with their progressive neighbors they have become the most advanced groups of the Russian Nation. From the industrially and commercially highly developed sections they are moving into the remote and backward zones of the empire. There are among them former bankers, merchants, manufacturers, engineers, small traders, salesmen, brokers, and quite a legion of shrewd ex-contrabandists.

What Russia needs most is development. The vastness of the country demands a vast agency for that work. This war, the conquest of Poland, Courland, and Lithuania by the Teutons, has provided internal Russia with a force of pioneers in the field of economic development sufficient in size and adequate in ability to carry out the great historical task of producing a New Russia.

Interpretations of World Events

The Conflict in Artois

FOR many months now the world has been waiting for a breach of the deadlock on the western battle front by one side or the other, but from the time of the great Calais drive to the brilliant French offensive which began on Sept. 25 last, and from that time up to the present hour, that expectation has been disappointed. About the middle of February, it seemed that, at one point, the troops of General Joffre might break the deadlock at least to the extent of compelling the Germans to reform a very important part of their line. This point was on the arc of which Lens is the centre, and to the west of which the German line bends in what is almost a semicircle, much as the English line bends round to the east of Ypres. The French sappers, digging like moles under the German positions, and blowing them into the air, have succeeded in driving the Teutons back to a strong line of defense, some three miles long, on the top of the range of which Hill 140 is the northernmost point. This strong German work had been obstinately held by the forces of the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria; obstinately because the loss of this position would compel a withdrawal of the German forces from Lens, with its important railroad connections, and perhaps an abandonment of the whole front, including Lille and Douay. As Paris reported this conflict on Feb. 14 the French operations had begun with the explosion of mines on the western slope of Hill 140, the largest making a "crater" fifty yards across, which finally remained in possession of the French. But more important than the slight gain of ground, and more interesting also, is the generization which the French staff has allowed itself to make. First, that the German artillery is still exceedingly strong; and, second, that the German infantry has lost its dash. A French officer wittily remarks: "At the beginning of the war the Germans proudly wore helmets, while we had

kepis. Now, we have helmets, and they wear useless, convicts' caps. The change is symbolical." But the deadlock remains unbroken.

The Russians in Persia

ONE of the surprises of January and February of the present year was the announcement that Russian forces were operating in Western Persia on a line stretching from Hamadan to Sultanabad, and thence further south. Going behind this announcement we find that considerable forces of Turkish regulars and Kurd tribesmen had invaded Persia from Mesopotamia and Turkish Armenia, no doubt with detachments of German officers. It was to meet these invaders and to drive them back that the Russian forces were operating on the Hamadan-Sultanabad line. The answer to the question why the task of driving invaders from Persia should fall to the Russians is simple. At the end of August, 1907—that is, between eight and nine years ago—England and Russia made an agreement by which Northwestern Persia was recognized as a Russian sphere of influence, while that part of Persia toward the frontier of India became practically an English protectorate. This somewhat summary proceeding was made not only possible, but even necessary, by the practical collapse of native rule in Persia, as a result of which Russian and English merchants in that country were without protection. The practical question, by what road the Russian forces reached Hamadan and Sultanabad is as easily answered. Persia is bounded on the north in part by the Caspian Sea, and the Caspian Sea since the middle of last century has been practically a Russian lake. Several lines of light-draught steamships furrow its salt waves, plying from Astrakhan, at the mouth of the Volga, and from Baku, the Caspian port of Tiflis and the Caucasus, to Resht on the north coast of Persia. Resht is the terminus of the road which leads up the valley of the river Kizil

Uzen, through the immense mall of mountains, of which Mount Damavand is the highest peak, to Teheran; thence caravan roads lead to Hamadan and Sultanabad. There were already considerable Russian forces at Teheran at the outbreak of the war, and these have evidently been greatly increased by new troops sent through Resht. This Russian campaign in Persia is likely to have two results. It will strengthen and consolidate Russian influence there, and it will ultimately lessen the pressure on the English forces south of Bagdad.

The Russians at Erzerum

THE outstanding war operations of the month have been those of the Russian army of the Caucasus, operating in the direction of Erzerum. Erzerum is a city of some forty or fifty thousand inhabitants. It stands some 6,000 feet above sea level, or about the height of Colorado Springs, and is probably the most important city on the great Armenian plateau. Twice in past years it has been occupied by Russian troops and then returned again to the Turks. Its defense is rendered comparatively easy by the advantageous positions of a group of outlying forts, the strongest of which are situated on a ridge of hills to the east of the city. It has been reported that four Turkish army corps—the First, Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh—have been driven toward Erzerum and hemmed in by the Russian forces, and there are less reliable reports that the two leading Germans in the Turkish Empire, Field Marshal von der Goltz ("Goltz Pasha") and Field Marshal Liman von Sanders are with the Turkish army there. If this be accurate, it means that Erzerum has now a military population at least four times as great as the normal civil population, and, when completely invested by the Russian army, as it proves to have been, the city could no longer hold out. The strategic results of this situation will show themselves in two directions, both very important; the first will operate in favor of England; the pressure on the beleaguered English forces under General Townshend at Kut-el-Amara, which Gen-

eral Aylmer has not succeeded in relieving, will be lightened; the projected expedition against Egypt and the Suez Canal will at least be delayed, and the threatened invasion of India will become indefinitely remote. But far more important will be the result to the Russian Empire, not only in giving Russia a further section of the coast of the Black Sea, but also, most vital of all, in opening a new approach to Constantinople, which is likely to prove much more advantageous than the ill-fated way of Gallipoli and the Dardanelles. On Feb. 16 the Russians reported that the whole circle of forts had fallen, and that Erzerum was in their possession.

The Problem at Saloniki

THE much advertised drive of combined Teuton and Bulgarian forces which was to push the French and English at Saloniki into the sea has, so far, not materialized. On the contrary the latest information is that the French are advancing beyond their very strong line of defense, and pushing their way northward along the railroad which comes down the Vardar Valley. The position of the Allies at Saloniki is naturally an exceedingly strong one, a series of hills and lakes making it easily defensible, and both the French and the English seem to have been increasing their forces considerably since the date of Lord Kitchener's visit. Very wisely, too, they have put General Sarraill in supreme command of all the allied forces in the Saloniki sphere of the war, the man who so splendidly organized the defense of Verdun and held it against the great German rush of August and September, 1914. We have no certain information as to the numbers, or even the composition, of the forces opposed to General Sarraill. It seems certain that, once his drive completed, Field Marshal von Mackensen withdrew a considerable part of his army of invasion northward, probably using them to meet the Russian threat against Bukowina. There is evidence that the force which threatens Saloniki is composed mainly of Austrians and Bulgarians, the Bulgarians greatly outnumbering the Austrians. And here a new

problem arises, rumors of which have already found their way into the dispatches. Both these powers ardently covet Saloniki and would do a good deal to get possession of it. Bulgaria wants it as a port for the region of Macedonia which she has recently wrested from Serbia. Austria wants Saloniki as an outpost of her empire on the Aegean Sea; and the real head and front of Serbia's offending, the prime cause, in a sense, of the present war, is the fact that Serbia blocked the way of Austria to the south to Saloniki. It may well be that the present journey of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria to Vienna and Berlin marks an effort on the part of that able diplomatist to settle the question of Saloniki in his own favor. There is a possibility here of very serious friction.

Renewed Fighting Near Dvinsk

A LARGE part of the eastern battle line has remained unchanged ever since the Russian retreat last Summer and Autumn, and this is particularly true of the section which runs along the River Dwina from Dvinsk to Riga. It appears that the defense of this line on the Russian side has, for some months, been in the hands of General Ruzsky, who so brilliantly led the Russian advance through Galicia toward Cracow in the Autumn of 1914, being replaced after a time by General Ivanoff. It was rumored at the time that General Ruzsky had undergone an operation for cancer, just as a similar report was spread, somewhat later, about the Grand Duke Nicholas. But it is characteristic of cancer, if indeed either of these leaders really suffered from that scourge, that successive operations may prolong a life for years; and that, after an operation, the vital energies seem almost unimpaired. At any rate, it is certain that the defender of the Dvinsk-Riga line has done very effective work, the more so if the attack has been directed by the redoubtable Field Marshal Von Hindenburg, whose sledgehammer blows made such heavy inroads on Russia's forces from the very beginning of the war. But what appears to be certain is this: that General Polivanoff, the new War Minister of Russia, is fully justified by the

facts when he says, as he is recently reported to have done, that Russia has no longer a munition crisis, and is no longer threatened with any shortage of good and well-trained troops. It is now a matter of common knowledge that Russia has received from Japan not only immense quantities of ammunition, but also very large numbers of guns; and it is more than likely that these were accompanied by skilled Japanese instructors, who have, for many months now, been training a new supply of artillerymen for Russia, and who will, in all probability, continue to do so until the end of the war. The renewed fighting on the Riga-Dvinsk line has not been sufficiently prolonged to enable us to draw complete conclusions, but it seems fairly certain that any renewal of the former German movement, any effective threat against Petrograd, which was really feared a few months back, need no longer be considered a practical possibility.

German East Africa

THE appointment of General Smuts to the chief command of the composite force of English, Boer, and Indian troops operating against the Teutons in German East Africa may mark the beginning of a decisive chapter in the history of that enormous region, as the appointment of General Botha did in Southwest Africa. And it is possible that the conflict, both in the Cameroons and in the West African Protectorate, the two last strongholds of German power in Africa, may come to an end at the same time. Both these great protectorates date, as German possessions, from about thirty years ago, when Prince Bismarck set himself to build up for the recently formed German Empire an extensive colonial area that might be in some degree comparable to the colonies of England or France. But, in spite of thirty years of far-sighted and systematic work, these great areas in Africa have not become German colonies in the real sense; that is, they are of practically no use as reservoirs for the dense population which is one of the great problems of German colonies. The whole German population of the African possessions of

the empire never amounted to more than a few thousand; let us say, one German citizen to every hundred square miles. In this way these African possessions are comparable rather to India than to Canada or Australia; there are scores of towns with a far larger German population than any or all of these African colonies. Furthermore, they have been developed at great cost to the German Treasury, though much of the money spent will later give a good return, as, for example, that which has been laid out for roads and railways and their value to German commerce. Their loss to Germany, therefore, will be a sentimental rather than a real injury.

Zeppelin Raid Against Paris

FOR the first time in many months a Zeppelin the other day succeeded in getting close enough to Paris to drop bombs in one of the poorer suburbs on the outskirts of the city. This is in striking contrast with the lot of England, which has been raided again and again, although the natural difficulties in the way of the journey to England, always involving a sea journey and the unstable meteorological conditions that that implies, are very much greater than those included in covering the comparatively short land space between the German lines and the French capital. We are told that the true reason for the "good luck," the comparative immunity, of Paris is, that it is not a matter of luck at all, but the direct result of French intelligence and method. The heavy Zeppelins are both conspicuous and vulnerable, very vulnerable, especially from above. Once an aeroplane gets the upper position its greater mobility makes it easy for it to rip the Zeppelin up the back and bring it crashing to the ground. But, on the other hand, the heavier-than-air machine is always at a disadvantage when it is a question of rising directly into the air. It is compelled to mount on a long spiral, which inevitably takes much precious time; and, by the time it is up to the required altitude of 10,000 feet or so, the Zeppelin has done its work and fled. The French have met this difficulty in a way that has the simplicity of genius: They start a pair of aero-

planes upward every couple of hours, relieving another pair that have been aloft for that period, as long as one can maintain one's faculties at their best in the chill regions of the upper air. Thus it happens that whenever a Zeppelin approaches there are already two fully equipped aeroplanes in the air ready to tackle it. The Germans, having learned this, and keenly aware of the vulnerability of their great gas-bags, have, therefore, given Paris a wide berth. The recent raid was partially successful only because of a heavy fog.

The Neutrality of Greece

THE Crown Prince of Greece, following the example of his father, King Constantine, has allowed himself to be interviewed on the subject of Greek neutrality. Like his father, he declares that the refusal of Greece to enter the war on the side of the Entente powers is fully justified by the fate which has overtaken Serbia; that Greece would only have invited and incurred a similar fate had she relinquished her neutrality; and, finally, that no hardships and sufferings which the Entente powers may inflict upon Greece because of her refusal to join them can for a moment compare with the terrible sufferings that Serbia already endures and that Greece would almost certainly share. We may admit at once, first, that the condition of Serbia is at least as bad as that of Belgium or Poland, perhaps very much worse than either; and, second, that, up to the present, the efforts of the Entente powers to relieve Serbia have been hardly more effectual than were their efforts to defend Belgium. They are still just holding on in one small corner of Belgium, and at the present moment they do not effectively occupy a square mile of Serbia. So much may fairly be said for the argument of King Constantine of Greece and his son. But, having admitted so much, we must remember this: By her treaty with Serbia Greece promised to come to the aid of her ally if that ally should be attacked by Bulgaria with an army which probably would have amounted to 300,000 men; an army which was already mobilized at the time of Bulgaria's attack, and which has, in

fact, been mobilized ever since. Had Greece been true to her promise, had she rejected the "scrap of paper" theory of treaty obligations and gone courageously to the aid of Serbia when Field Marshal von Mackensen began to shell Belgrade, it may very well be that the devastation and ruin of Serbia would never have taken place. One is constrained, therefore, to say that the King of Greece and his son are putting forward a rather disingenuous argument in defense of the somewhat cowardly desertion of an ally in time of need.

Aristide Briand Visits Italy

M. ARISTIDE BRIAND, the able and influential Prime Minister of France, and head of the strongest Ministry that France has seen since the beginning of the Third Republic, toward the middle of February visited Italy to confer with Premier Salandra and Baron Sonnino, the Foreign Minister, after which he was to meet the King of Italy and General Cadorna, his Chief of Staff. It was announced that M. Briand would do much to co-ordinate the efforts of Italy more closely with those of the other Entente powers, and that a greater efficiency would be certain to result therefrom; further, and more specifically, that one result would be an Italian embargo on all exports to Austria or Germany, thus completing the "ring of steel" with which the Entente powers are seeking to strangle the economic life of the Teutonic empires. But we may well conjecture that M. Briand's errand was not wholly confined to these pleasant and satisfactory aims; we may well believe that he went to Rome and to the Italian front to voice the general feeling of France, England, and Russia, that Italy is not pulling her weight in the war, and that, from the very outset, Italy has been for Italy, first, last, and all the time, rather than for the general aims and ideals of the Allies. Many things lend color to this view: the way in which Italy dickered with Austria, through Prince Bülow, at the beginning; the fact that Italy is still "on friendly terms" with Germany, no doubt in accordance with some unavowed understanding; and, *finally, the way in which Italy delayed*

and hung back, when it was a question of helping the Serbians, for the not very creditable reason, it is alleged, that Italy covets the littoral of the Eastern Adriatic which, were Serbia successful, would naturally fall to Serbia—so much so, that Italy's "aid" has been limited to the occupation of Durazzo and Valona, ports greatly coveted by Italy, for her own use. These and other things of like tenor are probably the true errand of M. Briand to Rome, in addition to the more agreeable purposes which get into the cablegrams.

The Abandonment of Gallipoli

THERE is a very complete revelation of one all-pervading cause of English mishaps in the war in Sir Ian Hamilton's dispatch, describing the events which led up to the abandonment of Gallipoli. Speaking of the afternoon of Aug. 8 Sir Ian Hamilton writes: "I landed on the beach, where all seemed quiet and peaceful, and saw the commander of the Eleventh Division, Major Gen. Hammersley. I warned him the sands were running out fast, and that by dawn the high ground to his front might very likely be occupied in force by the enemy. He saw the danger, but declared that it was a physical impossibility at so late an hour (6 P. M.) to get out orders for a night attack, the troops being very much scattered. * * * At dawn on the 9th I watched General Hammersley's attack and very soon realized, by the well-sustained artillery fire of the enemy (so silent the previous day) and by the volume of musketry, that Turkish reinforcements had arrived; that with the renewed confidence caused by our long delay the guns had been brought back, and that, after all, we were forestalled. This was a bad moment; our attack failed. * * *" This is painful reading, yet the Gallipoli adventure will not have been sheer loss to England if it leads her Generals to realize the danger, the hopelessness, of trying to fight a modern war by methods such as these. The responsibility for the failure rests, of course, not so much on the subordinate, Major Gen. Hammersley, as on the Commander in Chief, Sir Ian Hamilton.

THE EUROPEAN WAR AS SEEN BY CARTOONISTS

[German Cartoon]

The American Note to Austria-Hungary



—© *Der Guckkusten, Munich.*

How Americans imagined the result
would be—

And how it really was.

[English Cartoons]

What Germany Has Achieved



—From *The Westminster Gazette*, London.

But there are some others left after eighteen months of war—Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, and Japan.



—From *The Westminster Gazette*, London.

THE KAISER: "We're going on swimmingly, aren't we, Bethmann-Hollweg?"
THE CHANCELLOR: "Y—Yes, your All Highness, but we seem to be going down hill rather!"

[American Cartoon]

An Awkward Delay



—From The New York Times.

CONGRESS: "I can't make up my mind which suit would be best for you."
UNITED STATES: "In the meantime this exposure may prove fatal!"

[French Cartoon]

Blessed France



—© *Le Rire, Paris.*

“It’s a caster from my bed, and it’s all that is left of my house. But I am content, just the same, for we have a famous artillery. It was you who did that—when you captured the town!”

[German Cartoon]

The True Italy



—© Ulk, Berlin.

"Has he signed for a joint peace?"

"Yes."

"Then we had better double our precautions."

[Greek Cartoon]

The Prussians of the Balkans



—Paris, Athens.

Those who undertook to diffuse German Kultur in the Balkan Peninsula.

[American Cartoon]

Putting Over Some Comedy Stuff



—From the *Ohio State Journal*.

International Humor on the Golden Horn.

[Dutch Cartoon]

German Peace Propaganda



—De Telegraaf, Amsteraam.

THE BURGLAR TO THE POLICE: "Say, boys, how about peace?"

[The strongly anti-German cartoons of the Dutch artist, Louis Raemaekers, published in De Telegraaf of Amsterdam, have attracted worldwide attention. Two of them are reproduced in this issue of CURRENT HISTORY.]

[Dutch Cartoon]

Troubles at Home



—De Telegraaf, Amsterdam.

WILHELM: "We cannot allow a single head of Danish or Swedish cattle to go through to Austria. We need all ourselves."

FRANCIS JOSEPH: "Not a bag of Rumanian flour can go through to Germany. We need all ourselves."

[Canadian Cartoon]

Its Destination Obvious



—From *The Vancouver World*.

JOHN BULL: "Eh, what's that? Only your lunches! Why, what tremendous appetites you have for small 'uns!"

[German Cartoon]

Wilson's Wedding Journey



—© *Ulk, Berlin.*

He Writes Notes—and His Wife Is Bored to Death.

[Norwegian Cartoon]

American Neutrality



—Korsaren, Christiania.

“Again I tell you for the last time that your conduct is not altogether satisfactory.”

[American Cartoon]

A Change of Heart



—From *The Evening Sun*, New York.

The President's Too Famous Speech of Last May Is His First Target in the Preparedness Campaign.

[German Cartoon]

The Generalississimo



—© *Ulk, Berlin.*

Poor Joffre! With one foot in the grave, he now has to put the other in another.

[Spanish Cartoon]

In the Balkans



—Blanco y Negro, Madrid.

"Do you see any Italians in that direction?"
"No. Do you?"
"Do you see any Russians?"
"Not one."

[German Cartoon]

Russian Demonstration on the Rumanian Frontier



—From *Der Guckkasten*, Munich.

RUSSIA: "What's the use of all my bluff, if the fellow won't let himself be bluffed?"

[English Cartoon]

The Death's Head



—From *The Graphic*, London.

Half Close Your Eyes and Look At It.

[German Cartoon]

Saloniki



—© *Simplicissimus*, *Munch*.

“I was just thinking, Brother Frenchman, that it was not healthful
around here.”

[American Cartoon]

Milk! Milk! For My German Babies



—From *The Providence Journal*.

A revision à la Nietzsche: "Charity begins and ends at home."

[American Cartoon]

As Old as Troy



—From The New York Herald.

Beware of Germany's Big Wooden Statues.

[French Cartoon]

Papa's Letter



© Le Rire, Paris

GRANDFATHER (reading from letter): " I have the joy of announcing that I have just been made a Captain."

TOTO: "Grandpa, I am proud of your son."

[American Cartoon]

The Coming Bond of Friendship



—From *The New York Tribune*.

An Opposition Comment on the Wilson Administration's Handling of the
Submarine Controversy.

Progress of the War

Recording Campaigns on All Fronts and Collateral Events

From January 12, Up to and Including

February 11, 1916

CAMPAIGN IN EASTERN EUROPE

- Jan. 12—Russians occupy the town of Sadorga, a strategic point in Bukowina.
- Jan. 15—Russians resume massed assaults on the Austrian positions in Eastern Galicia and on the Bessarabian front.
- Jan. 20—Russians capture positions near Czernowitz; increasingly violent fighting on the Bessarabian frontier.
- Jan. 24—Artillery engagements in the Stripa region.
- Jan. 29—Teutons report Russian defeats at Uscieczko bridgehead and near Berestiany; Vilna in flames.
- Feb. 2—Austrians force Russians to withdraw from Uscieczko bridgehead by mine attacks; Germans wipe out Russian detachment near Kucholka-Vola.
- Feb. 8—Russians take Teuton trenches near Tarnapol, but are driven out.
- Feb. 9—Russians occupy Uscieczko and cross to the western bank of the Dniester River; German attack on Liksno station checked.
- Feb. 10—Russians again menace Czernowitz; German efforts to establish new positions at Dvinsk frustrated by Russian artillery.
- Feb. 11—Germans in Galicia forced at several points to retire to second-line defenses; Russians storm Volhynia heights and advance in Lutsk-Rovno-Dubno triangle of forts.

CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN EUROPE

- Jan. 12-15—Spirited artillery engagements in Artois, Champagne, the Argonne, and the Woivre, with no decisive results.
- Jan. 16—British artillery is bombarding Lille, inside the German lines.
- Jan. 20—British troops, using smoke bombs, are repulsed in attack on German lines near Frelingheim.
- Jan. 23—Germans pierce Artois defenses and capture 200 yards of French salient near Neuville-St. Vaast.
- Jan. 25—Germans destroy Nieuport cathedral.
- Jan. 26—French recover craters near Neuville-St. Vaast.
- Jan. 29-31—French repulsed on the Somme front; brisk fighting at Neuville.
- Feb. 2—French demolish a blockhouse in the Vosges and shell Champagne trenches.
- Feb. 8—German shells fall in Belfort; violent artillery duels in Artois.
- Feb. 9-10—Terrific combats near Neuville and Vimy.
- Feb. 11—Germans halted near Frise by

French fire and thrown back with heavy losses.

BALKAN CAMPAIGN

- Jan. 12—Austrian troops are fighting the Montenegrins around Cetinje and have taken Grahovo heights.
- Jan. 13—Austrian forces reach Mitchitz, five miles from Antivari; Cetinje dominated by Austrian capture of Mount Lovcen.
- Jan. 14—Vienna War Office announces Austrian occupation of Cetinje.
- Jan. 15—Austrians pursue the Montenegrins and occupy Spizza.
- Jan. 20—Fighting between Austrians and Montenegrins resumed after breaking off of peace negotiations.
- Jan. 21—Essad Pasha arrives at Scutari with Albanian forces to join in defense of the city.
- Jan. 23—Austrians occupy Adriatic seaports of Antivari and Dulcigno.
- Jan. 24—Austro-Hungarian troops occupy Scutari and march on Durazzo; Bulgarians menace Avlona.
- Jan. 26—Bulgarian forces reported defeated by the Albanians near Elbassan.
- Jan. 28—Italians decide to abandon Durazzo.
- Jan. 29—Essad Pasha effects junction with Italian forces in Albania.
- Feb. 2—Part of the Montenegrin army has effected junction with the Serbs in Albania and the combined force is falling back on Durazzo.
- Feb. 5—Bulgars and Germans open attack on Saloniki lines; artillery duels near Doiran.
- Feb. 10—Allies reinforce army at Saloniki.

ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

- Jan. 13—Heavy artillery duels along the entire front.
- Jan. 16—Austrians capture Italian positions near Oslavia, taking over 900 prisoners, and take a trench near Tolmino, but are driven back in fierce counterattack.
- Jan. 17—Italians retake trenches in the Oslavia section.
- Jan. 23—Artillery engagements at Tolmino bridgehead.
- Jan. 25—Italians repulse attacks in the Lagarina Valley.
- Jan. 26—Austrians storm positions near Oslavia, taking many Italian prisoners and repel attacks on the Isonzo front.
- Feb. 2—Italians repulse Austrian attempt to storm positions near Mori.
- Feb. 3-11—Heavy fighting in the Gorizia

zone, in the upper Chiarzo and in the Santa Maria sector, but operations are hindered by heavy snowfalls.

ASIA MINOR AND EGYPT

- Jan. 14—Turks enter Kermanshah; Russians capture 300 men and some guns on the Caucasus front.
- Jan. 15—Russians occupy Kangawar, on the road to Kermanshah.
- Jan. 16—Turkish forces on both banks of the Tigris, twenty-five miles south of Kut-el-Amara, are retreating as the British relief expedition advances. The Russians, reinforced on a 100-mile front, begin new general offensive in the Caucasus.
- Jan. 17—British report Turks driven back to within six miles of Kut-el-Amara.
- Jan. 20—Russians in the Caucasus pursue the Turks, taking much booty.
- Jan. 21—British reported checked by Turks at Essin, twenty-three miles from Kut-el-Amara; Russian troops occupy Sultana-bad, in Persia; garrison and German Consul flee; Russians take Hassan Kalah, in the Caucasus.
- Jan. 22—Russians are closing in on the Turks massed in the town and forts of Erzerum.
- Jan. 23—Persian tribesmen from Kermanshah gather to oppose Russian advance; Russians rout three Turkish army corps in region of Erzerum; Senussi tribesmen defeated by the British on the western frontier of Egypt with heavy losses.
- Jan. 24—Russians capture 700 Turks and a convoy of artillery on the Caucasus front, and defeat Kurdish bands.
- Jan. 25—Field Marshal Baron von der Goltz appointed Commander in Chief of Turkish forces in the Caucasus.
- Jan. 27—Turks fall back a mile from British intrenchments at Kut.
- Jan. 28—French capture garrison at Antiphilo; Russians defeat Turkish forces south of Lake Urumiah and in the region west of Melazghert, and enter the town of Khynyskala, between Erzerum and Mush.
- Jan. 29—Lieut. Gen. Sir Percy Lake joins British relief expedition at Wadi.
- Jan. 31—Russians dislodge Turks from forty-mile strip in the Caucasus; Turks fortify Angora and Sivas.
- Feb. 2—Floods hinder British relief force on the Tigris; Russians drive Turks from the region of Lake Tortum, in the Caucasus.
- Feb. 3—Turkish relief force sent to aid Erzerum driven back by the Russians.
- Feb. 4—Russians report that Turks have evacuated Erzerum.
- Feb. 11—British repulsed on the Irak front; little change in the situation near Kut-el-Amara.

AFRICAN CAMPAIGN

- Jan. 18—Germans evacuate Ebolowa and Okono-Linga, on the west coast; German Governor and German commandant escape into Spanish Mimi.

Jan. 25—British occupy Daing, in Kamerun.

Jan. 28—British occupy Lolodorf, in Kamerun.

Feb. 1—Germans have abandoned Kasigau, in East Africa.

Feb. 6—Nine hundred Germans and 14,000 of their colonial troops have crossed into Spanish Guinea, where they have disarmed and are interned.

AERIAL RECORD

Aviators on both sides continued their activities on the western front. North of Rheims two Zeppelins were destroyed by French gunfire. A new German aeroplane of the Fokker type was brought down by a British aviator. Four British aeroplanes were destroyed by Germans at various places. In a German raid on Nancy one aviator was killed. The French shelled Metz, Arnaville, and Le Sars.

The Balkans were the scene of many raids. French aviators threw 200 bombs on a Bulgar camp at Pasartzl, near Lake Doiran, killing and wounding many men and setting fire to their tents. A squadron of 32 French aeroplanes bombarded Monastir. The Austrians raided Durazzo and Avlona. In a Zeppelin raid on Saloniki on Feb. 1, 11 people were killed and 50 injured.

On Jan. 30 Zeppelins raided Paris, killing 24 persons and wounding 30. A second raid took place the next day, but the bombs fell harmlessly on open fields.

A German naval aeroplane dropped bombs on Dover on the night of Jan. 22-23. Berlin reported 39 persons killed. On Jan. 23, two raids were made on the east coast of Kent, and on Jan. 24 occurred a third raid. Only one person was killed and six injured. In a Zeppelin raid on the eastern, northeastern and midland counties of England, on Jan. 31, 61 persons were killed and 111 injured. The Zeppelin L-19, flying low, was fired on by Dutch coast guards. A British trawler found her sinking in the North Sea, but the skipper, because his ship was unarmed and because he had few men on board, refused to heed the crew's appeal for help.

NAVAL RECORD

The British passenger liner Appam was brought into Hampton Roads by a German prize crew, having been captured by a German raider, which was variously identified as the Möwe and the Ponga, and which had snared seven other British ships. Both Germany and England filed claims to the Appam, Germany declaring that the Treaty of 1824 guarantees the ship as a prize of war, and England declaring The Hague Convention guarantees her return to her British owners. Secretary Lansing has practically decided that the ship is a German prize of war.

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